## A FEMINIST PUBLICATION

Editorial Collective: Pennelope Goodfriend, Kathy Grove, Shirley Irons, Ann Litke, Robin Michals, Kristin Reed, Ellen Rumm, Linda Peer, Susan Woolliandler

Design: Robin Michals, Kristin Reed

Typesetting: Kathie Brown

**Production**: Robin Michals, Kristin Reed, Tasha Depp, Keitli Christensen, Morgan Gwenwald, Mary O'Shanglinessy

**Special thanks** to Sue Heinemann, Carrie Moyer, Claire Piaget, Chris Heindel, and especially to Kathie Brown

Mother Collective: Emma Amos, Kathie Brown, Josely Carvalho, Lenora Champagne, Chris Costan, Day Gleeson, Michele Godwin, Pennelope Goodfriend, Kathy Grove, Kay Kenny, Avis Lang, Lucy R. Lippard, Sabra Moore, Carrie Moyer, Linda Peer, Liza Suzuki, Holly Zox Staff: Pennelope Goodfriend, Kay Kenny

Associate Collective Members: Ida Applebroog, Patsy Beckert, Lyn Bhumenthal, Joan Braderman, Cynthia Carr, Mary Betli Edekon, Sandra De Sando, Su Friedrich, Janet Froelich, Vanalyne Green, Harmony Hammond, Sue Heinemann, Elizabeth Hess, Lyn Hughes, Joyce Kozloff, Arlene Ladden, Ellen Lanyon, Nicky Lindeman, Melissa Meyer, Marty Pottenger, Carrie Rickey, Elizabeth Sacre, Miriam Schapiro, Amy Sillman, Joan Snyder, Elke Solomon, Pat Steir, May Stevens, Michelle Stuart, Susana Torre, Cecilia Vicuña, Elizabeth Weatherford, Sally Webster, Nina Yankowitz

Advisors: Vivian E. Browne, Ada Ciniglio, Elaíne Lustig Cohen, Eleanor Munro, Linda Nochlin, Barbara Quinn, Jane Rubin, Ann Sperry, Rose Weil

Heresies: A Feminist Publication on Art & Politics is published two times a year by Heresies Collective, Inc., clo Foundation for the Community of Artists, 280 Broadway, Suite 412, New York, NY 10007. Subscription rates: \$15 for four issues, \$24 for institutions. Outside the U.S. and Canada add \$2 postage. Single copies: \$5 each. Address all correspondence to: Heresies, PO Box 766, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013.

Heresies, ISSN 0146-3411. Vol. 5, No. 4, Issue 20. © 1985. Heresies Collective, Inc. All rights reserved. This publication is unade possible, in part, with public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment for the Arts. Additional funds provided by New York Community Trust and Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines. Heresies is indexed by the Alternative Press Centre, Box 7229, Baltimore, MD 21218. It is a member of COSMEP (Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers), Box 703. San Francisco, CA 94101.

Heresies is an idea-ariented jaurnal devated to the examination of art and politics fram a feminist perspective. We believe that what is commonly called art can have a political impact and that in the making of art and all cultural artifacts our identities as wamen play a distinct rale. We hape that Heresies will stimulate dialogue around radical political and aesthetic theory, as well as generate new creative energies among women. It will be a place where diversity can be articulated. We are committed to broadening the definition and function of art.

Heresies is published by a collective af feminists, same af wham are also socialists, marxists, lesbian feminists, ar anarchists; aur fields include painting, sculpture, writing, anthropolagy, literature, perfarmance, art history, architecture, filmmaking, phatography, and videa. While the themes af the individual issues will be determined by the callective, each issue will have a different editarial staff, camposed of women wha want to work an that issue as well as members of the collective. Heresies pravides experience far women wha wark editarially, in design, and in praductian. An apen evaluatian meeting will be held after the appearance of each issue. Heresies will try to be accauntable to and in tauch with the international feminist cammunity.

As women, we are aware that histarically the cannections between aur lives, our arts, and aur ideas have been suppressed. Once these cannectians are clarified, they can functian as a means to dissolve the alienation between artist and audience, and to understand the relationship between art and politics, work and warkers. As a step taward the demystification of art, we reject the standard relationship of criticism to art within the present system, which has often became the relationship of advertiser to product. We will not advertise a new set af genius-praducts just because they are made by wamen. We are not committed to any particular style or aesthetic, nar to the campetitive mentality that pervades the art warld. Our view af feminism is one of pracess and change, and we feel that in the process of this dialague we can faster a change in the meaning af art.

The Heresies Satire Callective wishes to applicate to the author of the letter on page 19 of Issue 19 for having listed her name accidentally in our Table of Cantents. We thus compromised the intended ananymity and the callective nature of the piece ... which we think is a strong piece of work.

## Stars and Starlets at Kamakaze

Heresies wauld like ta thank all the artists who danated their work far aur benefit night at Kamakaze. Bath visual and perfarmance artists contributed to the evening. Special thanks go to Ethyl Eichelberger who M.C.'d the performances and Redy Stary, Laurie Carlos, Canstance de Jang, Karen Finley, and Hally Hughes who perfarmed. Vanalyne Green has aur appreciation for arganizing the perfarmances.

We especially thank Lauren Ewing, Jenny Holzer, Faith Ringgald, Nancy Spero, and Rhanda Zwillinger far danating artwark ta aur raffle. Because af them, it was a big success and helped *Heresies* ga an to praduce this issue.

Help! If you are a committed feminist with skills in magazine praduction—copy editing, ward pracessing, typesetting, mechanicals—ar if you are just a goad speller and willing to read pracefs, Heresies needs you. Cantact our affice at 212–227-2108. Page praduction an Issue 21 begins in the fall.

## On the back cover:

A photograph by Ruth Putter, Counter-demonstrator's reaction to a peace rally held at Sampson State Park, near Seneca Army Depot, Seneca, New York, on October 22, 1983.

# A R T

	2	
6		MARGARET HICKS
	8	KRISTIN REED
10		CHRISTY RUPP
7	13	SUSAN WILLMARTH
14	10	NANCY SPERO
	15	SHEILA PINKEL
18		SISTERS OF SURVIVAL
10	21	SHELLY SILVERS
22	<u>21</u>	ROBIN MICHALS
<u>23</u>	20	PENNELOPE GOODFRIEND
22	<u>30</u>	CLARISSA SLIGH
<u>33</u>	40	SARAH DRURY
	43	SUE WILLIAMSON
44		NINA KUO
	<u>45</u>	NANCY CHUN
47	32 18	ELLEN RUMM
	48	GUERILLA GIRLS
<u>50</u>		KATHY GROVE
1 3.1	67	JAN BALLARD
71		SOPHIE RIVERA
	<u>74                                    </u>	MIMI SMITH
<u>76</u>		ERIKA ROTHENBERG
	<u>77                                   </u>	HOWARDENA PINDELL
<i>78</i>		JENNY HOLZER
	89	SILVIA MALAGRINO
92		JEANNE SILVERTHORNE

## EDITORIAL STATEMENT / 2

## **FEATURES**

ONE SUMMER AT SENECA /6	Judith McDaniel
FIRST STRIKE FOR PEACE /12	Lucy Lippard
THE NEW YORK EIGHT /19	Joan Harmon
DOAN KET DANCE COLLECTIVE /24	Gloria Nazario
LILLIAN WALD: AT HOME ON HENRY STREET /31	Clare Coss
RELIABLE SOURCES /39	Train-ed Poets
SISTERS IN SUPPORT OF SISTERS IN SOUTH AFRICA /4	42 Blanche Wiesen Cook
ART AGAINST APARTHEID /45	Susan Ortega
BELFAST CONTROL ZONE /51	Bonnie Donahue/Werner Wada
JUNE BEER'S STORY /54	Betty LaDuke
OPTIMISM/PESSIMISM CONSTRUCTING A LIFE /59	Martha Rosler
PIECE BY PEACE /60	Carol Jacobsen
WOMEN'S PEACE CAMPS AND RESOURCES /64	Gwyn Kirk
A POLITIC TO PUBLIC ART /66	Jenny Dixon
IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY /72	an interview with Kathy Goldman
INTELLECTUALS AND POLITICAL ACTION /78	Cara Gendel Ryan
ANONYMOUS WITNESS / 84	Holly Metz
THE SHADOW PROJECT /86	Donna Grund Slepack

## **QUESTIONNAIRES**

What led to your activism?
How have your political ideas evolved?
What books/traditions/role models influenced you?
Has your attitude toward non-activists changed?
When have you been most effective? What is your criteria for success?
What are your greatest pleasures in activism?
What frustrations have you experienced?
What have racial, sexual, class, religious, or age differences meant?
What do you find ironic in everday contradictions of activism?

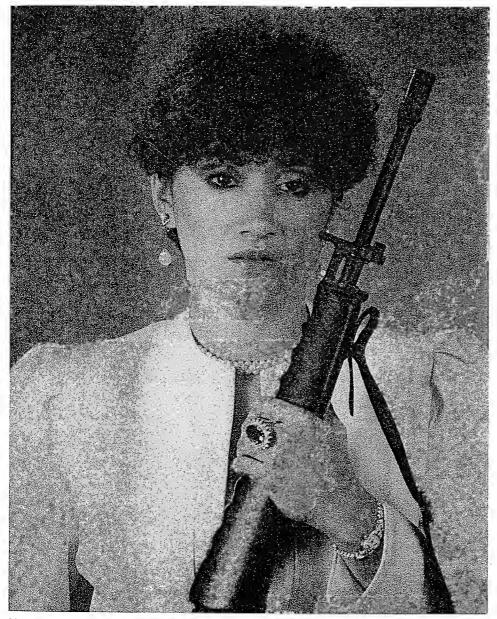
## **POETRY**

OUR FATHER WHO DROWNS THE BIRDS /11	Barbara Kingsolver
SKULLS IN NEAT ROWS /65	Victoria Garton
GUATEMALA/RAVENNA /71	Marithelma Costa
GROUND ZERO /90	Sharon Doubiago

## SPEAK UP

DIRECT ACTION AGAINST SEXISM IN ADS /22	Carole McCabe
JABBERWOCKY /29	Elain Christensen
FEMINIST TAX RESISTANCE /41	Joanie Fritz
INTERVIEWS: STEPHANIE WOOLHANDLER AND FLO KENNEDY /70	Susan Woolhandler
FIGHTING GENTRIFICATION /87	Melanie O'Harra

## The story of HER ESES 20...



Margaret K. Hicks, CENTRAL AMERICA, WILL THE REAL CULPRIT PLEASE STAND UP? number one of two, b/w photos, 10" × 8" each
The artist has been head of the Art Department of Navarro College, Corsicana, Texas, since 1966.

parallels that af its subject, wamen's activism, as the thread af its ariginal idea kept encircling mare and larger issues, slawly turning into a tangled knat. And we members af the callective, like all activists, swung fram enthusiasm ta perseverance ta frustration and back.

The ariginal premise saunded simple —the issue was to be the stary of wamen working in the peace mavement. The difficulties arose as soon as we tried to define the term 'peace mavement.' The members af the callective firmly believe that are af the overwhelming contributians af feminism is its insistence an seeing the cannectians—that the warld view which determines the United States' invalvement in Central America alsa defines an attitude taward race and gender. Feminism wants it acknowledged that aur treatment af the hameless has a great deal to da with aur abuse af the earth and aur attitude taward class.

So, still with great enthusiasm, we salicited articles an everything that cannected, in the braadest sense, with the peace movement. We then ran headlang into the prablem encauntered by mast organizers of demanstrations, and many painters and writers and, indeed, all responsible peaple. If you try to tackle everything, da you end up with nothing? But if you facus and make things clear and straightfarward, have you left out the connections which were your raison d'etre in the first place?

That knat was laasened by fallawing the line that mast strangly affected us. In reading the wark submitted, we faund that we were impressed by the lives af wamen wha became activists, by the chaices they made and their reasans for doing sa. At the risk af saunding sentimental, we were touched that, in a time af emphasis on career and investment oppartunities, these wamen had made a

decision that a political and social commitment were more important.

We wanted to know more about these people and the work they do. In order to reach as many as possible, including those without the time to write an entire article, we developed a questionnaire asking individuals how they became activists and how that decision affected their personal, moral and political lives.

The writing of those questions required hours of discussions as we tried to put language to beliefs and experiences that had never before needed such explicit definition. At the beginning we found ourselves concentrating on the negative aspects of political involvement, forming questions that reflected our own frustrations with commitments, time, guilt and belief. We found ourselves inadvertently saying that we knew the good parts, what we needed was help in getting through the bad. We changed that emphasis, realizing the positive aspects need reinforcing, especially in the current political climate.

Political differences surfaced when words and phrases at times seemed to assume a specific ideology. We tried hard to be aware of how the stating of a question can manipulate the answer, and to develop ways of asking things that were open to varied social or political beliefs. Yet we also wanted enough structure so that a respondent had a base on which to build her replies, a starting point for her thinking.

It seemed that in every phrase of this project the same conundrum arose—how to include the broadest range of issues and not lose the primary focus. Some of the major concerns of activists today were lost. On the other hand, we



Margaret K. Hicks, CENTRAL AMERICA, WILL THE REAL CULPRIT PLEASE STAND UP? number two of two, b/w photos,  $10'' \times 8''$  each

gathered unexpected resources—a woman from Northern Ireland telling a personal story of horrible violence, a report from the women who left their homes to set up a new kind of community at Greenham Common, an interview with a woman in jail because of her beliefs.

In the end, the tangled skein remains

just that—we followed one line through but no great unraveling of the knot took place. Here are the voices of many women, saying who they are and what issues deeply concern them and what they are doing to change their lives and the lives of others. This magazine is a celebration of these women and the work they have done. □

## Was there an external influence, an issue or catalyst? Or was there an internal

I fell in love with a woman at age 18—the contradictions of my religious tradition made me angry. The catalyst was this first relationship. In it I recognized the profound sickness of our culture, especially racism and homophobia. Later I became aware of sexism. I began to realize that I was as capable as anyone else of being a leader and of bringing about change.

Rev. Karen Ziegler

Our son Michael was killed by a drunk driver and buried on his I7th birthday. MADD had just been formed nationally and the Long Island chapter was formed months prior to Michael's death. Deborah Davidson, MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Driving)

It's the personal experiences that keep me going: Cleaning a migrant camp in Oregon as a high school student and finding the school records of a child who attended 6 different schools in one year. Sharing homesickness with a Portuguese woman cleaning the hall where I lived in Paris. A Lebanese student in Paris telling me I'd never understand his country. My embarassment when I asked a Mexican woman at the cannery where I worked what a phrase in my Spanish poetry book meant and she replied that she couldn't read. The confusion of a woman whose house I cleaned when she realized I had more education than she. Meeting a peasant in the hinterlands of Ecuador who went from naive responses to looking through my binoculars to probing political questions. Meeting a police officer in Bolivia who was soon to go to Washington DC for six weeks of "special training." The profuse apologies of people who mistakenly identified my infant son as a girl if he wore pink. My mother telling me about being locked up in the chicken house with her sisters while their parents picked cotton as sharecroppers until she was 5 and old enough to work in the fields. A tour of San Jose's County Jail  $\ldots$ Janet Burdick

Realizing at an early age that the way things worked (the system) was cruel to me and those I loved. The "external" influence, issue and catalyst were racism and being born Black in I946. I grew up during the Civil Rights Movement which dramatically transformed Black reality and was undoubtedly most influential in shaping my commitment to change.

Barbara Smith

Well, I had been involved in the anti-war movement beginning in my student days. In 1970 I moved to L.A. to be a "faculty wife." I had a one-year-old son. I was painting in the bedroom. I had no community and felt completely isolated. Another faculty wife asked me to join a consciousness-raising group, and then everything changed.

Joyce Kozloff

It almost seems that the question should be not what leads to activism but what stops it? Why doesn't meeting with injustice cause people to object? How can we not say no? From the beginning, from the first time? There was a recent book on what kind of people helped European Jews hide from the Nazis; and how they differed from those who thought "but I will put my own life and my family's in danger if I do this" The book's authors found that they were not necesarily ideological: They were stubborn, outspoken people, people who couldn't take being pushed around, old women who said don't you dare, peasants who were implacable, just not bendable.

May Stevens

I was raised by a single working mother and feminism was a given. One of the other factors is that it was always expected of me to be informed obout politics as these things were always discussed at dinner. At some point I moved a bit too far to the left and the discussions had to be dropped, but the point is I was raised to assume that politics were my business.

Robin Michals

Being born a Jew was a powerful genetic and social influence. The holocaust and the trial and subsequent execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg exposed the dangers of complacency and blind faith in government. Then the McCarthy Era and my forced initiation into the Silent Generation sealed my belief in the importance of activism.

Arlene Carmen

My parents, in spite of the Red scare, were unabashed in their support for civil rights and civil liberties. When I was ten I wanted to vote for Kennedy and told my best friend I was a Communist (she didn't talk to me for weeks after). By the time I was I2, Kennedy was threatening nuclear war because of missiles in Cuba—so much for Democrats.

Claudia Hommel

The external influence in fact is the aggressive American foreign policy, especially the frightening thoughts of American leaders, such as Reagan, who recently suggested that an eventual limited nuclear war in Europe doesn't need to be out of the question and can be won.

Vrouwen Tegen Kernwapens, The Netherlands

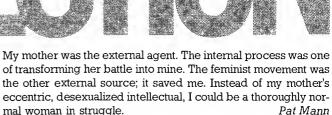
I'd always felt discrimination because of my gender...my father wanted a son...high school authorities would not allow me to participate in sports even though I could outrun everyone in the county. And then when I was 25, living in San Franciso, the vice cops framed me for prostitution. I fought back, winning an appeal two years later.

Margo St. James, Coyote, Prostitute's Rights

Q U E S T I C

## your activism?

process or point of recognition? Was there a combination of both?



For those of us born in underdeveloped countries, the idea of being free is born with the individual. In my case as a woman, as an adolescent, in the time of the Somoza dictatorship, to be a woman meant to be nothing. It was in those fires that the FSLN together with the Revolutionary Student Front organized activities in which the participation of all the population, including women, was taken into consideration. In that time, even though I was only 14 years old, I took as my own the activities of the FER.

Josefa Murillo (Josefina Ellizander)

I trace my activities as a "political" singer to a tradition my mother learned in her childhood in pre-WWI Poland, when any politically active person might very well have been a culturally active person also. Before my mother emigrated to America to work in the dress factories of NY, that tradition of politics with culture had already crossed the ocean and had met its American counterpart in the songs, parodies and street theatre of the Wobblies and the American trade union movement in general. It was into that fine international stew that I was born.

In the '30's and '40's people who worked for social justice were often called soap-boxers, flag-wavers, do-gooders, mud-slingers, damn Bolsheviks, or at the least rabble rousers, all of which sound less respectable than "activists" but more specific—and somehow more active. A young and impassioned person doing what seemed appropriate to do under provocative circumstances tended to ask, "Well, what do they mean, rabble rouser? What is rabble, anyway?" In the end she might have become even clearer about what she was doing and with whom she identified. Ronnie Gilbert

Vietnam war.

Donna Martin

I became "hard-cased" for the (feminist) cause as I realized that our fair agenda was not only not being acted upon in a positive way, but that what we were doing and talking about was being twisted and being turned against us. Also, the personal experience in 1972 of having my daughter legally kidnapped from me made me realize how far the patriarchy was willing to go. The experience made me feel that everything had been taken from me and that I had nothing else to lose—the most dangerous kind of human being.

Mary Beth Edelson

In our society, activists are frequently presented as persons with personal "gripes" or deficiencies which lead them to lash out at the world. So normal, healthy self-examination and questioning can easily be refashioned into a weapon against the newly aware, socially-critical self. Without the support of a few others, the initial positive response to injustice (and the will to change it) becomes a personal sore-point, a distortion.

Holly Metz

My conscience said "Don't just sit there and let others do." Sylvia Moore

I was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and lived there until I was 28. During this time the government changed alternately from civilian to military, and the politics swung from left to right or the reverse many times. I have the fortune, (or the misfortune), therefore, of belonging to a generation who perceived oppression not as a fixed and immutable condition, but as an extreme which could be transformed. I do not see one's interior world as separated from one's social existence, for the two nourish each other to form a dialectical unity. What led me to activism in Argentina was the recognition that you can't become human under conditions of oppression and that the oppression could not be transformed except collectively.

Silvia Malagrino

From the day I was born, my personal life has been inextricably connected with politics. I was born in Tule Lake Japanese Internment Camp in California where my mother and father had gone to work after my father declared himself to be a conscientious objector. He worked as an organizer in the camp; my mother taught. We lived there until I was close to two. After that, until the late 1950's, my father organized farmers throughout the United States, from California to Vermont. I would be hauled along from one farmhouse to another for meetings. I would be put to bed in the parlor off the kitchen and lulled to sleep by discussions of farm issues.

Almost all the memories of my formative years are set against this background of politics. Because of this I had almost no concept of being political or not political. In fact, in the sixties and seventies when everyone was having intense talks about being political, I felt as though I wasn't. I suppose because it was so deeply ingrained, I couldn't separate enough to see it. It wasn't until much later, quite recently in fact, when my friends were retreating from politics that I saw that my commitment was still there and that indeed I'd always been a political person. Even in the earliest childhood pieces, politics was present. In terms of being active, in my mind I guess being a person and being politically active are one and the same thing. In a way there was almost no choice involved for me, except to figure out where to put my energy.

\*\*Marnie Mueller\*\*

I didn't know it was called activism ... when I made art of it, my mentors said it wasn't art.

Martha Wilson

NNAIRE

## A LESBHAN FEMINISTI

## by Judith McDaniel

The sign read PINKO DYKES GO HOME. I slawed my car to loak at it that last Sunday in July. It was hat and sunny, hat enough to feel like it had to rain soon, and the humidity was gathering thunder clouds on the western horizon over the lake. The men and women standing by the sign looked angry and defiant and hot and a little embarrassed. The men wore t-shirts ar shortsleeved spartshirts and jeans or khakis. The women had on blauses and bermuda shorts or slacks. They held flags, small ones. They didn't hold them easily. It's hard to cross your arms defiantly over your chest and still hald o flag, but some of them managed.

A year of planning had gone into the demonstration against the installation of Cruise and Pershing missiles at Seneca's army depat. There were months af aut-reach to the lacal upstate New York community about issues of disormament and economics, about conversion from military employment to non-military. There had been a recent history of wamen-only peace actions in countries all

over the world. Still the sign read PINKO DYKES GO HOME.

I wondered whot would happen if I stapped the car and gat aut and went over and introduced myself as a Pinka Dyke. But I didn't da it. For ten years now I hove lived in rural northeastern farming cammunities. Far two years I was an assistant Girl Scaut leader in a village the size of this ane. Our traup went on hoy rides and climbed mauntains and sold coakies with the help of mothers and fathers who dressed and loaked and felt much like these citizens. But in my awn community, I am still an outsider. Although I have built my home there, I have never been at hame there, never been open about my sexuality. I have depended an the almost inevitable separation of village and city for my anonymity, speaking as a lesbian in an event in the city, keeping that identity discreetly packeted at Girl Scout events in my village. So when I loaked at the Pinko Dyke sign, I felt like I was seeing my friends and neighbors standing behind it. When I turned my head and loaked across the road at the base, I was loaking at my other hame, the home of my childhood.

I was a war baby, born at Ft. Sam Houston in San Antonia, Texas. My father was away for most af my infancy. Meeting him when he returned in 1946 is one of my earliest memories, a memary I share with many of my generation. Far several years we lived in Indianapalis where my father worked as a meatpacker far Armaur and Campany. Why he went back into the military in 1950 was never discussed in my family, but I assume he was attracted by the class mability the military seemed to pravide. During wartime, he had been pramated from private to major. When he re-enlisted, he was sent to Officer's Troining School in Alexandria, Louisiana, Iremember because I was seven and learned to swim with water wings in the pool at the Officer's Club there. I swam in the ocean far the first time off Cape Cad when we were stotianed at Otis Air Farce Base. A tambay girlfriend taught me to spit accurately at a target twelve feet away in the family barracks at the Armed Forces Staff College in Narfolk, Virginia, and another taught me to play "splits" with a jack knife on the manicured lowns of Langley Air Force Bose. Hearned to ride a harse western style on the flight line of Tinker Air Base in Oklahama, graduated fram Gen. H.H. Arnald High School in Wiesboden, Germany, and wenthome fram callege for my first Christmas ta Griffiss Air Force Base in Rome, New York, anly a few miles fram the Seneca Army Depot I was driving by. Sa the Army Depot looked like home to me and the people wha staod on the other side of the fence looked like friends and family. How did I came sa far fram being a part of that community, I have wandered. What were the assumptions of that life and how must they have changed if I was standing here and thase people were standing over there?

I was raised in an orderly military life, a life that felt safe and protected. Today that saunds like a cantradiction. Then, the military meant safety to me, and predictability. I may have lived on same of the mast active—in fact, vulnerable—Strategic Air Cammand boses in this country. But to me, a scramble was samething all dads did in the course of a work day. It was ane af the rituals, like the ritual I abserved every day of my childhaod at 5 p.m. when the laud speakers saunded taps and the flag was lowered. No matter what base I was on, what cauntry I was in, cars stopped, men, women and children stopped walking and faced west. Men in uniform saluted. The rest of us stoad self-consciously with our hands on our hearts. It was a pause in the day ob-

Kristin Reed, LA MUERTE SE CONFUNDIRA The artist is a painter, muralist, photographer

served by every member of the community. In my memary, it was always sunset.

That life was cantained. We lived within walls, within fences and gates and barbed wires. Sometimes we lived within language and culture barriers—a contained life. I maved twenty-one times befare I left home to go to college. As children, my sisters and I each had a toy bax. What it could contain went with us to the new base. I don't remember what happened ta the toys thot didn't fit into the bax—the uncontainable. But there was a certain camfort in knawing exactly what I passessed and where I cauld find it.

When I was grawing up, the military community was homogeneaus, like the rural farm cammunity I live in now. I never had a childhood friend of a different race. A few were Catholic, but we all attended the same military chapel. I never met a Jew, ar knew I had, until I went to callege. Many of my peers lived in Germany or England or Italy far twa ar three years and never met a European persan, never learned a word of the language, never stepped aff the base and into a foreign

culture. That life was contained, predictable, and safe.

So I sat in the car with the engine idling and decided not to walk over and talk with the men and women standing by the Pinka Dyke Ga Hame sign. I don't look like them anymore. I dan't cut my hair ar cantain it. I laugh too loud. I make lave with the wrong sex. I was wearing a lavender t-shirt with a Peace Encampment symbal an the frant and the word Sappha an the back. But inside, the me that wasn't visible to them, the me I sametimes forget about, was struggling to say to them, "Hey, I'm ane of you. I'm a.k. Dan't hurt me. I belong here too.

The day before, in the village of Waterloo, wearing my Sappha t-shirt, I had walked straight into their onger. I had expected that everyane would behave well; I had believed that we might be having a difference of opinion here, but they would in the end see that we were reasonable and nice, enough like them that the waters would part and we would be allowed to pass. I was wrong. What they said and did told us that we did not look familiar to them at all. In fact, it told us we looked so unfamiliar we aught to be killed. One man carried a sign that read, NUKE 'EM TILL THEY GLOW, THEN SHOOT THEM IN THE DARK. It became a slogan, shauted aver and over, along with 'Lezzie ga hame,' 'Cammie ga home,' and racist epithets shouted at an Asian woman who walked with us.

We had walked through Seneca Falls to the Peace Encampment. As we passed the new National Park Office far the Wamen's Hall af Fame, past the carner where the first Women's Rights Canventian had been held, past some af the homes where the wamen lived wha gathered to have tea and discuss political strategy and draft the Seneca Falls Bill of Rights. About ane hundred af us walked past Saturday morning shappers and a few people wha came out af their homes to see what we were up ta, past drivers who stopped to take our leaflets and those who accelerated and called us crazy, past the tawn line af Seneca Falls and into the village of Waterlaa, birthplace—a sign proclaims—of Memorial Day. As we walked, the crawds on the street grew larger. Many were waving flags. We began to get reports that the American Legion was planning a counter demonstration on a bridge the other side of the village and, as we approached, the hostility in the air increased. Cars went by and people screamed at us out of the windows. Two well-dressed wamen on the streetcorner told me I was an asshole as I tried to give them a flyer explaining the purpase of the walk.

The crowd closed in behind us on the narrow bridge. I can remember clearly the violence and hysterical anger in the hat July air, and I cauld see that many of the men were drinking, that some of them were armed. When the village sheriff tald us we were on our own, he had no intention of escorting us through the mob, some women behind me began ta sit in a circle while a few of us stood oraund them, our clasped hands trying to hold back the screaming citizens af Waterlao. I stood for three haurs

USSUENOS, 1983, mixed media on paper,  $9'' \times 6''$ the artist living and working in New Yark City.

Writer JUDITH MCDANIEL was a member of the Witness for Peace delegation captured by the contras in summer, 1985. Her novel, Winter Passage, was published by Spinsters Ink.

eyeball ta eyeball with same of the angriest people I have ever seen. And I thought two things: I should try to understand why they were ongry, and I should try to let them know that I wosn't

really that different from them.

"You seem very ongry," I soid to a grey haired woman waving a small flag. She had just finished screaming that we were filthy assholes. She was neatly dressed, in her early sixties, and she loaked like a mother, a P.T.A. type person, like one of the Girl Scout leaders I knew and warked with in my awn village. "Why dan't you tell me what you are angry about?" Fear made my voice awkword, prafessariol.

"We're trying to raise children here," she snarled, "ond those women are moking love right out on the lawn. It's disgusting.

We dan't want our children to see that."

There it was. I didn't have any way af knowing what that

—arriving every day from all over the United States and jumping out of their cars and grabbing women they hadn't seen for months or years and hugging and kissing them in a public display of offection that was probably not common in Waterlao. Still, under different, less stressful circumstances, it might not have been perceived as obscene in Waterlao.

Cantained. Predictable. Safe—that was the life she wanted far her doughter. What she saw in women at the Peace Encampment was, I believe, an energy that was not cantained or predictable. It was (and is) the energy of self-empowered women and, like most positive energy, it is—at its source—erotic. "There are many kinds of power," Audre Lorde reminds us in The Uses of the Erotic,

The erotic is a resource within each of us that lies in a deeply female and spiritual plane, firmly rooted in the power of our



Christy Rupp, GAS ORPHANS, 1985. Pesticide misuse backfires killing thousands of humans in Bhopal. Steel,  $3' \times 3$ . The ortist is a sculptor living in NYC, whose work focuses on economics and its impact on the environment.

women had actually seen, what anyone in town had octually seen, because I had only been at the encampment far a few hours. But in her mind the major issue wasn't that we were stupid or unpatriatic for thinking there was something wrong with what was gaing on at the Seneca Army Depot. She believed we were abscene and corrupt. She believed we were invading her town with values and opinions she did not wont her children to know existed.

She was right that we were invading her town. Whatever she had seen on the lawn, it was undeniable that there were hundreds of women—lesbian and heterosexual and bisexual

unexpressed or unrecognized feeling. In order to perpetuate itself, every oppression must corrupt or distort those various sources of power within the culture of the oppressed that can provide energy for change.<sup>1</sup>

Therefare, as women living under patriarchy, we are taught to separate this erotic energy fram every part of our lives except the specifically sexual, and we are taught to contain the sexual part of our lives to heterosexuality, to ane man, to a few child-bearing years, to specific and limited and allowable expressions. Ta go outside thase limits is to be bronded—whore, nymphomaniac, lesbian are the mast usual brands.

Because the Peace Encampment did not admit men, that energy was seen as lesbian. Much of that energy was lesbian. Lesbians were active at all levels of planning and carrying out this event. So were heterosexual and bisexual women. At the Encampment itself we talked about these differences: what it meant for all of us to be working together, how a "straight" woman felt when a hostile heckler called her a lesbian, how lesbians felt about the need to continually defend the reasons for a "woman-only" action. There was pain and growth in those dialogues.

One vignette in porticular recurs to me whenever I consider this issue, however. On the morning of the August 1st demonstration, two of us were wondering together how many of the women at the Encampment were lesbians. My friend was in her sixties and had been a lesbian all of her adult life. "I can't tell," she said with some chagrin. "You know, I always used to be able to tell, but I can't any more." We decided—on the basis perhaps of nothing but wishful thinking—that probably 50 to 75 percent of the women there that day were lesbian, and the sub-

ject disappered until later in the afternoon.

After hours of standing in the heat waiting for the sheriff to allow the march to proceed, we finally approached the Depot gates where the civil disobedience was taking place. Across from the Depot was a small chapel where a woman had set up a microphone and speakers, and, as the demonstrators filed in front of her, she sang revival hymns and invited them to leave their wicked ways and find true peace with Jesus. My affinity group had been assigned to the rear of the march where a group of about fifty men who supported the action were walking, local men-farmers, business men and teachers. As we approached the chapel, the gospel singer began to take down her microphone, her work finished, when she saw the men at the end of the march. "My God," her voice boomed across the lawn, "They've even got some men with them." Then she came back to the microphone. "Shame on you," she called to the men, "shame on you. Go back to your wives. Aren't you ashamed to be seen walking with lesbians." I was too stunned to respond, but the minister walking next to me called out, "I'm proud to be walking with lesbians."

It was quiet for a moment and then I called to the friend walking ahead of me, "Hey, do you remember that question I asked you this morning?" "Yes," she replied without hesitation. "That woman thinks the answer is 100 percent." The whole rear of the march started to laugh because everyone knew what the question must have been and several admitted to me later they had been wondering the same thing themselves. The answer, in fact, doesn't matter. The perception does matter—one hundred

nercent

To come to the Peace Encampment was, for most women, an act of self-empowerment. It was an act that soid, "I am capable of judging the terrible destructive power of these weapons and I choose to say no to their use, their existence." It was an act that recognized the power of women bonding together, recognized that ancient and healing power. It was an act that, at one level, excluded men, but at another level it encouraged men to make their own action or give support to this action that women had chosen. Some men did one or both, leaving behind in their decision to do so the inherent power they control under patriarchy. Men did childcare and carried water at the demonstration and ran the shuttle bus between the State Park and the Encampment while women went to meetings and planned actions and made political choices and policy decisions. As these women tried to create a world they wanted to live in with their children and lovers and friends, they felt empowered. To the citizens of Waterloo and the citizens of the larger world reached by national media, that empowerment was seen as lesbian and it was seen as threatening, so threatening that at times those citizens wanted to destroy it—and us.

Our response to that perception, to that accusation, is the key. We must not deny the lesbian label. The pain and the struggle that such lobeling brings with it is, in fact, a gift which marks change so profound, so life-enhancing, that it feels

life-threatening.

What I have learned about myself in recent years—and I think I am like my neighbors and the angry citizens of Waterloo and some of the women who came to the Peace Encompment and left disaffected and angry because it was not what they expected —what I have learned is that I do not suffer change gladly. I don't mean the surface changes. I can move from place to place and that seems like change, but os long os I can bring my box with me, containing the familiar things in life, then I'm not in trouble. I think that when the people who work at the Seneca Army Depot are confronted with women who want a specific missile out, that is a surface change. When we talk about wanting to convert the Depot to other forms of production, that is more basic. But neither is as basic to the way Americans live our lives as our assumptions about family and social relationships and responsibilities. However painful the change, those assumptions must change if we are to survive.

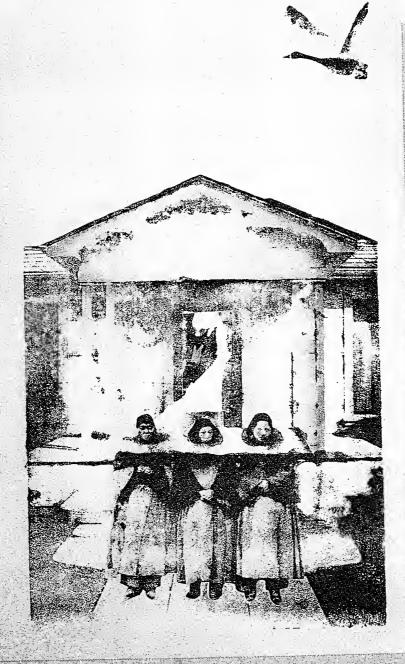
That day at Waterloo, standing facing the angry, shouting crowd, I began to talk with three young women, teenagers, who did not seem so angry. They felt safe. They were out for a little adventure. When it went on longer than they expected, one had to run home and put her sour cream and onion dip back into the refrigerator. They wanted to know was I on welfare and who was taking care of my children? When I told them I was a teacher and a Girl Scout leader but had no children of my own, they seemed surprised, interested enough to keep talking to me. Finally one screwed her courage up for the BIG question. "Are you gay?" she osked. "Yes," I answered and they stepped back, physically withdrew a few steps. "Does it matter?" I asked. "Oh, not to me..." she insisted bravely, "but..." ond she gestured over to where her brother was shouting at some of the other women peace marchers. She seemed confused. "How can you? But you said ... What about?" ... she stood staring at me trying to understand where I fit into what she had heard about lesbians.

Loter in that long afternoon one of the same young women asked me, "Are you scared?" "Yeah," I said, my voice letting her know it was true. "Aren't you?" She said no, at first, looking again toward her brother. I knew she was thinking he was there to protect her, that I wos the one of us at risk. Then she hesitated. Well, maybe she was a little scared, she admitted.

I don't know if she could see the hand weapons bulging out of pockets. She knew, os I did, that a man had been arrested when he dashed into the crowd waving a loaded rifle earlier that afternoon. She had not heard the sheriff when I asked him if he knew some of the men in the crowd were armed and washe dealing with that potential problem? "This is Americo," he snarled at me, "citizens have o right to bear arms."

But I don't think that was what her fear was about. She was afraid of me, and she was afraid of what she was learning. I don't ever want to apologize for being the source of that fear. When we—any of us—have that urge to apologize for causing doubt ond fear and pain and anger by being who we are and speaking for what we believe in, then I think we need to step back and look at the expectations we are bringing to the event, peel back the layers of our own "shoulds" and "ought-to's".

When I do that for myself, I realize several things. In the past, I



New Mexico, currently works in New York City as an illustrator and a bookstore manac

have described myself as working best within a clearly defined hierorchy, ane in which I know my place, to whom I report, and to whom I give orders. It was very early patterning and, for the eldest of three sisters, very relevant. I have also said to myself that I learn most readily when I am not threatened, when I am comfartable.

But, in my honest moments, I know that I da my best work in o very different situation: amang peers, when I can challenge and be challenged. I know, taa, that my important learning has not taken place when I was most comfartable, nat even when I was sart of comfartable, but when I was dragged kicking and screaming through same of the most painful experiences of my life.

Sa I wish we wouldn't worry sa much about olienating people. Not when we are daing the work we believe we need to da. It is a mark of change. It is the price of change.

Finally, I do not believe we can talk obaut disarmament only in terms of missile deployment and megatan destructive capac-

ity, ar strategic and tactical, or long, medium, shart range. To change the structure, to change the hierorchy that builds, supports, and deplays—and may sameday use—nuclear weapans, requires more than knawledge, more than statistics. It requires changes in aur human selves and human lives that are so basic and deep they must seem at times life threatening.

I respect the anger of the citizens of Waterlaa. I am myself an angry woman. Neither they nar I could control the final results of that walk through the town of Waterlao in the summer of 1983, but I believe it was on encaunter that will have far reaching and positive results if we do nat deny wha we are, if we do nat deny the source of our energy and power.

Writing and research time for this article was supported by a grant from Holding Our Own, A Fund For Women, Albany NY.

\*1"Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power" Sister Outsider published by The Crossing Press Feminist Series (Trumansburg, NY: 1984), p. 53.

## Wir Father Who Drowns The Birds

## on the fifth anniversary of the Nicaraguan revolution, July 19, 1984

There is a season when all wars end:
when the rains come.
When the landscape opens
its own eyes
and laughs at your talk of dying.
When all the dead trees open their hands
to the sky
and bleed scarlet flowers
from their fingertips,
and then you remember, before the blood,
red was the color you loved.

There is a season when every ancient anger settles, conceding to water the grass.

When nights are split by the bright electric voices of your ancestors, and the ones who owned your ancestors, calling to one another between earth and sky, and all of the old grudges fall, one by one, on the roof of your house sounding so much alike they full your babies to sleep.

This is the season that renders all things equal: the season of the arsonist-Creator. When sun sets a fire in the clouds that is indistinguishable from morning. When "sunset" and "fire" and "morning" are all the same word. When "woman" and "man" are the same word. When "justice" is not a word because it is air and we breathe it.

Even the animals will remember this season: those that curse, and those that dance because in the rain they are equal.

The timid ones

creep from their secret wet homes to move with their thicker-skinned brothers, to move from the predator's shadow.

Today there are no shadows.

The hunted creatures are cloaked in rain, invisible and fearless.

And the hunters, the North American birds of prey foraging too far from their own territory, each laboring under its one slow, beating wing: the hunters grow heavy. Even the natural laws that propel them are foreign in these hills of the other America when the rains come Their raven mouths suffocate in clouds, drown in the wet air. From your distance, you see the horizon shimmer where they fall, one by one into the hills. A great orange flower of heat rises quietly from each grave. This is the season when all wars end.

And after,
when the children of your
children ask you about this day,
you will tell them:
On the eighth day God made justice,
On the eighth day God sent the rains

on the eighth day God sent the rains to the other America, to drown the birds, and give us a fighting chance. And the little ones will believe you because in those days children will grow with their hearts intact.

Barbara Kingsolver

BY LUCY R. LIPPARD

## It has been suggested that survival is the only modern topic, and artists

seeking immortality in the nuclear age must confront the notion that there may be no posterity. In this context, art can be seen either as an escape or as a strike for peace. It is the artist's job to conceive the inconceivable, and to move us—to move us closer to realization, to empower us to imagine, even to imagine the most dreadful things. But artists are as scared as everybody else to get too close to the fires of extinction. Contemporary art is a clear reflection of how the American people fail to cope with reality. Just as images of Hiroshima or the atomic bomb rarely surfaced in the high art of the 1940s and '50s, there is little imagery today that deals with contemporary reality—with all those issues that are integral parts of our global predicament, issues like racism, invasions in the Third World, multinational complicity in governmental corruption, the feminization of poverty, and so on and on and on.

Many women are among the artists who have found it necessary or possible to cope directly with the fear and trembling that lies beneath so much contemporary art. Whether or not you agree that survival is a "woman's issue," a glance at the last ten years of "political art" (and its subcategory, anti-nuke art) turns up more work by women than by men. Nancy Spero's protofeminist "Bomb Series" of 1966 remains a classic and coura-

geous attempt to picture not only a potential holocaust, but its origins in imperialism, male supremacy, even religion—and to make the connections between the Vietnam war and gender issues. The "Bomb Series" consists of small works in pen and gouache and sometimes collage, on fragile rice paper, their physical delicacy belying the terrifying harshness of their imagery. Bombs, mushroom clouds, and helicopters were nightmarishly transformed into monsters, victims, lumps of shit, penises and sometimes breasts, acknowledging women's participation in the human race and the fact that no one is absolved from responsibility. In its references to militarism and the apocalypse, the series was prophetic of the Jerry Falwell/Ronald Reagan "Armageddon" theory of the '80s, in which the good guys will be "raptured out" of this world while the rest of us blow it.

Other early antiwar pieces were Lil Picard's wild happenings about wounds and cosmetics from the late '60s (when she too was in her sixties); Carolee Schneemann's visceralized and sexualized 1967 Divisions and Rubble, with its cycles of birth and decay, creation and destruction tied into the wasteful attack on Vietnam; May Stevens' "Big Daddy" series fusing male supremacy and militarism from cops to soldiers to the KKK; and Anita Steckel's often-banned collages connecting male sexuality and brutality. But it was not until the later '70s that nuclear war in particular became a "popular" feminist subject. This came at a point in the left/feminist art movement when self image had given way to social image, as though a decade of self-exploration had provided the confidence to take on the world.

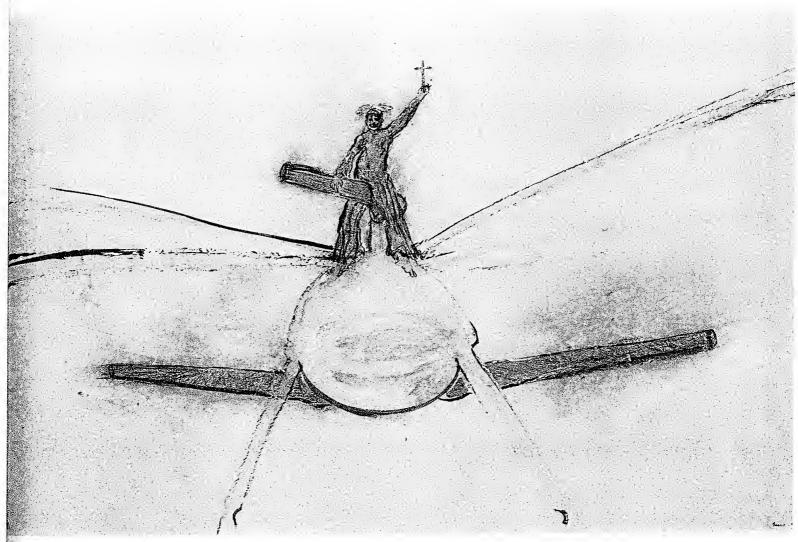
For some time, a major debate has raged within the Women's Liberation Movement about whether environmental, military, and all fundamental human rights are "women's issues," or whether, as Radical Feminists contend, the broadening of feminism's focus has diluted and diverted it from its primary gool—the termination of male supremocy: "If everything is femi-

nist, then nothing is feminist."

The traditional, if romanticized, connection between women and the earth has made the environment a special concern for many women and women artists. Pacifism and antiwar work have become almost inseparable from "earthkeeping" itself (the title of Heresies' 1979 ecology issue), as was made supremely evident by the "Women and Life on Earth" conference on "ecofeminism" in Amherst, Mass., in March 1980. Culture was for once acknowledged as a major component of the agenda. Workshops ranged from "The Politics of Diet" to "The Ecology of Creativity" and "Art as Health and Healing." May Stevens wrote the general statement on the conference's brochure, saying in part: "Like poetry and art, women are supposed to be ineffectual in the face of the heavy stuff: governments, hardware, money, and so forth. But we helped start both the anti-war movement and the ban-the-bomb movements of the '60s...What women stand for and what art and poetry stand for are what we must preserve for any future we'd want to live in." (Stevens herself is currently embarking on a major new series on the Greenham Common Peace Camp, and the history of women in resistance.)

While women have genuinely and forcefully identified with the cause of peace, it is still questionable whether women are innately more peaceful than men—a contention heavily contested within the women's movement. Cultural feminists implicitly or explicitly defend women's moral (and even biological) superiority. As Dr. Helen Caldicott puts it, "Males are particularly adept at the denial of unpleasant emotions. Perhaps it is

LUCY R. LIPPARD is a writer and feminist art critic and the author of ten books on contemporary art.



Nancy Spero, CLOWN AND GUNSHIP, gouache and ink on paper, 1968,  $24^{\prime\prime} \times 36^{\prime\prime}$ 

this defense mechanism that sublimates the urge to survive and allows politicians to contemplate 'first strike capabilities' or 'limited nuclear war." And Dr. Lynne Jones sees hope in the "political processes emphasized by the women's movement—shared decisionmaking; non-hierarchal, leaderless groups; cooperation and non-violence" as opposed to "the hierarchal and authoritarian systems that prevail in mixed groups."

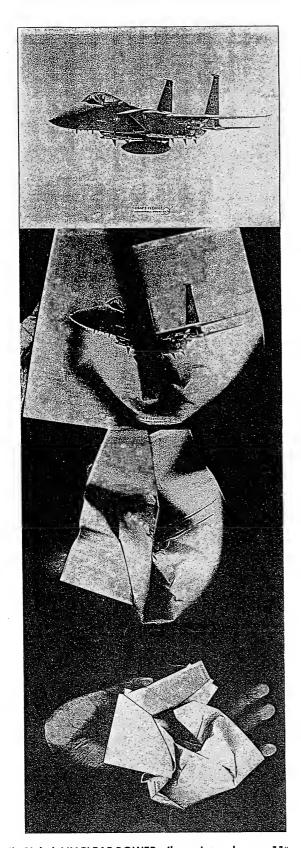
The Radical Feminist Organizing Committee's basic position —that gender is not innate but socially constructed—disallows the premise that "women are somehow responsible for life on earth" because they bear children. "The equation of motherhood (nurturance) and womanhood (as part of the human species) reinforces polarization ... How can women have a 'special' interest in nuclear war? A nuclear disaster would be the most equal event in the history of the world." Ellen Willis charges that the Women's Peace movement, by focusing on men's and women's character traits, "ignores the structural aspects of male supremacy. The claim that women are superior to men is nothing new; when men make it, it's called 'putting women on a pedestal.' Men will gladly concede our superiority so long as they get to keep their power...If the women's peace movement were seriously concerned with the imperialism of the government, it would be working to change or overthrow that government" instead of identifying with the victims of imperialism and thus

escaping its inherent responsibility for it. "It amazes us," she continued, "that a woman should be asked to set aside the question of her right to control her body in favor of a campaign to preserve the human race. One's opposition to war should be based on political and personal reasons that have nothing to do with being a woman."

My own position as a socialist ond cultural feminist is that women cultural workers are uniquely challenged to integrate radical social change with our concerns for women and their bodies (raped, forcibly pregnant, tortured, victimized by poverty, or on the front lines of liberation struggles). Not because we are women but because as women we bring a different experience to radical theory, conflict, and imagery—an experience that has been historically missing and/or invisible.

The women at Greenham insist that the international women's peace actions "have nothing to do with excluding men. It's got to do with, for once, including women." The spontaneous art woven into the barbed-wire-topped fences around the US missile-base continues the Women's Pentagon Action tradition

Artist NANCY SPERO began her activist career in the anti-Vietnam War movement and went on to feminist work facused on women's lack af parity in the art warld. She is a founding member of the A.I.R. Gallery, a women's cooperative now in its 14th year.



Sheila Pinkel, NUCLEAR POWER, silverprint and xerox,  $11'' \times 36''$ 

SHEILA PINKEL is an artist currently living and working in Santa Monica, CA.

of fusing women's lives, work, arts, and politics. As such, it has been an effective participatory esthetic. The image of 30,000 women holding hands, surrounding the 9-mile periphery of the base in 1983, is a compelling one unequaled by the strongest "high art," which of course acts in an entirely different sphere and manner. The metaphor of the web—"fragile in its parts and strong in its whole," as Marina Warner has put it—has spread as a hopeful symbol around the world, in forms as varied as a postcard chain to wish for peace; a 75,000-foot "Ribbon" around the Pentagon and other government buildings in the summer of 1985; the feminist performance group Sisters of Survival (SOS)'s European tour; Donna Henes' "Chants for Peace;" Joyce Cutler Shaw's "Messages from the World" (such as "Survival" written in ice sculpture outside the UN); or Helene Aylon's "ceremonial art"—the Women's Sac Project, which collected earth near Strategic Air Commond bases and put it in pictorial pillowcases ("because we don't sleep so well") displayed on clotheslines and in "dream-ins" all over the world.

Any anti-nuclear art has three basic and often contradictory mandates: to make people terrified of nuclear war, to keep people from feeling so helpless before their terror that they won't act to prevent it, and to inform—to help us all understand the roots of our terror in domestic and foreign policy, state terrorism, profiteering, and other underlying couses. There was o point in the mid-'70s when I was glad to see any picture of a mushroom cloud, but since then o developing progressive and feminist imagery has demanded more complex images. The poverty of our current symbolic vocabulary is directly linked to the foct that subject matter like nuclear war has been o taboo in the context within which esthetic complexity is developed—i.e. the art world. In an art context, we can "like" an image without internalizing its meaning. We can toke an image of war more seriously as art than as reality.

Without organizational work of some kind, and the hard-won political esthetic analysis that comes from such work, even the most sincerely "concerned" art tends to float free of the crises that inspired it and of the audience that might be moved by it. By organizational, I don't necessarily mean going to a lot of meetings, but substantial esthetic depth seems to demand at least some kind of interconnection with and mutual support among artists with similar concerns, as well as with those people organizing in the "real world"—a relationship rife with frustration as well as vitality.

Ominously, much art that purports to deplore the end of the world seems to be modeled on images of fantasy, natural disaster, or Acts of God, as though the enemies came from some occult "other world" rather than living in our own towns, our own countries. Nuclear holocaust has become a disembodied bugbear, apparently unconnected to local political issues, virtually impossible to concretize in form. It's been made abstract, and therefore in control of those who are inaccessible to us. Like natural disaster, it is treated as something impersonal, seen by tele-vision or long distance. Artists often treat the aftermath, the day after, rather than the cause, the day before. The bomb comes from "above," from "heaven," producing a deadly fatolism encouraged by those who prefer to manipulate a powerless, silent populace.

There is, of course, a basic contradiction in the creation of a profound art about death. Art is a creative act; it's supposed to be committed to life. There are times when refusal to depict the wholesale death that may be awaiting us is a cowardly act; there are times when it is an act of courage, as Jonathan Schell has noted: We have to respect "all forms of refusal to accept the unnatural and horrifying prospect of a nuclear holocaust."



Sisters of Survival, SOMETHING IS CLOUDING YOUR FUTURE, 1985, billboard

On the other hand, with recognition comes responsibility. Just how can art be made about silence, apathy, inertia? How does a visual artist, concerned with envisioning by concrete means, confront what Schell calls "the unthinkable, but not necessarily the undoable."

Artists can't change the world alone. Neither can anybody else, alone. But art is a powerful and potentially subversive tool of consciousness. Avant-garde art is traditionally defined as oppositional, worming its way out of prescribed channels. Even the weight of the current system should not be able to extinguish totally that time-honored function. An artist's best chance to survive ethically and economically is to resist confinement to a single cultural context. Feminists have an advantage here. There is still a network (if a faltering one) or context within which feminists, like politically dissident cultural workers, can work to escape the iron fist of unstated censorship and the velvet alove of self-censorship that control the mainstream.

The mid '80s offer a curious little pocket of air in which more or less politicized art can breathe within the art world, provided

SISTERS OF SURVIVAL is an anti-nuclear performance art group founded in 1981 by Jerri Allyn, Anne Gauldin, Cheri Gaulke, Sue Maberry, and Nancy Angelo. Although not an order of nuns, the feminist group nevertheless uses a nun's image symbolically.

the messages are not too pointed, too angry, too close. This has facilitated an uneasy dialogue between art worlds, just as overly feminist art was able to infiltrate the art community in the earlyto-mid-'70s. If socially concerned art doesn't sell real well, and socially involved art doesn't sell at all, nevertheless this is a moment that should be exploited for all it's worth, not just to get more art shown, but to get more responsible and responsive artists heard and understood, and to spread the word that these taboo subjects are indeed "artworthy," so they can be taken on by a broader esthetic and social spectrum of artists.

With Gorbachev's test ban proposal lying on Reagan's doormat and Star Wars the most potentially disastrous art concept around, the following parable (from The Washington Spectator) has a moral for artists and feminists alike: A California high school class was asked by their teacher if they had hope for the future. Twenty-nine students answered "no," and one answered "yes." When asked why she had hope (I like to think it was a girl), she said "My parents, both of them, are working hard to find an answer."

Passages from this article first appeared in a lecture commissioned by Ohio Wesleyan University in 1984; others are from the rough draft of a book on feminist art I am co-authoring with Harmony Hammond and Elizabeth Hess, to be published by Pantheon.

## Has your focus since your initial

For an "activist" there is a great advantage to growing old (I am looking forward to it). So far, my years seem to be showing me that there is no way to predict when and how something will pay off. The fact that a course of hard work has not brought the desired result doesn't mean it won't ever. We must realize that change doesn't happen in convenient increments or at convenient and expected times. It is a great advantage to have survived some politically gruesome times; you know they will pass. Ronnie Gilbert

My interest in social change was not an inherited trait. My parents were very conservative, religious, working class people with middle class values. My father stood politically to the right of John Birch. I graduated college with a B.A. in Art without a capacity to think critically. In graduate school I was introduced to Marxism which became a tool for analyzing the world. Coupled with my exposure to the Women's Movement of the early '70's and my own identity crisis, I developed an understanding of the nature of race, class and sex oppression. Subsequent travel to the German Democratic Republic, China, Cuba and Nicaragua strengthened my commitment to the need for structural change in the USA while my involvement in civil disobedience provided me with my first taste of real satisfaction from meaningful activity.

Donna Grund Slepack

When 9 of my II sons became draft eligible from I962 to the end of the US involvement in the Vietnam War, my ideas and morality, my ways of looking at ethical questions began changing rapidly. I began working with people who were exploring ways to resolve conflict in non-violent ways. I had first become involved in national politics when I realized that Richard Nixon might become president in I960. I learned a lot about power during this time. There have been many points of recognition for which I have been surprised and grateful, considering my age.

Macy E. Morse

...Began as a community organizer, worked on tenant issues, environmental.. was troubled by feeling like an "outside" organizer, e.g., working with public housing residents when I didn't live in public housing. I found women's issues were most relevant to my life.

Carole McCabe

Shifted..instead of isolating the nuclear issue and gearing protest at the Pentagon, I believe more strongly in working on a local level; the violence in everyday life won't end with a nuclear freeze. "Activism," one-on-one, is as important as marching to DC

Christine Robinson

I resist single-issue feminism, i.e., militating on behalf of reproductive rights or equal pay issues. I guess you can say as I get older my focus has broadened—I recognize the systemic discrimination against women and minimization of their contributions, needs and desires.

\*\*Carrie Rickey\*\*

Since I974 with "Torture in Chile" I have been speaking out in my artwork on women's status under male control. I record the most extreme instances of victimization—women political prisoners or woman as a victim of man-made wars. On the other hand, I portray woman as the activator, a positive force, an historical presence. Many of the figures are bouyant and athletic, signifying woman in control of her own body in a non-phallocentric world, in a world that is not threatened by extinction.

Nancy Spero

More and more I feel that education is very important. As a college teacher I try to get students of both sexes to participate in class and to think critically about unsupported statements made by people in authority.

Janet Ruth Heller

Narrowed at first to focus on the issues I was most confused about...I had to be separate from men to allow space for anger/distrust, and I took the side of women on every issue. Now my analysis is more centered—anger dissipated by understanding of our culture's complexities.

Jan Phillips

My ideas have become more complex, more involved with psychoanalytic and theoretical issues—a lot from British and French feminist theory—and with the language of representation itself. But in a sense I was always interested in that language and how it intersected with the social positioning of women and the significance of gender.

Linda Nochlin

Q U E S T I C

## ical ideas evolved? broadened or narrowed participation?

I hope they've broadened! For me the stages were consciousness-raising, then political organizing with other women artists and then trying to reach a broader public. For the last 7 years I've been doing public art, mostly in subway stations. This is so much more satisfying than what I was doing before, and it feels like a natural extension of my political beliefs.

Joyce Kozloff

Falling in love with a woman caused my political ideas to narrow quickly onto myself and how I was affected by patriarchy, sexist, etc. Later, moving to New York City and becoming more comfortable with my sexuality served to broaden my political ideas considerably. I now know that poverty, racism and sexism are inextricably bound together.

Carrie Moyer

There are issues I am sensitive to because of my own gender, class and background, but I have never worried about addressing issues not particular to the details of my own life. Injustice does not stop at the boundaries of our own experience. I refer to the statement of the German-Jewish philosopher, Hannah Arendt, who, when asked if she was ashamed to be German because of the atrocities committed by the Nazi during World War II, replied: "I am ashamed to be human."

Holly Metz

Children and grandchildren and now great-grandchildren as well as all other children are my reasons. My convictions are stronger...my legs, weaker. I write a lot of letters.

Lillian Wexler

## Narrowed to the specific issue of apartheid... I have come to see it as a manifestation of much larger issues.

## Victoria Scott

My focus has broadened. My initial "rage stage" as a feminist led me toward separatism and women's spirituality. I chose to work in the church because it enables a common language with many different kinds of people, including our enemies (the far right). Also, because if it is the root of the problem, it must also be part of the solution.

\*Rev. Karen Ziegler\*

I would always hope that political ideas evolve so that one doesn't become a prisoner of absolute certainty and the beholder of ultimate truth. I have at times found myself acting rigidly, but this condition negates reality and is an obstacle to emancipation. Since my first days as a student activist, I have attempted to consider myself not as the owner of the truth, but simply as a person with concrete experiences who was participating in the construction of a world which would be easier to love and be more just.

Silvia Malagrino

I would say that I have gone back and forth...broad in the '60's with anti-nuke...narrow in the '70's with straight feminism... in the '80's again broadened taking feminism to ecological wisdom. My political ideas have evolved to believe that women must get into the mainstream (or make us the mainstream). Separate exhibitions patterned on the type we had in the '70's with the same people may have a negative effect ... giving mainstreamers the out of having done a "women's show." These are usually less funded, get second-class treatment and are not usually well-curated ... making women's work show up less well.

Mary Beth Edelson

My ideas and commitment have become clearer. In 1963, when I left the country to work as a Peace Corps volunteer/community organizer in Guayaquil, Ecuador, I believed my power as an American to make change. I returned two years later with a profoundly despairing sense of what damage even I could do to people of an entirely different culture.

Marnie Mueller

My focus has narrowed, possibly because by keeping my focus broad I found that my energy was dissipating. In most activist groups, I've found that the major work is done by a small core group and, for me at least, energy has to be conserved.

Sarita Hazen

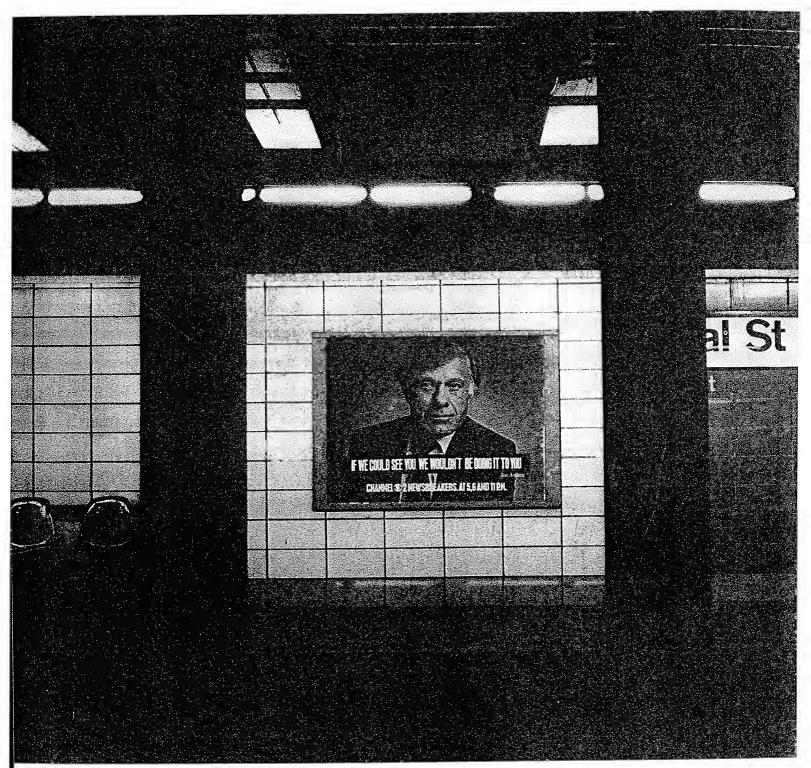
All an American has to do is read their own history in depth, compare it to the version instilled in us from youth, and recognize our actions at home and abroad compared to what we are taught this country is supposed to stand for. Focus automatically broadens, a frightening process!

Martha Eberle

Think of the world and everything in it as all made of the same stuff, like a sweater stretched over the earth's surface, over its hollows and protuberances. The density of the weave, its texture, even its color change, deepening and clotting when it falls in the open spaces, thinning as it stretches over the rises. But it's all the same. Light catches differently and tension relaxes or pulls to near breaking, but everything is connected, part of everything else. Our lives depend on knowing this and acting on it.

May Stevens

N N A I R E



Shelley Silver, IF WE COULD SEE YOU... subway installation, 1982

SHELLY SILVERS is a video artist living in New York City.

## SY JOAN IARMON

In October, 1984 a group of black community activists were arrested by the Joint Terrorist Task Force on charges of conspiracy. The arrest was the culmination of two years of surveillance and millions of dollars spent by the government. The defendents were acquitted of all criminal charges and were to become known as the New York 8. The following is an interview with Collette Pean, one of the New York 8, and Olive Armstrong, who spent eight months in jail for refusing to testify against her comrades in front of the grand jury.

What did you call yourselves befare you were the New Yark 8?

Olive Armstrong-We were the Mobilization Cammittee Against Palice Brutality. We had a parent organization called the Sunrise Callective. Fram that grew ather arganizations like Jazz Cames to Fight Back, The Block Unemplayed Yauth Mavement, which dealt with getting jabs far teenagers and pramating their development, and the Mabilizatian Cammittee Against Palice Brutality.

What is the relationship of this arganizatian ta the Black Liberation Mavement?

Olive Armstrong-It is part af it because our aim was and is ta struggle far the liberation of black people.

Collette Pean-We participated in different types af arganizations to try and speak ta same af the different aspects af the work. The Mabilization Cammittee

Against Palice Brutality was in respanse to what we thought was a very sharp attack on aur cammunity-palice murders aimed at keeping people terrarized ond tao scared ta fight back. Sa we did autreach and education an these killings. Jazz Comes ta Fight Back was an attempt to bring a manthly jazz program bock into the Horlem community. The Black Unemployed Youth Mavement was targeted taward the fact that 80% af aur yauth is unemployed—they never learned haw to work and they ore totally inexperienced in terms of dealing with the real warld. A number of us fram all around the city came together ta try ta educate peaple through farums and outreach and ta just bring peaple together. The palice killings had been gaing an for many years and sa we saw that there was a need to address that. That while people would became upset whenever a killing taak place—Randy Evans, Cliffard Glaver—and wauld come aut and demanstrate their anger, it was samething that died dawn after awhile. We thaught that there was a need to educate people ta the fact that these palice killings were not accidents.

It is a direct attack an aur lives and they kill us in many ways but the sharpest farm af our destruction is the bullet. We thought that it was necessary far us ta cantinue demanstrations against these killings but at the same time mave it ta a higher level af understanding because we wanted ta make people understand that we are at war and that we have ta prepare far that war and that the anly way that we can change the quality af aur lives is through revalution.

What was the New Yark 8 charged with and were any af you convicted?

Collette Pean-Let me start with the arrests. On the night of October 17 they sent aver 500 agents af the FBI-NY Palice Department Jaint Terrorist Task Farce aut an the streets af NY to arrest eight people. What that meant was that in my hause an Bedford Street in Broaklyn they knacked the daar dawn. There were caps all over the neighbarhaad—surveillance units, unmarked units, FBI, SWAT, NYC palice, transit police, hausing palice. The situatian was repeated in Queens at Viala Plumers's hause, dawn the street fram me on Midwaad, at Rabert Taylar's hause, at Caltrane Chimurenga's hause -six hauses in all were braken inta and I mean literally the daars were battered dawn, SWAT ran in with their shatguns, bazookas. They blacked aff an entire black an Midwaad. Several af the hauses had small children in them—it was 12:30 at night. They had their guns painted at the children, a baby ane year ald had a gun at its head. At my hause we had a 15 year old—my raammate's daughter; they terrorized her, came clase to arresting her, handcuffed her, threw her against the wall and dawn an the flaor. They held her there while they proceeded ta take the twa adults, in handcuffs under arrest, aut af the hause.

The entire operation is what they call a pre-emptive strike. We had, accarding ta

JOAN HARMON is currently working on a video, Stroight Ahead, about the institutionalization of the right wing and the criminolization of political activity in this country.

them, cammitted na crime yet. Their rationale is that they're gaing to move on us to prevent bloodshed befare we commit a crime. This comes from a military strategy that they have developed in Central America and that Israel uses against the Palestinians. You blow them away before they do anything and you dan't have any problems. It places our case in the context of what they're trying to do internationally.

The next step in our case that I think is important for folks to realize is that we were held under preventive detention. A few days before our arrest a new law was passed that says that a suspect can be arrested and held without bail pending trial if the government alleges and can prove that they are dangerous to the community, and that there is a risk of flight. It was targeted very much at the overall community—not just the eight of us wha were arrested, nat even to the other over 20 people who were subpoenaed for the grand jury and requested to testify, eight of them ending up gaing to jail. As they knew they wauld—they knew they wouldn't testify; they were in jail even longer than the defendants for refusing ta testify befare the grand jury. It was targeted precisely at our cammunities to terrorize them. Peaple woke up at 12:30 at night—the doors were being busted dawn down the hallway. They heard voices saying, "Keep your head in the door else you'll get it blown off." An attempt was made to portray us as people no one would want to knaw because obviously we must have dane samething. No one gets arrested by 500 agents of the Joint Terrorist Task Force in such a manner, certainly not just any criminals.

To get back to what we were charged with; we were charged under the RICO Act, which is racketeer influencing corrupt organizations. They said all of our families, friends and principal political affiliates, which is what the grand jury resisters were, were also members of the enterprise. So the resisters were not indicted just yet but they knew the resisters were oll members according to them. They said that this criminal enterprise's purpose was to rob armored cars and break people out of prison. They soid we were the successors to Brinks. Brinks was an expropriation ottempt by a group of people who had warked in various politicol movements and felt that money that was being stolen daily from the people in this cauntry needed to come back ta the people and so they were going to go get it. It did nat work.

I guess part of the reason that we were

targeted is that we fought back against the grand jury—the witch hunt that went on in the black cammunity after that [the Brinks casel happened. The FBI was all over the community—breaking down doors, subpaening right, left and center; it wanted to paint all political demands as part of a terrorist canspiracy. We very much staad up and said the real terrorists are the ones who are letting our grandmothers get blown away by the caps\*, letting children die because police officers shoat them, the terrible conditions. We very much faught against that as being a terrorist act. So they use our political sympathy for the question of the black people's right to struggle by any means necessary and aur apen support far armed self defense as one of the reasons why they targeted us.

It had been two years of intense surveillance culminating in videa cameras in the hallways of two houses, there were video cameras installed acrass the street, there were still cameras all over the city. In this building they took pictures of people coming in and out of the building at all times—all the people even if they had na relationship to us. They would follow people who were just walking down the street, people would pass us on the street and they would follow them. Other times people would come out of a building after us and they wauld say "Aha!" and they would send teams of agents scurrying all aver the city following people. They spent an unbelievable amount af manpower on the case because they had agents following us, up to a hundred a day, and towards the end of the investigation, 24 haurs a day, 7 days a week. They had three bugs in my apartment; they put one it the kitchen and living room and they said "Aha, they aren't saying anything; obviously they have high security, let's put a bug in the bedroom. They still didn't catch anything criminal so they put another one in the bathroom.

The amount of money, resources, and manpower expended is unbelievable; they never saw us committing what is called an overt crime. One of the agents who testified said that that might be true, he never saw Coltrane Chimurengo, who he followed all over the city, commit o crime. But he knew he was justified in continuing his surveillonce because he believed Mr. Chimurengo wos plonning o crime since he could see it in his eyes. You know, it sounds reol funny and cute,

but yau know, on the basis of this faal's testimony, my co-defendant Coltrane Chimurenga spent from October 17 to the end af April locked up in the Metrapalitan Carrectianal Center because they were able ta get a judge ta say he's at risk af flight, is a dangerous terrarist and our mastermind.

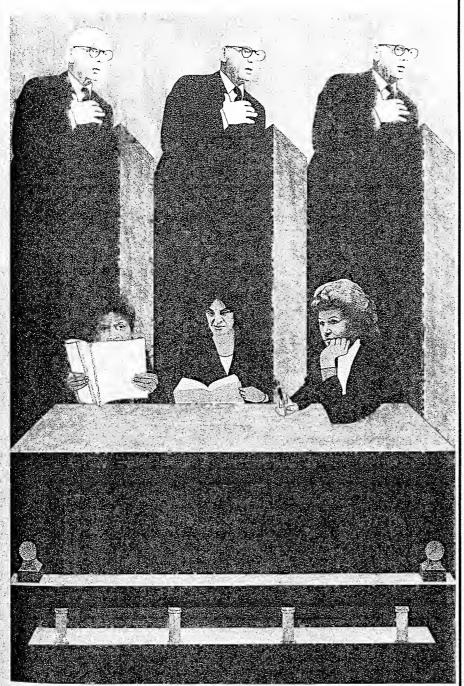
Coltrane Chimurenga is the one they admit to having started the first dossier on. That was back in '68 when he subscribed to the Black Panther newspaper. Sa much for the free press and the right of free speech. Another agent said he knew he was on the right track with his criminal investigation because he saw us handing out a palitical newspaper, and he knew he was on the right track because the newspaper had the red, black and green color of the black liberation flag on it. Since he was investigating the black liberation movement, he knew he was on target. Which again speaks to what the real purpose of the Joint Terrorist Task Force is, a palitical police squad that blends the FBI and all the little lacal police units into one national secret palice that gaes around and, from the mast mundane transit cop all the way through ta the FBI special agents, [becomes] one national apparatus designed to keep track of all activists, in our case black activists.

Our defense strategy was to lay aut very clearly that this is a government conspiracy going on here, attempting to criminalize our movement. We don't deny that we had guns, we think that people need to have guns for self defense. Certainly they don't have any problem with the Klan having guns or the Aryan Nation or the Order or any of the right-wing groups; they anly have problems with black people having guns and people having a right to armed self-defense.

The government brought their case, which they thought was airtight, to trial. We were able through our strategy to win. Because people came to court consistently, the community was very, very powerful in terms of their support of us. We beat the gavernment's conspiracy case and exposed their attack on the black liberation movement. We were acquitted of all the major conspirocy charges. We contested everything the government said we had done; we proved that we were not criminals.

Collette Pean—We see that foscism is on the rise, the arganized move ta legally use terror as the means of cantrol now. What is happening in the economy is the ever increasing concentration of the

<sup>\*</sup>Eleonor Bumpers, a 64-year-old woman was shot dead by the police in her apartment in October, 1984. She wos two months lote on her rent.



Robin Michals, ASSESSING THE FACTS: BHOPAL, 1985, graphite on paper, 40" imes 30"

ROBIN MICHALS is an artist who lives and works in New York City.

wealth, the number of people controlling the economy becomes smaller and more concentrated and totally dominated by finance capital, the banks are now in charge of everything. How are they going to take care of no more jobs? They are going to say women don't need to work anymore. Women should go home and have babies—that's what women are really about. You have the whole campaign culturally that women have no right to work. Very subtle—women really want to have babies, and they ignore that women work not because they don't want to have babies but because they are human beings and have a right to work.

So I think the government thought of us as being so dangerous because we consistently put out there that people have the right to struggle by any means necessary. I think that it's not just a race problem—it's that people in this country are oppressed by capitalism and need to find each other as allies to fight against that. What's happening is that in many different areas people are being attacked and they need to fight back. People that have one issue or two issues in which they can see the government's repression need to organize to push back the tide now. We say, build a popular front against fascism.

We're not saying everybody has to agree with everything but we have to be able to dissent and to raise our democratic rights and to struggle together for what we want to see. First of all we have to beat back this tide of oppression that is increasing legally—our case being an example of the legal apparatus being put to work to jail activists, stop political activity. Militarily the next step is to straight up and kill people as they do at random now through the police. The CIA has trained death squads around the world. We already know they know how to do that and should not be surprised when that happens—that's the mood of the country.

People need to come away from reading this article with a clearer understanding of how they're under attack. I hope our case gives them some insight into what's happening around the country that directly affects their lives and into how they need to take that up where they're sitting because it's an issue that's crucial to their lives.

Collette Pean is presently being held as a high-security risk at Alderson prison in West Virginia for receiving \$1,500 in welfare money under a false ID.

## DIRECT ACTION

## **AGAINST SEXISM IN ADVERTISING**

## Carole McCabe

A giant outdoor whiskey ad in downtown Ann Arbor, Michigan features a blond woman in a low-cut black velvet gown and an exposed knee, who urges drinkers to "feel the velvet."

For four years, the billboard has been routinely defaced by women who have spray painted "offensive to women" or "sexist" over the ad.

This year was slightly different, however. Two Ann Arbor feminists, both 21 and both University of Michigan students, were arrested on March 7th for allegedly defacing the billboard. Police arrested them on a felony charge and put them in jail overnight. The next day the prosecutor reduced the charge to a misdemeanor.

The billboard is an advertisement for Black Velvet brand Canadian whiskey, which bills itself as the "smooth Canadian." The ad, mounted on a 14-foot by 48-foot billboard two stories above the northwest corner of Main and Ann strets, is floodlighted at night and can be seen for miles around. On March 7th, unknown persons painted "Objects Never, Women Forever", "sexist", and "Women—RISE!" on the ad.

Mary Emanoil and Jennifer Akfirat, who have been accused of the crime, have entered a plea of not guilty and will go on trial May 23rd in 15th District Court. Both women have been active in the Ann Arbor feminist community, both working on the annual Take Back the Night March, and participating in a January sit-in at the University of Michigan protesting the university's stance on sexual assault. Mary has been a volunteer at local battered women's shelters, and Jennifer is the daughter of prominent local woman Jane Myers, who is a columnist for the Ann Arbor News.

Jennifer and Mary have received the full support of local feminists who immediately mobilized around the issue.

CAROL McCABE has been working on issues of violence against women for five years. She lives in Ann Arbor, MI.

Phones began ringing at 7 a.m. on the day of their arraignment, resulting in a large and visible presence in the courtroom. A local group, Women—RISE! (Women Rebeling in a Sexist Environment), organized an informational picket and vigil at the billboard. A defense committee, called Community Action Against Sexist Advertising, formed soon thereafter. Their three goals include: getting rid of the billboard through legal means; supporting Mary and Jennifer; and educating the community to draw the link between sexist advertising and violence against women and children.

Those wishing to see the billboard removed have emphasized connections between degrading advertisements and violence. In relation to the slogan "Feel the Velvet", local feminist Susan McGee said: "Our question is: what exactly are we being asked to feel? We object to, and will not tolerate, the use of women's bodies to sell products." "There's no question in our minds that the sexism, violence and general disrespect towards women in advertising and the media is a contributing factor to rape, battery, and child sexual abuse," said Carole McCabe, a former staffer at the local battered women's shelter.

"As soon as you make women objects to sell things, they are no longer people. And it's easier to abuse objects than it is to abuse people." said David DeVarti, owner of a local publishing company. "That's why we don't want this ad."

"I'm in CA<sup>2</sup>SA because I think it's time men started taking responsibility for changing the victimization of women."

A good example of the interrelationship between the media and abuse is the way children have begun to be portrayed in film, TV, and advertising. "Children are being eroticized by the media," said Susan A. Smith, M.S.W., who counsels children who have been sexually abused. "Seeing children as sex objects helps perpetrators of sexual abuse rationalize their acts and make excuses for their behavior. An atmosphere is created where it's okay to see children in a sexual way. And that's intolerable."

Says Cheryl Stevens, Coodinator of the Women's Crisis Center in Ann Arbor. "Let's face it—all women in our country have been harassed by a man at some point in their lives. And one out of three have survived rape or attempted rape, 28% are sexually abused by the age of 14, and one out of two are battered in an intimate relationship. Ads that use women are just rubbing salt in our wounds—they intensify feelings of victimization. The billboard has got to go. We can't have it in our community."

"The billboard is not long for this world," said one local feminist who chose to remain anonymous. "I hope CA<sup>2</sup>SA succeeds in getting the company to change the billboard. But if not, it's going to be spraypainted until they get the idea."

"Women are physically abused in this culture by such ads. I view destroying property that celebrates that abuse as a creative act of self-defense." said Maureen Fitzsimmons, another local feminist.

Central Advertising (who owns the billboard) repaired it after the March 7th incident. But on April 28th, women struck again, this time writing "Women Insist, Persist, Resist," replacing the word Velvet in Black Velvet Whiskey with "Slime", and writing the words "Take Me Down."

Feminists haven't had much response from the companies responsible for the billboard. Tom Reir, of Central Advertising in Jackson, refused to meet with members of Women—RISE! who wanted to present petitions to him. Advertising man Bill Free, who created the ad, was asked what he would say to protestors. He responded, "I try not to talk to the feminists, being a chauvinist myself." (We never would have guessed). Heublein spokesperson Sandy Beckwith claims she researched the ad campaign from a feminist standpoint and found nothing wrong with it. She insists the ad is not seductive, but admits that it's designed to appeal to men.

Although Heublein and its recently fired ad agency, Lawrence, Charles and Tree, claim that the Feel the Velvet campaign,

I'd like to make it with her. Maybe I'll get her into bed. You didn't have to work very har d to get into her pants. I'm going to go out and get a piece of ass tonight. I hope I score I can wear down her resistance, I'll score. She wouldn't put out for me. t night. You could learn a lot from me baby. I could teach her a thing or You were tonight. I could teach her a thing or two. great last night. y, did I make her moan! I got her so hot. I've never had to pay for pussy. Do you know any available women? I'd like to have her for a night. She's good snatch. I'd like to cop some What a dish! She's a cute thing. She's a n She was the best piece of ass I ever had.

ice chick. Let's s shoot some s s really a d She's itch! like to bang eat my meat He knacked h at his load. ake it with t her into b it have to w to get into 'm going to t a piece of I hope I sca I can wear d tance, I'll ouldn't put You were gre You could le m me, baby. her a thing did I make h t her so hot had to pay f you know any en? I'd lik for a night. atch. I'd I



She's real fo ee if we can quirrel. She' What a b s cunt. her box. Ιb last night. er up. He sh I'd like to m I'll ge her. ed. You didn ork very hard her pants. go out and ge ass tonight. re tonight. own her resis score. She w out for me. at last night. arm a lot fro I could teach or two. Boy, er moan! I go I've never orpussy. Do available wom e to have her She's good sn ike to cop so She's a

She's the best piece of ass I ever had. What a dish! She's a cute thing. me ass. nice chick. She's real foxy. Let's see if we can shoat some squirrel. She's really a dog. What a bitch! She's a cunt. I'd like to bang her box. I beat my meat last night. He knock ed her up. He shot his load. I'd like to make it with her. Mayoe I'll get into her pants. You didn't have to work very hard to get her into bed. I'm going to go out and get a piece o ass tonight. I hope I score tonight. If I can wear down her resistance, I'll score.

Penelope Goodfriend, from ROLE MODELS AND REALITIES, color photograph, 16" × 30"

"was one of our best campaigns, one of the best of all times," recent sales history for Black Velvet indicate otherwise. Sales data presented by Business Week, May 17, 1985 indicate that while the nine largest marketers of Canadian whiskey have increased sales by one half of one percent between 1980 and 1984, the sales of

PENNY GOODFRIEND's photographs are part of a series, Rale Models and Realities, inspired by a passage in the Talmud: "We danot see things as they are, we see them as we are."

Black Velvet have declined by 1.2% during this same period. This decline is notable in that Canadían whiskey is one of only three categories of liquor that are gaining in popularity in an otherwise slumping industry.

"Not only is the billboard tasteless. ugly, sexist and offensive," said CA<sup>2</sup>SA member Jim Niland, "but it's not selling whiskey very well.'

The furor that arose from the billboard arrests is just the tip of the iceberg as far as feminist activity in Ann Arbor goes. "There has been a dramatic rise in

social change activities in Ann Arbor in the past year and half." said U of M Social Work Professor Beth Glover Reed. "Particularly in the area of domestic violence, sexual assault, and child sexual abuse, there's been a marked shift from only providing services to survivors to doing prevention work, systems advocacy, and direct action." "I think it's excellent, said Susan Contratto, clinical psychologist and Women's Studies instructor. "I believe the rise in activity has begun to result in real change in our community. I'm delighted by it."

# DO ANDE

Doan Ket, a women's political dance group based in New York City, was started in 1983. Our name means solidarity in Vietnamese, and it was chosen from the title of a poem by Meridel LeSeur written during the Vietnam War.

In 1984 our collective visited Nicaragua as port of a culturalsolidarity brigade to let the people there know that not everyone in this country agrees with Reagan's interventionist policies. We worked with the Sandinista Association of Cultural Workers ond performed in schools, hospitals, day care centers ond for the militia, and we also taught of the National School of Dance.

When a national poll in this country revealed that 72% of college students preferred Reagan in the presidential elections, we decided to visit different universities to present o cultural-educational series. With the collaboration of Kristin Reed, we gave a slide show on Nicaragua and performed four dance-theater pieces, followed by a discussion period.

One dance, "Miskito Lawana," choreographed by Susana Reyes, is based on traditional dances from the Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua. It portrays the agricultural activities of the indigenous Miskito indions. In this celebratory dance of fertility and abundance, we recreate the rush of the wind ond clouds and the blossoming of the crops. It is said that the Miskitos dramatized these elements as they worked the earth.

During our discussions with students, o common question concerned the "otrocities" that the Sandinistos had allegedly committed against the Miskitos. The Reagon administration had accused the Sandinistas of trying to impose their language and culture on the Miskitos and of forcing them off their lands. In foct, the Miskitos, together with five other ethnic groups on the Atlontic Coast, hove a history and culture different from other regions in Nicaragua. For centuries they have been kept in complete isolation. It was the idea of the Sandinistas to change this, but problems inevitably resulted from their cultural differences. The contras and the Reagan administration took advantage of this to make a series of false accusations. The Sandinistas themselves had admitted making mistakes, but the facts are very different from what is reported in the news.

"Oh, This Heat," choreogrophed by Glorio Nazario and Hollie Wannamaker, is o humorous theatrical piece in which two women represent the controdictions between American interests in Latin America ond the region's political realities. As the music, "Managua, Nicaragua, What o Wonderful Town," ploys in the background, the women sit on a beach and chat.

## OH, THIS HEAT

**Hillary:** This weather is just fascinating! The sun goes on and on and on ...! could be here all day soaking up these beautiful, tropical Latin rays ...

Yiyi: Ummm ...

**Hillary:** This is definitely the place to take our vacations. Well, with swimming pool, maid service, and color TV, it's just ... VIVA COMPLIT!

Yiyi: Well ... I prefer Europe ... Uummmm, those cool and romantic nights of Greece, the boat rides at Crete, the Peloponnesus, and those long, tall, thrusting temples of Delphi and Knossos, that's a whole different world.

Hillary: So, what brings you here?

**Yiyi:** Oh, the devaluation of the peso of course!

Hillary: Yes, isn't it wonderful that everything is so cheap here! Why, the other night I bought a steak dinner for only three dollars, including the ten cent tip for the waiter. And don't you just love those hand-embroidered blouses? It must take them hours to make one of those, and we can always buy them for only two dollors! Of course, I always try to bargain with those Indian women to get the cheapest price possible ...

Yiyi: How's Sam?

**Hillary:** [Getting nervous] Ooooohhhh ... FINE, off on one of his business trips taking care of our supermarkets in Brazil.

**Yiyi:** [Cynical] In one of those emergency meetings?

**Hillary:** [Losing control] That's right ... keeping the economy going ...

[Hillary questions Yiyi in a cynical way]

Hillary: How's Rogelio?

Yiyi: [Nervous] Well ... with him you never know ... one week he can be at the presidential palace, or at our home in Miami, or ... up in the mountains [more nervous] keeping the guerrillas in line ...

Hillary: Darling, it must be so difficult for you ...

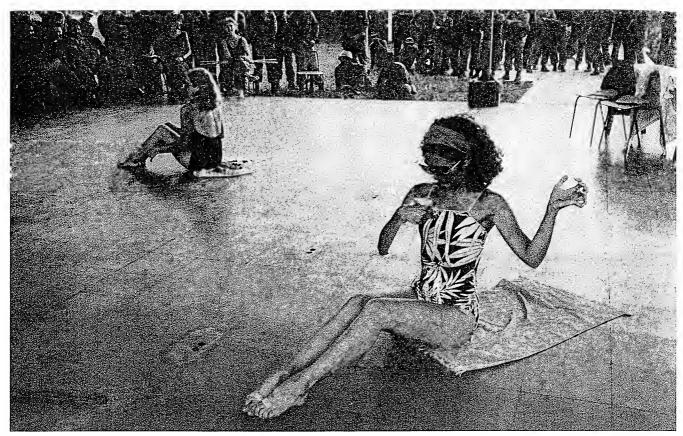
Yiyi: ... Well ... in o way, it's exciting ... although

## by Gloria Nazario

photographs by Kristin Reed







Hallie Wannamaker and Gloria Nazario performing "Oh This Heat!" for soldiers at a military training school outside Managua.

## Scene 2

[Sitting on a terrace]

**Hillary:** So, how are things going down there in YOUR COUNTRY???

**Yiyi:** Well, of course there's the war. It's so boring how it preoccupies all the cocktail party conversations.

**Hillary:** [Angry at her] But, don't you think that you should take it more seriously?

**Yiyi:** It's just those ignorant Indians giving us a few problems; and besides...I told you...[she screams] it's ruining my social life!

Yiyi: So, how are things going in Brazil?

**Hillary:** OOOOhhhh things are just...fine [she coughs]...Of course prices are a little bit...HIGH...but this is just a temporary...[she falls from the chair] SLUMP!

**Yiyi:** But I heard that people are invading supermarkets with sticks, rocks and anything, to get food!

[Getting very nervous]

**Hilly:** Oh, well it's just those leftist provocateurs. I don't know what's happening to people's morals these days ...

Yiyi: OH, THIS HEAT!

[They dance together trying to forget about the problems]

**Hillary:** Oh, this brings me back to all those wonderful vacations...

Yiyi: AAAHHH...the palm trees in Haiti...

Hillary: The smell of the amapolla in Puerto Rico!

Yiyi: Those handsome waiters in Santo Domingo...

**Hillary:** And the cha-cha-cho music in the background in Cuba ...

**Both:** Too bad that country had to fall into the wrong hands! [They both fall on the floor]

**Yiyi:** Well, WE have to be careful that other countries don't fall into the wrong hands!

**Hillary:** Yes, Why...[Whispering to Yiyi] You know what happened in Nicaragua? I mean, where will we buy our croissants?

Yiyi: Or take our vacations?

[They walk away]

## **END**

The slide show incorporated the questions and comments of students with historical information about U.S. intervention in Central America. The idea was to discuss not only the realities in Latin American countries, but also to examine the situation in our own country and the role economics plays in the relationship between the two. As one teacher at Hunter College noted, "It is not so mysterious that this country is so rich and the other countries are so poor—one of the reasons why this country is so rich is because other countries are so poor."

This series was both a challenge for us and an inspiration for future political work. As cultural workers, we believe it is important to reach out to our audience, without mystifying reality or going around in circles while attempting to explain what is hap-



pening in this country. We feel that, controry to what we had been tought in school, ort is not an isolated oct, but con be o pawerful educating and organizing force.

In one of the discussions following o performance, Kristin Reed explained how she orrived of ort octivism, despite her years in o traditional art school environment: "The predominant idealogy in ort school is that ort is separate and higher than life itself and should not be confused or connected with politics in ony way. If you did that, it would be propaganda, ond propagando is not art. It took a long time for me to see that this was manipulation. I found myself struggling with o lot of issues ond osking myself questions such os: "Is ort necessory? Why ore people moking art anywoy?"

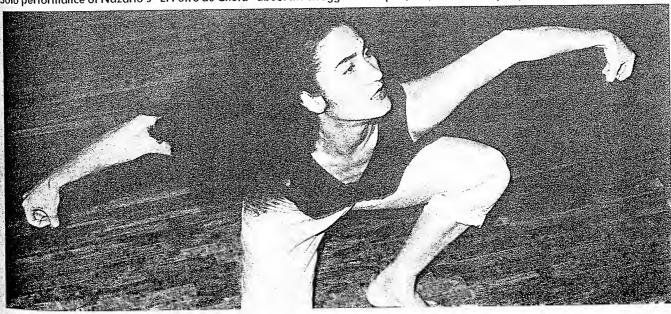
"I storted reading and understanding that out has had a functianal purpose throughout history. Hoving visited Nicoroguo and seeing the desperate situation and the injustice people were living through, I felt a lot of guilt and rage about what our government is doing there. My ort hos changed o lot. I've leorned that studio work is only one side of my ortistic experience and that the other side is to get out of the studio, to collaborate, to use different medio, to work with different people in the community."

GLORIA NAZARIO is a Puerto Rican wha has lived in New Yark City since 1979. She is a dancer ond a palitical ecanamist, wha currently warks with the Nicaraguan Medical/Material Aid Campaign (NIMAC).

## **Doan Ket Dancers**

Sigrid Agrons Andrea Arroyo Carrie Emerson Gloria Nazario Hallie Wannamaker

Solo performance of Nazario's "El Potro de Chefa" about the struggle of Vieques, P.R., with music by Roy Brown.



## What books and/or traditions have influenced you? Who are your role models?

Emma Goldman, Native American Culture, especially Hopi, Paulo Freire, Talking Heads, Bob Marley, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Dorothy Day, Susan Schechter, older black women who lead, unacknowledged, the Civil Rights movement—like Fannie Lou Hamer and Daisy Bates, Barbara Deming, Marx, Herbert Marcuse, James Baldwin, my grandmother and my mother, Elaine Reuben, Joan Roberts, Friedan's The Feminine Mystique, Edith Wharton's The House of Mirth, Willa Cather, Lois Weber. Dorothy Arzner, Georgia O'Keeffe, Lee Krasner, George Cukor, Mitchell Leisen, Barbara Stanwyck, Ida Lupino, Elizabeth Baker. Linda Nochlin, Pride and Prejudice, Little Women, Gloria Steinem, Katharine Hepburn, May Sarton, Ada Wilcox, LF. Stone. Andrew Phillips, Martin Luther King, Jr., Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Jesus, Mary Daly's Beyond God the Father. The Bible., O'Connor's Call to Commitment, Levine's Who Dies?, Peck's The Road Less Traveled, Alice Walker, Audre Lourde, Hans Haacke, Helen and Newton Harrison, Daniel Ortega, Joseph Beuys, Ernesto Cardenal's Zero Hour, Roque Dalton's Poems, Jim Scully's Apollo Helmet, the brave women who fought for the Sandinista revolution, Phyliss Greenacre, Margarete Yourcenar, Natalie Sarraute, Nancy Grossman, my older sister, Simone de Beauvoir's The Second Sex, Rosalind Coward, Griselda Pollocks, Jane Gallup, Shoshana Felman, Koja Silverman, Annette Kohn, Dorothy Dinnerstein's The Mermaid and the Minotaur, Judy Grahn's poem "A Woman is Talking to Death," Trotsky's The History of the Russian Revolution, Lucy Lippard, Charles Frederick, Juliet Ucelli, Dame Smith, Jim Paul, Margarete von Trotta, Diane Kurys, Lina Wertmuller, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Kate Millett's Sexual Politics, Doris Lessing's The Golden Notebook, Susan Sontag, Monique Wittig, Louise Bourgeois, The Black Book of Poland, Julie Mimmack, Kathryn Bell, Seneca Peace Camp, Holly Near, Alix Dobkin, Kate Clinton, Sisterhood is Powerful, Womanspirit Rising, Baez's Daybreak, Shadow on a Tightrope, The Dream of a Common Language, The Color Purple, Nice Jewish Girls, Judaism, Quakerism, civil disobedience, The Communist Manifesto, George Orwell, Redstocking's tradition, Susan B. Anthony, Lenin, Mao, Patricia Due, people of Nicaragua and the FSLN, Faith Wilding, Neda Al-Hilali and Nancy Buchanan, Ursula LeGuin, my mother once I was old enough to see her strength, Segal's America's Receding Future, Kurt Vonnegut, Maya Angelou, The Nation, Candida Flores, Alice Carse, Berryman's What's Wrong in Central America, Ohland's National Revolution and Indigenous Identity, Herrera's biography of Frida Kahlo, Bradley's The Mists of Avalon, Jerry Kearns, Eva Cockroft, Thomas Merton, Art Against Apartheid, Artists for Nuclear Disarmament, The Catholic Worker, The Progressive, Sojourners, Upfront, Heresies, The Other Side, Strong's l Change Worlds, Woolf's A Room of One's Own, Marge Piercy's Living in the Open and To Be of Use, Langston Hughes, Barbara Morgan, Helen Levitt, Eleanor Roosevelt, Miriam Shapiro, Bread and Puppet Theater, Ben Shawn, contemporary women street artists, my uncle Bill, Albert Schweitzer, Clarence Darrow, Lillian Hellman, Ted Williams, Pete Seeger, Mother Jones, Truman Warner, Agnes Smedley, American Indian writers such as John Lame Deer, Berger's Ways of Seeing, Macy's Despair and Personal Power in the Nuclear Age, Highwater's The Primal Mind, Gablik's Has Modernism Failed, H.G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Doris Lessing, Anne Herbert, Berman's The Reenchantment of the World, MaryBeth Edelson, Griselda Pollocks, Joni Mitchell, Krzysztof Wodiczko, Radical Teacher, Whole Earth Review, the tradition of artist as shaman, healer, visionary and provocateur, guerilla cultural traditions, Women's Art Journal, May Stevens, Nancy Azara, Irene Peslikis, Jerri Allyn, Holly Zox, Sari Dienes, Alice Neel, Dorothy Gillespie, Nora Estorga, Angela Davis, Winnie Mandela, Martin Buber, Vanessa Redgrave, Charlotte Branch, Ernesto Cardenal, Lucretia Mott, Barbara Jordan, Grimke sisters, Hannah Arendt, Ronnie Gilbert, my father, Rev. Carl Flemister, Rina Davila, Hermes Castro, Columbia Brava, the American co-operative movement and the left populist movement, Mitchell's Psycholanalysis and Feminism, Lincoln's Vice President in Charge of Revolution, Dorothy Oliver, my daughters and other young women, Liz McAlister, Phil Berrigan, Helen Keller, Sigrid Undset, Gilligan's In a Different Voice, Iglehan's Womanspirit, Mae Chee Costillo, Johnny Get Your Gun, Golda Meir, Dorthea Lange, Pablo Neruda, Lorca, Laurie Anderson, Gertrude Stein, Robert Frank, Susan Meiselas, Suzanne Lacey, Freire's Pedagogy of the Oppressed, Fanon's The Wretched of the Earth, Galeano's The Open Veins of Latin America, Trotsky's Literature and Revolution, Miguel Hernandez, Rafael Alberti, poets of the Spanish Civil War, Griffin's Pornography and Silence, Lorde's Zami, Rich's On Lies, Secrets and Silence, Buber's I and Thou, Moraga and Anzuldua's This Bridge Called My Back, Harrison's Making the Connections, Our Right to Choose, Bonhoeffer's Letters and Papers from Prison, Davis' Race, Class, Sex, Morgan's Lady of the Beasts, Paton's Cry the Beloved Country, Tutu's Crying in the Wilderness, MacMurray's Persons in Relation, Naylor's Women of Brewster Street, Cardenal's Flights of Victory, Fromm's essay on Marx, Shiela Rowbotham, Vence's Pleasure and Danger, Nancy Spero, Kathe Kollwitz, Greenpeace, Greenham Common, Alice Doesn't, Marxism, especially as used by Janeson and Eagleton, Eva Hesse, Flo Kennedy, Elsa Gidlow, Lily Tomlin, Shiley Chisholm, Dorothy Wachter, Victoria Woodhull, Josephine Butler, Rosen's Lost Sisterhood, Firestone's Dialectics of Sex, Greer's Female Eunuch, Walkowitz's Prostitutes in the Victorian Era, Tom Robbins, Ghandi, Thomas' Man's Relationship with Nature, Griffin's Women and Nature, Stone's When God Was a Woman, Marilyn Ferguson, women who have lived their lives without the approval of men.

QUESTIONNAIRE

## **JABBERWOCKY**

## A COMMUNITY OF THE PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY CHALLENGED

"When I think of speaking out I do not hear my own voice, but theirs. Or ours, mine and theirs together"



Elain Christensen, A LETTER FROM JUDI (detail), 1983, b/w photos,  $60^{\circ} \times 84^{\circ}$ 

## Elain Christensen

In large measure, my phatagraphs have been about the struggle ta speak aut in a vaice that will be recagnized, literally and figuratively. I am interested in phatagraphing small cammunities. Within them, there seems to be collective as well as individual empawerment that bands its members tagether, draws in new ones, and serves as an example ta a larger, autside graup af people.

On Martha's Vineyard there is a unique cammunity called Jabberwacky, that has canvened every summer far 35 years. Originally started far children with cerebral palsy, it evalved to encampass a diverse group af the physically and mentally "challenged," as well as peaple wha wanted to work with them. In my time there, I have came to see that their struggle is like my awn: Ta come ta terms with my awn inner waundedness. I faund a cammunity that would accept me because its members had learned ta accept themselves. When my precanceptions and my "awe" af them faded, I cauld experience intimately the cammunal nature af the graup, a nature characterized by an interdependence that promates independence. And I began to be able ta translate my understanding into visual terms.

ELAIN CHRISTENSEN is a photagrapher and a member of the community of Hoboken, New Jersey.

Capies af the 1986 calendar are still available far \$2, plus \$1 postage. Ta order a calendar ar get on the mailing list far the 1987 calendar, drop a note ta:

Elain Christensen 113 Washington St. Hobaken, N.J. 07030



ern roots far images that are increasingly paliticized.

## A ONE CHARACTER PLAY BY CLARE COSS

## Lilian Wad At Home on Henry Street

Lillian Wald, founder of the Henry Street Settlement House, has a charismatic peruasive quality. She is strong-willed but tender. Her charm radiates a warmth that could embrace the whole world.

She is wearing a dusty-rose silk kimono and pearl gray leather slippers. The kimono was a gift from the Kyoto Peace Society.

SETTING Lillian Wald's sitting room/office The Henry Street Settlement House

ILILLIAN WALD steals into her office, softly closing the door behind her.]

ISE AND SHINE to get a jump on time! Sleep is an interruption. I manage four hours sleep a night, and play tricks with the clock to fit thirty-six hours into each day. Except once when my friends insisted: "Lillian Wald, we are taking you to Italy for a nap."

[SHE tears off the day's calendar from a pad on her desk. Reads.]

Moy 8, 1916. Agenda.

Five AM-Answer Mr. Schiff

-Other correspondence

Six—Depart train station; peace petitions

Seven—The Washington Express

One PM—The White House

Where I am to convince President Wilson to keep the U.S. neutral and out of Europe's war. How did I get myself into this one? I know the delegation has infinite faith in my powers of persuasion—but really, Lillian.

All the ladies of the Henry Street Settlement House are sound osleep. No one even stirred as I tiptoed through each room. I wanted to hear a whisper, "Lillian, what's wrong?" Hay awake oll night, my mind caught,—pacing back and forth, back and forth—caged in by the words in Mr. Schiff's letter "Caution. Coution, my dear Lillian. The country has turned towards war. By going to Washington you endanger everything you have worked to build these past twenty-three years."

Docky and I had words last night. I'm glad she didn't wake up just now when I pulled back her goose down comforter. So she could BREATHE. The first warm spring night Docky and I move cots out onto the back upstairs porch overlooking Bunker Hill. That's the children's name for America's first playground. We sleep outside every night until mid-October. Like firemen. Alwoys at the ready to jump up and out on emergency calls.

Tante Helene is the one person I can count on to be up early. Eoch night she checks the Farmers Almanac, sets her mental olorm clock, and pops up at the exact minute of the sunrise to

CLARE COSS is a writer, psychotherapist, and activist. Her plays have been presented at the Interart Theatre, Theater for the New City, Berkshire Theatre Festival, Soho Rep, and many others.

move her way through a short Tai Chi exercise she learned during our stay in China. Tante Helene helped us create Bunker Hill. She bought the house behind so we could openly combine backyards. She is what we call here a member of the laity. Not a nurse, but an honorary member of the sisterhood. Before Bunker Hill the children's only play spaces were the streets—dangerous, littered, foul-smelling streets. The first years our playground was thronged with lines waiting to get in. A schedule was designed. Baby hammocks and young mothers in the mornings; swings or scups as the children call them in the afternoons; and evening parties under Japanese lanterns for adults. A young neighborhood man said as he wove the lucious old wisteria vine onto the trellis, "Miss Wald, this must be like the scenes of country life in English novels." The wisteria has climbed clear up ta our pillared sleeping porch.

Docky and I had words last night. I can still not go to Washington. Mr. Schiff is right to question how my principles will effect the future of the Henry Street Settlement House.

The moment my meeting with President Wilsan hits tomorrow morning's front page, the phone will ring. The door knocker will pound. Irate sponsors will hurl their accusations: "Unpatriotic, Miss Wald! In good conscience we must withdraw our support from the Settlement! Stay aut of politics and keep to nursing. War is good for the ecanomy."

AR. ALL THE SUFFERING from war. I feel it in every fiber of my body, down to my very toes. I am a nurse! Pledged to save lives. Madness. Why can't people see the connection between war and poverty. We want to provide each child under the age of five with a medical exam and nursing care. As a right. Imagination. My favorite word in the English language. President Wilson, use your imagination.

Cold, charming, imperious Woodrow Wilson. "Miss Wald, I agree the world has gone mad. But I give you my pramise to keep us out of war. Preparedness. All I ask for is military preparedness. My mind is still to let."

If he dares to use that expression on me again, da I dare ask him, 'Who's the highest bidder for your mind? The munition makers and all the politicians in their pockets, or the thousands of citizens who beseech you to lead the world away from war.'

[Singsong slogan]

"He Kept Us Out of War. He Kept Us Out of War." His campaign slagan.

"Miss Wald, please, endarse my drive for re-election. Your friend Jane Addams happed an our bandwagan."

"Hald out, Jane Addams. He's leaning hard an Congress for the National Defense Act, giving the military carte blanche."

Jane said, "Lillian, I'll swallow two new battleships and no mare."

How betrayed she must feel. Last week the Act passed. With the flick of a pen, military training in our schools! For years we

struggle to place nurses in each school.

When I first saw Louis Rifkin through an open door in a rear tenement flat, I thought why isn't that boy in school? His mother, with a boby in her arms, stood over a tub woshing butchers' oprons. She told me the school officials barred him from the classroom since first grade because of his scaly, sore scalp. Louis felt embarrassed and humiliated that he couldn't even read the names of streets on lamp posts. I examined his scalp. There was only a mild fungus disease that an aintment cleared up in no time. Louis was ecstatic. Back in school he quickly learned how to read and cotch up on all those lost years.

And I quickly learned that when you see on individual suffering, you help that person out on the spot. Then you work to remove the cause. Louis Rifkin first set my mind in motion to

place o nurse in each school.

Wor. Why not a Department of Peace, Mr. President, with

well-paid full-time employees. No.

Too emotional. I must drain myself of emotion. Men avert their eyes from the impassioned pleas of women. Only facts. "Miss Wold, show me the peace support. Hire halls across

the country. Collect signotures."

Here President Wilson. Sheaves of signatures. Testimony collected by the AUAM, the American Union Against Militarism, founded right here in this room, my room, the day war was declared in Europe, August 7, 1914! We toured the notion with a six-foot dinosaur to illustrate what happens when you become too heavily armed for your own good. Extinction!

Oh, tomorrow's headlines. "Wald: Warning Voice Against Preporedness!" Just two years ago thousands of women marched down Fifth Avenue for peace! Thousands of citizens oll over the country joined in a massive call for the U.S. to lead Europe to the conference table. Peace without victory. A losting peace. No more wor to end all wars. Mr. Schiff says such a peace march today would be considered a seditious act. Treason. It would. He is right. The country has swung towards war.

OCKY AND I had words last night. I had asked what she thought of Mr. Schiff's warning me not to go to Washington today. "Lillian my dear, Why waste your time appealing to the President of white American men? He even refuses to support votes for women. And yet he craves your endorsement –wants your whole constituency to back him for reelection. The only solvation for politics is for women to get the vote. Join us instead. We chain ourselves to the White House gates, not waltz through them."

I said, "We cannot wait for women to get the vote! What is our alternative but to appeal to men holding the reins of power. Yes, I'm for the vote, but first things first! You suffragettes—"

"Suffragist. Ist. Not ette. Suffragette is a man's word denoting o diminutive female."

"I'm sorry, Docky. Suffragist. Ist. I apologize. Please turn around. Lovinio Dock. Scholar, pianist, nurse extraordinaire.

"My teocher-

"You refuse to learn, Lillian, that the men in power destroy every social, every progressive reform we've dedicated our lives to.'

"Docky, what good will women's votes do if we let this country become militarized. War destroys democracy."

"Wilson is not going to listen to you, Lillian. Women have to have equal political power. So we can save men from themselves."

"And where is your guarantee that most women won't vote

along with their husbands?"

"Oh, dear Lady Light, I would rather be sitting on my front porch in the hills of Pennsylvania—where my greatest concern is that the cat slapped PeeWee over the ear and scratched his eyes, and the tomatoes ripen so fast no one can eot them up."

"Dear friend, choin yourself to the White House gates, and you will end arrested and in that medieval Virginio prison again. At your age. Sixty! You will lead another hunger strike. They will brutolly force feed you. Rom a tube down your nose."

"And on your visit, I will raise myself up and confide, 'My dear Lillian, the only salvation for politics is for women to get

The cat slapped PeeWee over the ear-

[Low chuckle]

I can still see Docky, Election Day 1896, her short roly poly body stalking furiously through the front door. A votes-for-women banner emblozoned across her jacket and pinned to her straw hat. "We stormed the polling booth oround the corner and cast our votes. Lillian, the police arrested every voting suffragist and threw them into jail, except me!" Up the stoirs, stomp, stomp, stomp, and slam. This is the House of Perpetual Doors Slamming. Captain Handy came by, repentont, hat in hand. "Miss Wald, please don't be mod of me. I couldn't arrest the little doc. I just couldn't do it. She nursed my son back to health herself. I had to carry her kicking from the poddy wagon steps."

The most extroordinary nurse I know is ready to risk her life for votes for women. She is so valuable—alive. Can I ever put my life on the line when my existence is so connected to the life of the community? Docky soys I've defied death from my first day down here—exposed to disease, riots, exhoustion—. I guess I am risking my life right now if I go to Washington —risk losing my home, my sustenance—this center that hos brought light into

so many lives—especially my own.

Lavinia Dock, you have been my moinstoy for over twenty years. How we propel each other on against the greatest oddsfire each other's will to continue in spite of our disagreements.

Jane Addoms, you would odvise me to go to Washington.

Wouldn't you.

Miss Addams and I were up all night on her return from Europe's front. Count on her for surprises. I love surprises. "Lillian, let's bake bread. Tolstoy told me when I met him many, many years ago, 'Miss Addams, you must bake bread. All women must boke bread.' I've never had the time." Neither hod I. We stole down to the kitchen in the wee hours and talked and kneaded and rolled out the dough. We hardly noticed the two hours it took to rise. As we buttered the first warm bite, Jane onnounced, "Lillian, Tolstoy was wrong. All women do not have to bake bread."

H HOW MUCH YOUNGER and more simple the world seemed before August 7, 1914. Before Europe burst into flomes! So much optimism—peace and utapian societies, the progressive movement Henry Street helped to build. We genuinely believed the moral forces of people hod reached beyond war.

Now newspopers are soturated with pictures from all across Europe. Women and children stand in doorways, at troin stations, with white hondkerchiefs, waving their men off to be slaughtered. Nurses smile next to their field ambulances. Sew them up and send them back for more. It's up to women to remove the glamor from war.

At least the President HAS agreed to this ofternoon's meeting with the press present. Teddy Roosevelt olwoys invited me to

stoy on for dinner at the White House. But tonight the President and his family have tickets for the circus! We do have four solid hours. Will he betray us and turn it into a press conference for preparedness? No. He's given us the entire afternoon. It WILL be more productive than a dinner

The impossible. Tante Helene said, "Lillian Wald, you have never been stopped by the impossible. Think of when you first plunged into this noisy bustling immigrant neighborhood."

Bumped and shoved by pushcart vendors hawking overripe fruits and vegetables, I must have been the most naive person south of Houston Street. A million and a half human beings grammed into overflowing, dilapidated, unheated tenements in a twenty block radius the size of a small Kansas farm. I remember thinking, if only the people in power knew what it is like here, such horrors would cease to exist! Naive

Twenty-three years since my baptism by fire.

I saw a small timid face peer around the classroom door while I taught a home nursing course. I beckoned the frightened girl in and she tugged on my skirt. "My mother. My mother. Boby Blood. Come, please. My mother, here. You come. Please."

She tugged on my skirt

I gathered up the sheets of the bedmaking lesson in my hand and she led me through a steady rain, over muddied, manured streets—. I thought, asphalt, asphalt, why no asphalt—its use was well-established uptown—. Down Hester and Division we went, to the end of Ludlow. Across a foul courtyard, we groped our way up a pitch dark rickety stairwell. The sudden shock of a tiny hand on the railing came too late—I tripped over a child and we tumbled to the landing. I never overcame the fear of frompling o child in the hallways. I hoped for a sound to warn me where to tread. How long we fought for landlords to light

There inside her door a mother and baby lay on a wretched unclean bed, sooked with two days of hemorrhaging. I recognized the woman. She had enrolled in my course, hoping to qualify for nurse's training. Like most of her classmates, she did not speak English and had no access to the most rudimentary sources of sanitation. The depression of '93. Her husband could not find work. He spoke no English and had been unable to

enlist help

They were a family of seven living in two cramped rooms, plus boorders. Planks of timber lined the floors, rented out for a few pennies a night. Boarders! I had never seen such a sight as the sadness of that poor home and the sweetness of love that wos there.

Impossible

There wasn't anything else to do. I rolled up my sleeves and sent the older children down to the courtyard pump to relay buckets of water. First the newborn baby was washed and clothed wormly. Then I cleaned the womon, ministered to the other children, scrubbed the floor, made the bed with the fresh linens I had brought, sent the father out with enough to buy food staples and assured them, "I will return." Their gratitude overwhelmed me. I could hardly extricate myself from their embraces.

For half an hour I roamed, dazed, through the streets, haunted by this impoverished, uprooted humanity, forced to survive against

the most cruel odds

I wolked, I walked and walked. Suddenly I felt a touch on my forehead. Here was how a nurse could work independent of the medical establishment. I was earning my M.D. So was Mary Brewster at the Women's Medical College. Why? Not because nursing duty required twelve hour days, caring for patients, polishing brasses, cleaning wards, and woshing dishes. No, we wonted our own M.D.'s because of how badly the doctors treated

the nurses. As their handmaidens. I am not anyone's handmaiden. One doctor even had the nerve to chide, "Nurse Wald, you have encouraged this patient to laugh before I ordered you to do so."

He was serious

UT NOW I REJOICED. I would not have to bear the years of dissecting frogs and leaning over microscopes that lay between me and my medical degree. Right here, the voices in this teeming neighborhood desperately cried out for our direct and immediate nursing skills. I could not defend myself as part of a society that looks the other way—that permits such conditions to dominate.

called on the sponsor of the home nursing course, Mrs. Betty Loeb, at her 38th Street brownstone. Her son-in-law, Mr. Jacob Schiff, was present. I tried to touch their hearts, flood them with my earnest appeal. "Have you seen the small boy, his face flushed with chicken pox, sitting on a low stool, stitching knee pants? The little girl in advanced stages of TB, moistening cigarette papers with her lips? The woman putting up covered pots of boiling water every Friday evening because she is too proud to

Sarah Drury, **FOLLOWING HER DEATH, 1984,** b/w photographic construction, 14" × 88"



let her neighbors know there is nothing to eat—as she lights the shabbus candles? The man on the curb, standing by his family's possessions thrown to the street, an eviction notice tacked to his door—children scarred by rat bites. The pride—the struggle for dignity—the mean deceit played on these new arrivals to Americo with their visions of open farmland, green fields, and factory employment.

Jacob Schiff and Betty Loeb agreed to pay Lillion Wald and Mary Brewster one hundred and twenty dollors a month to cover nursing supplies and living expenses in a fifth floor walk-up. Our only requirement, the convenience of a bothroom. Rumor was there were only two south of Houston Street. To detach ourselves from the stigma of charity and the missionaries, we charged ten to twenty-five cents for a home visit. Those who could not afford to pay were able to accept our services as a neighborly act.

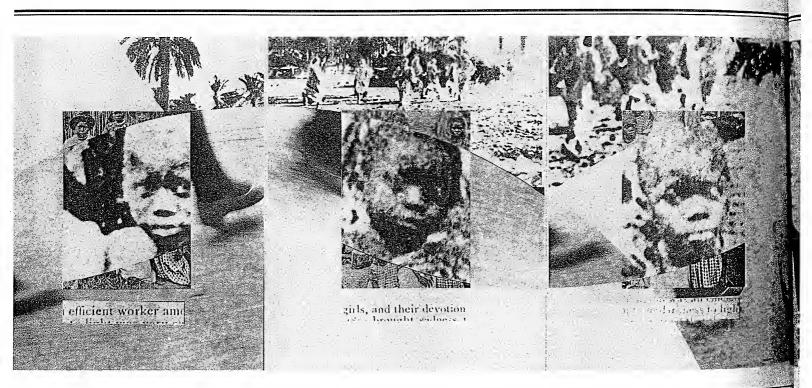
At first the neighborhood boys mistook us for missionaries. We were bombarded with decaying vegetables. But soon we had the culprits organized into the Nurse's Settlement soccer club. Little Ernie Brofsky's tearful plea: "Miss Wald, Teacher, the other teams tease and taunt us with 'Noices! Noices!' Please, please, please change the name from Noices!" Ernie's humiliation was too much for me. From then on we were known as the Henry Street Settlement House. Mr. Schiff, my friend of friends, taught me how to raise money. "Style your requests for money to fit the moods and persuasions of potential supporters. Remember their birthdays and anniversaries." He bought us this beautiful Georgian house—265 Henry Street. Built in the 1830's when lower Manhattan was fashionable. Our reputation spread quickly. "Go see the two young ladies who will listen!"

Now we have seven houses; plus one on Seventy-ninth Street for the Visiting Nurse Service; plus one on Sixtieth Street staffed by Negro nurses; seven vacation homes in the country; three storefronts for milk stations and clinics; ninety-two nurses who

for a long long time. You approved when the AUAM helped ta avert a war with Mexico. We can do the same with Europe. We can try. I will remind the President how we set up peace talks between the U.S. and Mexico—taking place in El Paso this very minute. In spite of the militarists jumping up and down for us to invade Mexico. In spite of paying Nicaragua three million dallars for a naval base from which to attack Mexico. In spite af General Pershing and his troops crossing Mexico's border on the pretext of chasing bandits. Using two Negro cavalry regiments to draw fire—the NAACP made that fact public.

How can we make the people in Washington care how war and hatred and prejudice go hand in hand?

UST A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO Henry Street's Community Hall was the only location in the entire city where colored people and white people could sit down and meet together. I suggested a dinner party at the house following the meeting. But the formal, meticulous Dr. Du Bois said, "Impossible, Miss Wald. If reporters found out the two races sat down to dinner, the papers would attack us all for promoting miscegenation. The new NAACP would be ignored." "Dr. Du Bois. two hun-



make over 200,000 home visits a year; three thousand club members; countless students in our classes. And the Neighborhood Playhouse. The most exciting, innovative theatre in the city bringing culture and beauty to the long denied.

Yes, Mr. Schiff, your predictions were right. I now spend half my time raising money. You know I want Henry Street to serve as a model for what the federal government could do for its citizens. But the campfires of war burn in President Wilson's eyes. Peace and negotiation come to be unpatriotic. Mr. Schiff, you have supported me from the very beginning. Will you continue to support me if I do go to Washington today?

5:35 AM. The train won't wait.

Mr. Schiff, this is a moment in history that may not come again

dred members of the conference cannot sit down—our house is too small. Everyone will have to stand for a buffet supper." That party was a great success. The NAACP was well launched. Dr. Du Bois was very pleased.

The lesson I learned on a house call to a Negro youngster, Bill Lattimore. A little neighbor friend pointed to me and whispered, "Bill, is she your grandma?" His clear unwounded eyes saw only my years, not my "white" skin. I lifted up that little brown boy with such a hug. It had an effect on me for the rest of my life.

At what age does the vision harden for white children—hardened, so hardened Congress can't even get an anti-lynch law passed.

of t We ılks ery s to lal-⇒ of an

:gi-

**var** 

tity ed er. ١g. iss er

5:40. Why am I not dressed by now? I'm terrified to go.

Terrified not to go. I have never missed a train. Will this be another Lillian D. Wald first? "No, no," I said to the delegation. "Don't bother to pick me up. I'll take the streetcar. It will be quicker. I enjoy public transportation. I fought for it and I'll use

Kitt wanted to give the house a brand new shiney automobile. The idea. No indeed. Not that kind of extravagance as long as I can hop on and off a streetcar.

[SHE reaches for the phone. Pulls her hand away.]

Oh, Mabel Hyde Kittredge, how I long to bear my soul-my doubts. I know what you would say.

"Lil, you fool everyone into forgetting you're mortal. Don't fool yourself. All you can do is make your best case to Wilson. Courage is as infectious as fear."

But do I have a right to jeopardize the settlement?

ISHE unties a packet of letters tied with a ribbon and reads from a series of ear-marked pages.]

"Come on out to Monmouth. The big restless, restful ocean is

would approve of—"

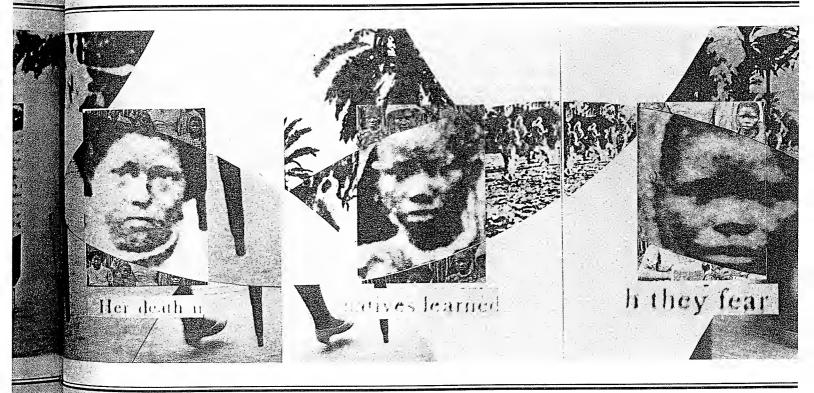
[Another letter]

"I would very much like to meet you on a desert island or a farm where the people cease from coming and the weary are at rest—will the day ever come? Or are those long, lazy drives, the quiet and yellow trees, only a lost dream? And yet you love me—the plant on my table tells me so. The new coffee tray tells me so...and a look that I see in your eyes makes me sure...I can feel your arms around me as you say I really must go."

[Another letter]

"There are times when to know that Tante Helene is standing behind one curtain, Sister Ysabella behind another, and an endless lot of people forever pressing the door or presenting you with unsigned papers makes me lack that perfect sympathy with 'work for others' as exemplified by the settlement."

Kitt, if only you hadn't tried to ease me away from my work here—. "For your health, Lil. For your own good. Jane Addams and Mary Rozet Smith have shared their lives for over twenty years." Kitt. Jane Addams and Mary Rozet Smith share a vision.



rolling to my door. Even you must want the ocean at times instead of Henry Street."

Mabel Hyde Kittredge, how tempting—.

Picks up another letter from the packet

"Just because you despair over the war—just because you momentarily lose your confidence—I never think you are weak because you dared to be human. Why dear I knew that you were human before Thursday night—'

[Another letter]

Thaven't got to give you entirely to humanity. I am human, too, and tonight I'd keep you up until—well later than Tante Helene They bring out the best in each other. That's my definition of love. Someone who brings out the best in you.

ENRY STREET is my love. In all the world there isn't any group with more sparkle, more ability to abandon themselves to genuine good times than the people who are not absorbed in their small cosmos. At yesterday's breakfast Florence, Annie, Ysabella, Helene, Docky, Mary, everyone passed my green felt hat around the table. Each woman tossed in a piece of paper. They truly had me foxed. I couldn't imagine what they were up to with the mysterious ceremony. Florence Kelley declared, "An offering for 'That Damned Nurse Troublemaker on the Lower East Side." A name Boss Tweed first gave me during the women's riots for cheaper milk and meat prices. Each woman had researched out three prospective backers to help me make up for the loss that will hit Henry Street if I go to Washington. There are good surprises on this list. The dears. They rally round even though they don't all agree with my antimilitorist position. Florence said, "Dear Lady, if anyone can, you can convince the people on this list what a privilege it is to give to Henry Street. Remember how the governor introduced you in Albany—'She Who Must Be Obeyed.'"

Tante Helene fussing all the while—"We're worried about you. Stop overdoing. Don't drive yourself until you drop again.

You keep us on an even keel."

I must keep going for two months. At least until July. Then to the country and drop if I must. The torture chamber of losing sponsors. Now Leonard Lewisohn is wavering in favor of the war. I can't believe he would walk out on me. He is a true friend to Henry Street. It was a blessed day when he brought his grown daughters down after their mama died. "Dear Lady, my girls are so grieved, please may they work with you for awhile. Teach piano or voice, a dance class or two." Alice ond Irene. Alirene I coll them. I have my crushes, but I became their big crush.



SARAH DRURY is an artist currently living in New Yark City.

"We each want to earn our L.D.W. degree." "Leading Lady, we are renouncing marriage to dedicate our lives to the welfare of the East Side immigrants and to our greatest love, the theatre."

Who would have thought their magnificent street festivols with casts of thousands would lead to our beautiful Neighborhood Ployhouse on Grand Street.

Lily Lubell, our big darling at the Playhouse, was brought to us by her older brother to perform in the first Street festival in 1912. Lily instantly captured my heart with her first role high up on a ladder as a daisy in the "Three Impressions of Spring." She played a daffodil after that. And has become a featured performer.

Everything we do here creates controversy. We lost two conventionally minded spansors with our first production. "The dancer's feet were bare! Bare!" I explained, "Irene Lewisohn studied with the great Kongo Son when we were in Tokyo. It was a rare honor, breaking a taboo of tradition that the Noh Theatre is for men only" "Miss Wald, this is civilized America and bare feet are lewd!" Watching Irene's measured, balanced steps with the grave old priest is a moment of eternal beauty in my mind. The stylish uptown crowd enjoys making our theatre a stop on their evening excursions. They pass through Chinatown to the greatest sight of all: "the ghetto." The number of Rolls Royces and Bentleys outside the theatre on a Saturday night! We're sold out for every event. Uptowners can only be assured of tickets if they are sponsors. Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Ellen Terry, Jacob Ben-Ami, our own dear Lily Lubell, and Blanche Talmud, Paula Treuman, and the Indian poet Tagore with his long white flowing beard. One child asked if he was God. I said, "No, but they're good friends." Actors seek something here the white lights of Broadway cannot offer them. A depth of feeling—an appreciation.

Whenever I step foot in the play house my dear brother Alfred flashes before my mind. Alfred and Julia and I performed hundreds of plays on the little backyard stoge mama had built.

Alfred. I am forty-nine. You were twenty-five when you drowned. I was eighteen. You would be fifty-six. Alfred was one life. One single life. One precious life lost. One.

And at this very moment, old generals ore ordering young men to commit mass murder. Legally. With Russian, French, and English lads on one side of the firing line—and German, Austrian, and Turks on the other. They are given the right to hate. Hatred fairly paralyzes me.

IDES. SIDES. Taking sides. And the sides are always changing. Whose side are you on? Mr. Schiff has refused a loan to Britain and France because it would be shared equally with Russia. And Mr. Schiff will not aid Russia. In 1909 he personally went down to Teddy Roosevelt to demand our government protest the massacre of Jews in Odessa. Now Mr. Schiff is being vilified in the papers here and all over Europe for being pro-German. His entire law firm has been censored and smeared by the press. He even submitted his resignation because his colleagues feel differently about the loan. But of course they refuse his offer to step down.

I was once and only once the recipient of the famous Schiff temper. He filled up my doorframe with his tall presence, eyes icey blue, shaking a holly wreath from off the front door. "Dear Lady, nativity scenes, St. Nicholas, and a holy night angel atop your Christmas tree are tempting Jewish children away from

their faith at on impressionable age!"

I felt as if I had been struck! Pointing to the menorahs in the windows I countered, "Mr. Schiff, this is a non-sectarian house. I never lead Jewish children away from their faith. Like you, I believe in assimilation in language and dress—religion is a personal matter. As a member of the Ethical Culture Society, I have nothing but respect for your devotion to the Temple Emanu-El."

I immediately had the Christmas decorations removed. "Lillian, Lillian, stop. I only object to them at Jewish children's gath-

erings." "That is not feasible," I countered.

"You know as well as I do that we are on integrated house."
"Please, Lillian, do not deprive your gentile co-workers from the pleasure of a festival that is peculiar to them." It was years before I recovered from the anger—the insult. Years before there was another Christmas tree here of the house. Unmerited censure wounds me deeply.

Mr. Schiff, you urge me not to go to Washington. You've caufioned me before: "Remember the stalwart sponsors lost when you supported the Lawrence millworkers. The funds withdrawn when you helped organize the cloakmakers union. The angry criticism when you refused to come out against votes for women. I'm only thinking of your health, dear lady. Your appeals for peoce will draw fire on Henry Street."

[Begins to write]

"Dear Mr. Schiff, you are one of this country's most generous philanthropists and patriots. I am so sorry, my friend of friends, that the papers continue their vicious attack over your denied loan to Britain and France because it includes Russia. I, with you, encourage a Russian revolution that will remove the tyronny of the Cossacks forever. We are all hopeful that Russia con fulfill this dream of freedom—of one nation to be truly run by and serve its hard working people. What a beacon of hope that would become on this earth. Time will tell. Time will tell.

Lost night at Narcissa Vanderlip's dinner party—her sister, Sunset, lives up the Yangtse in China—your unswerving ideals emboldened me throughout the evening.

A group of Wall Street and business magnates cornered me of cocktails. The men always rush to engage me in controversiol debate. 'Miss Wald, we want you on the pro-war bandwogon. You are losing your reputation for wisely considered, constructive, sane thinking.' They were that blunt, even though it

was a party.

When we sat down to dinner the gentleman on my left launched in, convinced of my error. 'Miss Wald, conscription would be good because the working men do not know how to obey in this country. It would teach them their place and the necessity of doing what they are told.' It was all I could do to keep my Moselle from splashing his walrus moustache. I said, 'To be docile and obey when you are underpaid for someone else's profit would indicate a disturbing level of stupidity.' Forks stopped in mid-air. 'Fortunately our unique system of education teaches people to think and act for themselves.' Conversation stopped in mid-sentence. 'We have to make war obsolete.' 'Miss Wald,' he forced a merry chortle, 'War will always be with us.' Our hostess coughed, warning me off, but it had gone too far. 'I disagree. That is what they said about slavery and it took courogeous women and men, Negroes and a thimbleful of our own race, to risk their lives to end the evil practice.' The room stopped

Narcissa quickly introduced the subject of Enrico Caruso's RIGOLETTO."

[To herself]

There are members of society who would not be found dead of a play. They prefer to sit on their red velvet thrones in their gilt boxes at the Met. The formality and predictability of grand opera makes it safely reliable. Nothing unexpected or "vulgar"—having to do with social issues. Whereas one can never be sure whot one will encounter at a play. To walk out of a play changed—that is the essence of the art.

[Bock to the letter]

"Mr. Schiff, at least part of my well-earned reputation is still in ploce: 'It costs five thousand dollars to sit next to That Damned Nurse Troublemaker at dinner.' In the time between the aspictruffled pate and the poached pears chantilly, the gentleman on my left and the lady on my right accepted the privilege and opportunity to help those served by the Visiting Nurse Service. They agreed a poor patient has as much right as a wealthy

patient to call a nurse. For five years they will each contribute annual salaries for two nurses! But yes, the comfortable people are jittery and try to turn away from all but the Nurse Service."

[To herself]

Why should I have to limit my vision? Blind myself to injustice in order to exist. People must be able to choose a world based on cooperation.

[Looking down, out of the window, startled.]

Sunrise. Tante Helene moves steadily through her Tai Chi. Always steady. Steady on her course. Still time to dress and catch the streetcar!

ANE ADDAMS is called the most dangerous woman in America. She is even labelled a traitor for reporting the facts from Europe's front. Young wounded lads, lying in helpless pain, waiting too long for the field ambulance, called out constantly for their mothers, beseeched their mothers for help. Delirious soldiers again and again possessed by the same hallucination—the act of pulling their bayonets out of the bodies of the men they have killed. One soldier grasped her hand, "Tell them a bayonet charge does not show courage, but madness. We are fed stimulants to charge forward like insane men. Cannot the women stop this war?" Jane Addams receives threats on her life for reporting these facts. Except from soldiers who have been in bayonet charges—they thank her with tear-stained letters.

Little Ernie Brofsky is draft age. I don't want to see a bayonet grasped in his hand or breaking through his ribs. The first time he spent two weeks in one of our fresh air camps, he came running up the hill from his bunkhouse. I was reading THE BLUE-BIRD to Edith Segal who had just turned six. She said on her return to the city after her first trip, "Miss Wald, the buildings swayed like trees for weeks." Well, Ernie flew into my lap. "Teacher. I must have swallowed a tadpole in the lake this afternoon. It's alive inside of me here." Together we discovered the lubb-dup, lupp-dup, lupp-dup alive inside of him here. Living on Grand Street with the traffic roar, he never had the chance to hear the beat-beat-beat of his heart.

Yesterday his mother cried, "Miss Wald, we thought we left beautiful bleeding Europe behind us." The reaction of our Henry Street neighbors to the fact of war is sheer bewilderment. Captain Handy pleaded, "Miss Wald, how can a great, modern, intelligent nation become involved in war?"

The stakes have never been higher. In spite of the risk to Henry Street, I'll find sponsors if I have to go door to door.

[Back to her letter to Mr. Schiff.]

"Mr. Schiff, like you, I will not turn away from my conscience. I must do everything in my power for peace and justice and hope that Henry Street will survive and thrive proudly and all the better for it. Lovingly, Appreciatedly, Devotedly, Steadfastly, signed, Lillian D. Wald."

One hundred thousand French boys died in the first month on the fields of Flanders. President Wilson: No other animal exposes its young to danger. Every species on earth protects its young with its own life. So can we.

#### **CURTAIN**

Lillian Wald: At Home on Henry Street is a working draft. The completed play will be produced by Woodie King, Jr. at Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, opening October 9, 1986.

## Has your attitude changed towards nonactivists?

I used to proselytize. Now I mind my own store.

Martha Wilson, aka Redy Story

I've come to believe that almost no one is a non-activist. When a person's self interest is in jeopardy, he or she usually becomes active. Whether it's an upper middle class, upper west sider whose sun is going to be blocked by the next Trump Tower, or an Eritrian who wants the national identity of his or her country to remain separate from Ethiopia; when the desire to live a prideful life is threatened, most people will roll up their sleeves and get to work. If anything, it's this kind of self-interest activism that I've grown to trust more than one based mostly on theory and sympathy. My attitude toward non activists on the other side of my issue is "may they remain non-active."

Marnie Mueller

It sometimes gets to me that some folks are inactive even when their own backyards are at stake (like the people of Bay Ridge who seem unconcerned that cruise missles are going to be put right off shore...not the people who want the cruises, the people who don't care!!).

Virginia Maksymowicz

I understand increasingly why more working class people are not on the left in this country. Sometimes I think the left is a bit like religion, offering us pie in the sky. I understand perfectly well wanting to make one's life a little bit better, now rather than ideal in the future, which in this country means advancing on the economic ladder a rung vs ditching the whole ladder.

Robin Michals

The most annoying type of person to me is the one who recognizes the importance of issues; but instead of getting off their collective asses and doing something, pat me on the back and thank me for what I am doing.

Martha Eberle

No—I always knew that change could be accomplished by a few people.

Deborah Davidson

I am less quick to judge than I used to be for I prefer the quiet, peaceful life of people who shut off the radio and tend the garden to the "activists" who wear the badge of the Ku Klux Klan, etc. I wait and see.

Christine Robinson

No: I still get pissed off by arm-chair generals. Also by women who are fond of saying they don't trust other women. KDF Reynolds

I have greater understanding of the risks that women take when they speak out. I lost one job because I confronted a male supervisor who was trying to undermine the program that I coordinated. I also have greater understanding of the amount of time that being a wife and mother takes. These commitments make it difficult for women to be as active as they want.

Janet Ruth Heller

Yes, I am critical of them, particularly as I see women co-opted due to career or financial pressure ("feminist" friends who took jobs in the Army or CIA, for example), or women who refuse to acknowledge the multi-faceted natures of their oppression (Marxist friends who deny their Jewishness, gay women who scorn feminism). In these times I respect pacifism, but not neutrality. Bonnie Morris

In one sense I have more patience with people who cannot move past their own problems/situations, who are either crushed or immobilized dealing with their own lives.

Kathy Goldman

No, I still believe, and recently have begun to say in public talks. "If you're not a part of the solution, you're part of the problem." This is something taken from the sixties which is even more applicable today since we are living under a regime that is doing everything possible to move the country toward fascism, which also affects the fates of millions and millions of people on the rest of the globe. I don't trust non-activists, particularly those who have several oppressed identities, for examples, Lesbians of color. I feel like they're not dealing on a number of levels and also that they're depending on other people to make the quality of their lives better. Not everybody needs to "sacrifice" themselves and every other desire they have in life to work in the movement. In fact no one should sacrifice themselves to be an activist, because that's the wrong mentality, you should love or at least like working for freedom. But I do believe there is something that everybody can do to make change, to improve this situation, even if its to get some different information about what's happening in the world and stop believing the lies they tell on tv and Barbara Smith in the papers.

Finally I believe some people do not care. Yet I am still amazed.

\*Carolyn Mecklosky\*\*

No. I try not to forget how I felt when I was in the closet, my fears then and how I had no idea I would ever "come out." And, on the animal liberation side, I remember how for 30 years I ate animals, so I have no room to point the finger at anyone else. I feel we come to the various forms of self-liberation when we are ready for them.

Elsa Beckett

Yes, it has become either more aggressive, more cynical, or both.

Marithelma Costa

I used to feel I could only relate to people who were wholly committed to the work of human emancipation. Now I am less interested in being isolated within the movement. Sometimes I want to dive into the historical examination of my every encounter, it's rootedness in the social order, my ideas about how to change it; sometimes I want to eat popcorn and stare at the cat or the TV set. Often these require two different sets of people.

Susan McCarn

## QUESTIONNAIRE

The doors of the D train open. A woman steps in and sits at the end of the last car, alone. She looks around her, reaches into her bag, and pulls out poems. She slaps them onto the walls of the train and moves on.

The Portable Face

There's a variety of faces to choose from Here in my bricfcase Filed neatly with the documents

There's one for business one for strangers one for friends

I'm going home now I need to find my real face It's in here somewhere

Erin Green

she lives beneath him & i don't mean in the apartment below Lucinda

this poem' cause it didn't come from some Tryou think you shouldn't read people who own the newspapers you buy & see Source, you should eneck out the what they do with your money. reliable

> i could tell the man w/the gun wasnt mad at me in particular but somehow that didnt matter wwolf

We first hit the trains of New York City on February 4, 1984 women writers, using pseudonyms, posting our poems on the walls of the trains and stations—hoping to reach everyone: women, men, workers, parents, lovers, children—everyone.

The impetus for the Train-ed Poets project began in the fall of 1982 when Mi Nombre worked as a receptionist for an allmale, racist, and sexist advertising agency. Riding the trains on her way to work she watched people read the ads on the subway car walls. She soon grew disgusted and angry at the grabbag view of life the ads depicted, the way they reduced people's lives to which brand of soda or hand cream to buy.

# by The Train-ed Poets

Surrounded daily by language used to exploit and deceive, Mi Nombre wanted to create an alternative. Influenced by the graffiti artists of New York City, she would use the trains and buses as her medium.

Mi Nombre shared the idea with other members of her writ-

ing group-Erin Green, Lucinda, and wwolf.

Together, we further developed the concept. We wanted to be read by all the people who might never enter a bookstore -working-class people who are not encouraged to read poetry, or to read—or to think (and who are denied crucial sources of learning and power). And so we broke from the traditional form of the book—a form that has become unapproachable to so many people.

Within two months, we wrote over seventy poems specifically for the Train-ed Poets project. During the next year, the Train-ed Poets filed copyrights, sought legal advice, received guidance from consulting artist Manuel Gómez-Rosa on the use of dry transfer lettering, letterset the poems (spurred on by Lucinda), found affordable printing services, and obtained a post office box.

The final step—actually posting the poems on the subway -was met with a mixture of fear, apprehension, and excitement: Posting poems is not legal. Like many activists of the past and present, we risk arrest for the most dangerous of activities encouraging people to read, think, and question.

For Erin Green and Lucinda, posting the poems is the most thrilling part of the project. Embracing adventure the way they do, the illegality of the project makes it all the more appealing. "However," says Lucinda, "realities like the murder of Michael Stewart frighten us deeply, and even more horrifying is the fact that the killers were set free. But that's precisely why we're out here doing this."

The first year of posting was hardest for Mi Nombre. Getting on the subway late at night, sometimes alone, having to be equally on guard against muggers and the police, meant confronting some very real dangers. By challenging and, at the same time, respecting her fear, Mi Nombre makes posting a way of asserting her freedom as a woman and as a human being.

Through the hard work, courage, and creativity of our small

but fiery group, the poems are on the trains.

Mail started coming in as soon as the poems were up. It meant, yes, we were reaching the people we had set out to reach. A thank-you card to Lucinda said, "Good stuff. Let's see or hear more." Others wrote requesting copies of poems, some shared poetry of their own, many were curious to know more, and still other folks wanted to let us know that a poem on the train had brightened a moment in their day.

Not everyane liked our ideo. One letter began, "I must soy that I disagree with your method of pramatian." But loter an in his letter, this writer osked if we would occept his paems for our praject. The Troin-ed Paets project olsa received ottentian from the medio: the Fronklin Furnace, Presstime, New York mogozine, WNYC rodia, and Feminine Connections.

All af the respanse gave us the inspirotian ta continue.

Erin Green, to wham much af the moil is written, writes the way she lives—with spantoneity, humor, cannecting to athers sa noturally. She shares from such a persanal place that she con, and sametimes does, use lines

fram her diory.

of being the food for your ego. I am tired Please find another restaurant. Erin Green

> Lucindo speoks from her gut. With refreshing hanesty and shorp vision, she expases essential truths.

culture is all the ways you are, so don't ever let anyone tell you to go get some

Lucinda

Mi Nombre writes af the people she laves, knawing—and wonting them to know—that their lives are precious and must not be ignared.

Accepting a nuclear war as part of life? Lguess are made to feel worthless when people we don't demand

Mi Nombre the right to live.

> The Train-ed Paets ore pravacative.

nigger/faggot/bitch/kike/spic/wop clink/polock/whore/slug/mick/dyke Sticks and stones will break our bones And words like these oppress us. Erin Greën

We reach aut ta the very peaple we came fram; to thase who need, yet feor, change.

To break another myth, the Equal Rights Amendment does not mean that women will stand up to urinate.

Lucinda

Our paems make cannectians where connectians have been olarmingly averlooked.

It's no coincidence that abortion rights are threatened in a time of massive military buildup. the government will need bodies as well as bombs. Mi Nombre

> Same poems are subtle reminders of aften fargatten and misplaced humanity.

am forgetting my dreams

remember to write them down

wwolf

Mast, hawever, ore nat sa subtle.

aWhen are you going to give me a baby? he asked. where you going to give me a party.
Thad to tenind him that life is a gift. you give the baby, not the father.

The Troin-ed Paets hove posted nearly 4,500 poems in and under New Yark City. We feel the praject has been o success.

MI NOMBRE is the founder of the Troin-ed Poets. Her poems recently won prizes in POW's women's paetry contest.

ERIN GREEN has been o pre-school ond kindergarten teacher far 12 years. She enjoys helping children express themselves in words. LUCINDA works to roise reading levels in Horlem, designs nontroditional greeting cords, and writes outobiographical prose.

wwalf has been writing ever since she con remember. She works in an animol hospital.

This article written by Erin Green, Lucinda, and Mi Nombre.

#### Contact:

Ta contoct Mi Nambre and wwolf, please write to Reliable Saurces, P.O. Bax 256, Wokefield Stotian, Branx, NY 10466.

Ta cantoct Erin Green and Lucindo, please write ta Train-ed Paets, Bax 336, Jerame Ave. Stotian, Branx, NY 10468.

### FEMINIST TAX RESISTANCE

### Joanie Fritz

As far back as Aristophanes' The Lysistrata, women have demonstrated their power to affect peace. They rendered Greece's armies hostage by denying them sexual favors and forced the priapic warriors to lay down their arms for "love." Such a strategy no longer works in today's context, for any number of reasons.

Women have traditionally embraced peace organizations comprised of both men and women. Such groups happily embrace women, but not necessarily feminism. In the arena of political activism, women find themselves struggling for visibility and equal recognition among their peers, in addition to working on issues.

Among the politically active movements, there is a fringe element known as the war tax resistance movement. War-tax is the 63% of every tax dollar directed to military expenses. This resistance movement is dedicated to diverting funds from the military by refusing to pay part or all of "owed" taxes.

In looking at how this issue pertains to women, I spoke with some members of a group called Feminist Tax Resistance Assistance about how the issue of taxes in general affects women. FTRA has been in existence for nearly two years. It was formed out of a need expressed by women who had previously felt verbally repressed or ostracized for being "divisive" when expressing feminist concerns within mixed groups. The following are anonymous quotes from FTRA members:

"Tax resistance is a very individual choice. I was involved initially with the peace movement. The way I came to tax resistance was just realizing that it didn't make sense for me to spend my time working for peace and, at the same time, allowing the IRS to take money out of my check to pay for the very thing I was working against—the military.

"The first couple of years I resisted. I didn't pay any taxes or I withheld as close to 100% as possible, other than What was automatically taken from my paycheck. I filed an accurate return, showing the correct amount owed, and enclosed a letter explaining why I refused to pay. Last year I withheld the 63% marked for the military. I paid by money order rather than check so they wouldn't know where my bank account was and place a levy on it. To cover my employers, I sent a formal, signed memo to the accounting department to be forwarded to the IRS: 'My job situation is temporary. I might change jobs soon. I may be moving shortly. Therefore, I can receive mail at an organization I work with.' And I gave the War Tax Resistance office address.

"Tax resistance is a serious thing. I think about the fact that resisting my taxes means I'll be in a contest with the IRS for the rest of my life, and their power to intimidate is amazing. We all feel it every time we get a threatening letter in the mailbox. But in truth that's their most efficient collection procedure. People get scared and send in the money. The likelihood that you're going to get thrown in jail is almost nonexistent. I'm not going to say it's impossible; but it's usually for side issues, like refusing to give information to a judge or failing to produce records.

In its brief history, Feminist Tax Resistance Assistance (FTRA) has spent a great deal of time defining itself through analysis of its policies and positions. Its basic focus is on feminism and tax resistance, and how these two issues relate. Tax resistance groups in general are usually insular and often have a pacifist or religious focus. Since women earn 59 cents to every dollar a man earns, and since a large percentage of poverty-level heads of households are women, it may be necessary to re-examine the entire taxation system, military taxation notwithstanding

"We strive for a recognition of this whole thing. We look at what's getting funded, as well as what's not getting funded. And what is the whole tax system, anyway? That's a focus the traditional tax movement has not always had. Traditional tax resistance groups tend to focus on how much money is going for which particular weapon, and whether the world's going to blow up. For my part, regardless of what they do with the money, they're not me. They don't represent me. They're old white men taking this money and doing their stuff."

The FTRA gives interviews on television and radio, publishes public statements and brochures, and holds workshops in tax resistance, most notably for the Women's Study Program at New Paltz University. When asked if visibility has proven to be a risk factor for tax resisters, one woman replied: "They know we're here. We've been in the media, and sure, there's the possibility that they'll see someone's name and decide to pick up on her iust because she's out there. But the reason we do this is because we want to educate and encourage others to resist. And the only way to do that is to go public."

FTRA places a strong emphasis on the diversion of tax monies into community and people-related projects and organizations. "Several women from the group either put money into the People's Life Fund themselves or serve on its board, or both," a spokesperson said. "Those of us in that position have made a point that we need a commitment of a certain percent of money to go specifically for women's groups that have limited resources or opportunities for funding." Last year they gave grants of \$300 to groups such as Madre, New York Women Against Rape, Seneca Women's Encampment, and the St. Mark's Lesbian Health Clinic, as well as to food co-ops and homelessness projects. This obviously has a direct impact on the lives of women in lower income brackets.

FTRA also exerts energy in trying to get a couple million people to withhold a small amount from their Federal returns. In this way, a massive public protest could really be felt by the IRS, and it would be done at a very low risk to resisters. "Symbolic protest is an excellent way for people to experience tax resistance. If you start small, then maybe the next year you'll decide not to pay taxes at all."

#### Contact

- 1. National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee, P.O. Box 2236, East Patchogue, New York 11722, (516) 654-6227 2. War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St., NY, NY 10012, (212) 228-0450. WRL Guide to War Tax Resistance (E. Hademann, ed.), 1986 (\$8 plus postage). 3. People's Life Fund, (212) 675-7084,
- 929-4833 evenings
- 4. Feminist Tax Resistance Assistance, (718) 981-5581

JOANIE FRITZ is an actor and a faunding member of Protean Forms Callective, a theatre graup. She works with New York War Tax Resistance.

'm delighted to have as my guest today Dr. Gloria Joseph. Dr. Joseph is a black revolutionary-spirited feminist of West Indian parents and she views the world from a black perspective with a socialist base. She has travelled five continents, held various teaching and counseling positions at four universities and is an accomplished photographer, a noted lecturer and author. She has been in the academic world for over fifteen years and, along with many papers

some concern to the political aspects of women on a global basis. That's not to say that I'm against pleasure or luncheons, but I just felt that at this particular time we should take advantage of the opportunity of having groups of women together to put forth at least one single phase of a political aspect of women. So therefore I decided not to attend this "pure pleasure" luncheon but instead to urge the women to make a financial donation to send to the oppressed peoples of South Africa.

Now, let me also say that, prior to this, I had become familiar with Ellen Kuzwayo, who is a 71-year-old South African

woman and activist, and author of a book, Coll Me Woman. I met her in the film "Awake from Mourning." That film was made in South Africa and was concerned with wom-

> en's self-help groups that formed and begon to become active as a result of the uprising in Soweto.

ond articles, is the author of o very important book, Common Differences: Conflicts in Black and White Feminist Perspectives, written with Jill Lewis. That book was first published by Doubledoy ond is just being reissued—by South End Press. Gloria is also the author of "The Incompotible Menage A Trois: Marxism, Feminism and Racism," which is in Lydia Sargeont's edition of Women in Revolution, also a South End Press Book.

But today I want to talk to Gloria about South Africa because she is the founder of what I think is a very important organization, which will become increasingly so as the situation in South Africo continues to build. That organization is SISA, which is Sisters in Support of Sisters in South Africo. SISA olso meons mercy in African diolects.

There are o lot of things that we should talk obout, but first could you tell us obout SISA, how you began to think obout this organization and how you started it and what you hope it will do.

G.J.-Well, briefly, in terms of SISA's origin and history: In November 1984, while I was working at Hompshire College, there was an event sponsored by the feminist studies group that was titled "A Pure Pleasure Luncheon." I felt that at this time in history, women's groups, particularly on a college campus, should be giving

So, I decided at the "pure pleasure" luncheon that the faculty,

staff and students should make a donation to an Ellen Kuzwoyo fund for oppressed peoples. I took an empty coffee can, wrapped a piece of paper around it, and wrote "The Ellen Kuzwayo Fund for Oppressed Peoples". And that is how it began.

Well, the can came back with a meager omount of money and I guess that this was the inception of SISA. I felt that, okay, I've done enough fighting the tide, let me flow with the current. By that I meant, if this group does not have the intensity and depth of my concern for supporting the women of South Africa, I would form my own group of women who would do just that. So I convened a group of black women and we colled ourselves the founding mothers of The Sisterhood in Support of Sisters in South Africa.

**B.C.**—I want to ask you some very specific

questions like who the members are now ond how others can participate in support of the Sisters of South Africa, But, I think that one of the terrible facts about your —frankly—terrible story is the real unconcern among so many—ond I can speak as a white academic—among so many white academics and feminists, to what is going on in South Africa and, indeed, to what is going on in our own country when it comes to the terrible issues of homelessness and poverty and starvation and, indeed, race. I think that in terms of South Africa, it's very hard for us in the United States to get a very clear picture of it because in South Africa we have a totalitarian situation, and totalitarianism depends on propaganda.

There is a tremendous amount of ongoing violence, which is a daily reality for the people of South Africa, and almost none of it gets into the U.S. press. Ellen Kuzwayo and people like Dr. Gloria Joseph, who have been to Africa, are very important connections for us to know more obout it. Because the great obstacle, I think, is just knowing what is going on under Reagon's policy of "constructive engagement."

But, first, could you tell us obout the founding mothers, the purpose of SISA, ond more obout Ellen Kuzwoyo.

G.J.-The founding mothers are colleagues of mine and they are from universities throughout New York City. There's Johnetta Cole and Audre Lorde from Hunter College, Andrea Nicole McLaughlin and Zalla Chondler from Medgar Evers College, and Barbara Riley from New York University. Those five, plus myself, comprise the founding mothers. Then we also have about 50 other members who are active in SISA.

The primary purpose of SISA is fundraising for the oppressed peoples of South Africa and educating the public about the everyday realities of black life in South Africa. To this end, SISA members hove spoken at various events and raised funds; these funds are sent directly to two women's self-help groups in South Africa. We have also purchosed a copy of the film "Awake from Mourning," which gives o very accurate and grophic picture of everyday life in South Africa for many of the people there. Ellen Kuzwayo is one of the major figures in that film, and the two self-help groups that we send funds to are groups seen in the film.

One group is colled the Zumani-

BLANCHE WIESEN COOK is a biographer, journalist, and political activist. She is a professor of history at John Jay College, City University of New York.



Sue Williamson, CAROLINE MOTSOALEDI, collaged print, 1985 The artist is a Capetawn printmaker, whose series of prints, A Few South Africans, are affairly Unknown wamen who have played impartant parts in the struggle. Caraline Mutsualedi has been a pison widow since her husband was jailed for life alang with Nelsan Mandela.

Soweto Sisters Coucil. The Council is a group of women who work to establish self-help groups and assist women in those groups with sewing, knitting and dressmaking. Prior to the development of this group, in one village there was just one sewing machine. Ellen Kuzwayo and other African women would teach women in the community how to use the machine, how to knit and crochet, and how to use the products for themselves and for sales. About four or five years later, the Zumani Council was involved in a major building project, which had a meeting room, a room for teaching literacy, and a room where women can knit

and crochet. Some of the funds we raise go directly for this building project. A literacy project is also a major aspect of this Council.

The second group is the Maggaba Trust. This group of women provides financial assistance to high school and university students and assists old-age pensioners and the disabled. They help them with payments on their house rents and give them food parcels throughout the year. In the film, "Awake from Mourning", I was particularly touched by a group of women in the Maggaba Trust sitting around a table and reading letters from high school and college students

## AN INTERVIEW BY

who needed small amounts of money in order to return to school, in some cases \$25 or \$5, to buy books or to pay a bill. And, as I said, it touched me to the core to hear these letters and to see the women having to make the decision to help, maybe, half a dozen. This is what made me think, okay, here's something that we can do that will directly help all those students whose letters were read. So funds raised for the Maggaba Trust go directly to the Trust to enable more students to attend higher education.

B.C.—That's really wonderful. You know there's one thing I think most people don't know, Gloria, and I have to say I didn't know it for a very long time. Although people talk a lot about Soweto, I don't think people realize why the riots in Soweto happened. Actually the nots in Soweto came out of a demand of the students to have smaller classes and more quality education. When they began to protest, it was not yet a boycott; they would picket outside the schools after school, demanding more literacy. And that pre-boycott picket was met by the most vicious violence, machinegunning the young children of Soweto. So there is something perfect, of course you know, about your fundraising doing so much for literacy. Because what we are really dealing with here is that most of the people of South Africa are not supposed to be literate, are not supposed to be prepared to live independent lives, and are supposed to be essentially nothing more than slaves in the vicious South African economic system, which the U.S. government supports. Until you read details of this economic system, you don't realize the way it absolutely destroys people—I mean, what happens when you don't have enough food, when you don't have enough water to drink. These new settlements that are supposed to be "homelands" for black Africans are nothing more than arid strips of land where people are taken after being removed from fertile lands near water and forests, the Africans' ancestral lands for hundreds of years; Africans are brought to barren lands where frequently there isn't even a water pipe and there is rarely sanitation. This vicious system, which the U.S. is supporting, will require so much effort on the part of so many people to change. SISA is just beginning and I hope that a lot will be done through SISA and

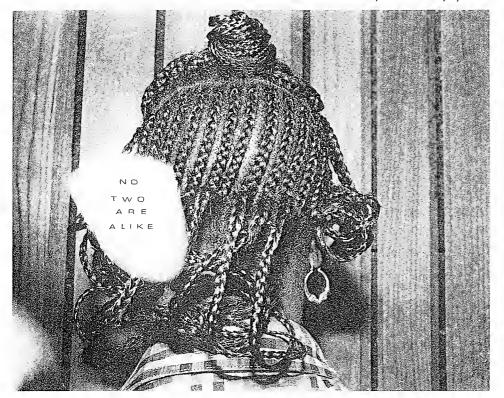
through ather organizations.

Let me ask you to tell us more obout Ellen Kuzwayo.

GJ.-There's so much ta say obout Ellen Kuzwayo. let me just start by saying that she is an extroordinary womon but, as Ellen says in her baak, Coll Me Woman, there ore thousands of African women

relocation centers. In the Philippine War we colled them cancentrado camps, and of course Hitler called them cancentration comps. I think that we should not pussyfaat around: that is essentially whot they are, on a massive tawnship scale with thousands of people in them.

G.J.-Ellen Kuzwayo is olso very symbolic



Nina Kuo, NO TWO ARE ALIKE, b/w photo, 11" × 14" The artist uses phatagraphy in her visual warks and currently teaches art in Chinatawn, NYC.

who are very much of the same ilk. By that I meon their lives ore a daily struggle. They are very much concerned with the younger generation.

Incidentally, the film "Awake from Mourning" is related directly to Soweta. The feeling was that the mourning period has to be over, ond we have to get on with the business af building our communities.

Ellen is also a victim of the white resettlement of whot are colled "black spots;" that is, there was lond in her family for close to a hundred years, ond when the white Sauth African government simply decided that they wanted this lond, land that hod been her family's for close to a hundred years was no longer theirs. This is part of the removal that you were speaking obout.

B.C.-Bantustans like Soweto are really

af the women who (in most cases they ore African women) ore the anes who ore left on the reserves, the Bantustonds, whotever political name they give them. They are responsible for the livelihood of the old people, of the children ond of themselves. Ellen is o sociol worker ond has also been o school teocher. She wos imprisoned ond, to this date, she still does not know the reoson why. As I said, she is 71 and was recently on tour relating to her book; she visited the United Stotes lecturing at mony universities across the country. She is now back in South Africo and was the chairperson of the Moggie Moggobo Trust. SISA is in direct communication with Ellen ond other wamen on the Cauncil vio letters ond, when they are in London, vio telephone conversations.

B.C.-You tolk obout women like Ellen

Kuzwayo being responsible far the women and children in these homelands who frequently ore alane. I think the other thina most Americans don't realize is that black men in South Africa are token away fram hame to work, whether it's for General Motors or for the vast number of camputer projects. 70% of South Africa's computer aperation is American; 44% of Sauth Africa's oil operation is American. Far oll you've heard the Reagon Administration say, "well, we're doing good things for the people of South Africa," whot happens is that the men ore forced to live in onother kind of concentration camp, the single sex wark hastel. They are removed from their families far weeks and weeks ot a time. They may get to see their families maybe one or twa weekends a month...

G.J.-A year.

**B.C.**—We are really dealing with a slove situation here; there is no reoson to give it any other name even if there is some money exchanged.

Gloria, it seems to me that the biggest issue for us here in the United States is that we need ta knaw a lat more, we need to leorn o lot more, we need to read your work and the work of Ellen Kuzwayo and the work of so many other people who are in fact beginning now to write obout this in a vigarous way. I can recammend an article by Salla Booker, who is a staff consultont with the Foreign Affoirs Subcommittee on Africa for the U.S. House of Representatives, o block man who recently visited South Africo and pointed out that it was not unlike a Jew visiting Nozi Germony. His article is in Trans-Africa Farum, the summer 1985 issue. If people want to know more obout South Africa, this is one of the many journals they con reod.

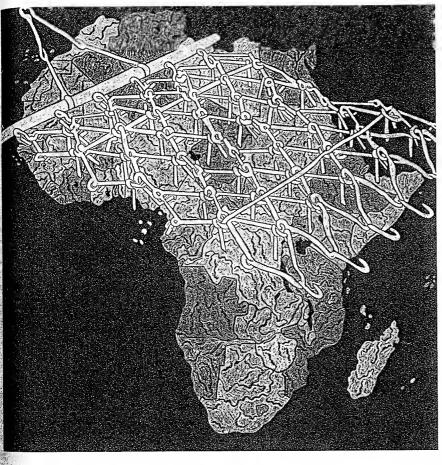
We olso need to do organizing and fundraising, and that's one of the biggest things SISA is about. Is there ony last thing you want to say about SISA ond the future?

G.J.—I think it's fitting to say that the two organizations, the Zumani-Soweto Sisters Cauncil and the Moggie Maggaba Trust, embody the struggle of black women in South Africo ogoinst the dying —ond it is dying—rocist Aportheid system, their struggle for the reconstruction ond creation of a free society. They, the women of South Africa, ore corrying on the long tradition of black women's central role in liberation struggles, and SISA corries on the long tradition af struggles by black women in the United States against racism and sexism here and elsewhere.

I would like to close by reading a stotement from one of the South African women in correspondence with SISA. What she said was "We have a chain that must stay strong and linked with love. The Sisterhood that you are express-

ing to us gives so much support, and we feel strengthened in all our efforts. Your donations will go a long way in assisting our self-help projects, which we hope to spreod all over the countries outside Soweto." I think that's o message the public can hear and, hopefully, will respond to.

contact: SISA, 719 Washington Street, Newtonville, Mass 02160



**Vancy Chunn, AFRICA, oil on canvas, 1983, 108" × 108"** The artist lives and works in New York City. Her work is represented by the Ronald Feldman Gallery.

## By Susan Ortego

audiences about the seriousness of aportheid's devastating effects on the people of Southern Africo os well as obout the United States' complicity in perpetuating the racist regime.

What storted out as an ideo for one exhibition among several FCA board members evolved into a national fall/ winter 1984-1985 opartheid cultural compaign of over 75 exhibitions and cultural events in the metropoliton New York area and cities around the country. It is endorsed by many people and organizations prominent in cultural life os well as by the United Nations Special Committee Agoinst Aportheid and the African National Congress. Over 400 visual, literary and performing ortists created work specifically on the opartheid theme. This spoke to thousands of people in churches, community centers, librories, schools, golleries, and offices at the some time os their television screens showed apartheid troops occupying Block townships, violently putting down massive protests, and increosing the repression of the liberation movement.

The success of our compaign ond the ever growing crisis in Southern Africo spurred us to continue the organization. We spent several months regrouping and ottempting to set up on ongoing structure. However, due to the mounting crisis in South Africo, we were constantly osked to put on shows and help organize activities. These necessorily diverted our energies oway from long-term organizational goals. Because we felt it a priority

n the three years of Art Against Aportheid's existence we've experienced rewords, chollenges and problems that may be common to other cultural organizations and activists. We hope that a brief background and history of our progrommatical and organizational issues will be helpful.

Art Agoinst Apartheid storted os a project of the Foundation for the Community of Artists (FCA) in response to the growing repression in South Africo ond Nomibio. It came out of FCA's special Moy 1983 Art & Artists anti-apartheid issue and a need to reach even brooder

to put on shows and help organize activities. These necessorily diverted our energies owoy from long-term organizational goals. Because we felt it o priority

A history and some thoughts on an organization

ta respand ta requests, we cantinued ta put aff dealing with serious arganizatianal questians. Shifting fram a temparary structure designed ta mount a series af events in a cancentrated periad af time ta an ongoing arganization praved to be a challenge.

We also were now working with fewer people due partly ta burn-aut fram the fall activities and partly to the fact that many had made a cammitment to work only through the campaign. During the 1984 build up, a committee structure with representatives serving as a caardinating committee aversaw the wark and decided an palicy. As we maved inta 1985, the caardinating committee became mare and mare the group that did the actual wark instead af caardinating the cammittees.

Anather problem we faced was how to get people invalved. In 1984 we held regular general meetings where people could plug into cammittees. With the increased amount af requests and fewer peaple, we found it difficult to take time out ta hold general meetings. We naw had to find different ways ta invalve people.

In mid-1985 we mutually agreed to end FCA's spansarship. Art Against Apartheid had to decide whether to incorparate as a nan-profit organization and seek tax-exempt status or ta function as a purely activist group. After a great deal of debate and investigation, which took the goad part af a year, we decided ta go the nan-prafit raute, as that fit best with aur gools and enobled us ta receive tax-exempt contributions.

Another serious obstacle was a growing lack of the odministrative backup to continue ongoing work. Art Agoinst Apartheid is an all-volunteer organization with almost all of its activists having full-time jobs in addition to pursuing their ort work. Even picking up phone messages, deoling with the moil or sending out minutes sometimes become traublesome. The need for a paid staff person was ogreed upon early; having the funds for that person's salary was ond still is onother matter.

Early on in our reorganization discussions we agreed on the following gools to guide our work:

- 1. To use the medium of ort to help create a greater public owareness obout the issue of apartheid and the situation in Southern Africa.
- To encourage the creation, display, publication and distribution of visual, literary and performing art pieces which exomine oportheid critically.

- 3. Ta facus aur cultural effarts on a arass-raots level by warking with cammunity arganizations and centers, religiaus centers, schaals and universities, unian, and labar arganizations as well as cultural centers and galleries.
- 4. Ta be a cultural resaurce for educatianal groups and organizations working araund Sauthern African issues.
- 5. Ta pravide a cultural/educational mechanism through which artists can cantribute their wark ta graups warking an education around, Southern Africa, issues.

Hawever, ather than these gaals and a few pracedural guidelines, little was decided about internal arganizational needs. We cantinued to put serving the community first over setting up a firm structural base and by-laws around which ta wark.

Thraughout 1985 and inta 1986, Art Against Apartheid ran several successful pragrams. We sent a large exhibition through the east caast, arganized an artist pratest at the South Āfrican consulate, participated in demanstrations, performed and made banners far the Calumbia University Blockade and spake at several United Nations anti-apartheid canferences. In Navember, we held "Sauth Africa Will Be Free" in which over 20 paets and musicians performed ta raise maney for a Sauth African artists' schalarship fund. In December 1985 we mounted an exhibition at Braoklyn's Baricua Callege with wark specifically created on the themes: Apartheid and the family; divestment; and parallels, apartheid/U.S. racism. Far Black History Month 1986, we held on exhibit at Brooklyn Medgar Evers Callege. Our February Limelight Club event provided educational information about Southern Africo to o totally new oudience. There is olso a Colifornio Bay Areo Art Against Apartheid that has been carrying on similar activites on the West Coast

One of the most ombitious of our prajects saw the light in March 1986 with the publication with IKON magazine of Art Against Apartheid: Warks for Freedam. Over 150 visual and literary artists contributed work to this unprecedented onthology to which Alice Walker wrote the introduction. The volume also hos a special Southern African section of interviews with leading anti-aportheid figures, poets and photographers.

Future plans include events centered oround the anthology and other troveling exhibitians, and a moterial oid compaign to raise money for the ort supplies, musical instruments, books, films and video equipment needed by cultural

warkers in the liberation mavement. We hape that any readers wha can cantribute to this effort will get in touch with us. We are also interested in starting a children's praject.

At present, Art Against Apartheid cantinues ta have a very cammitted multiracial caardinating cammittee and graup af valunteers wha have a range af palitical and arganizational experiences. Warking tagether has been a learning and grawing experience far all invalved.

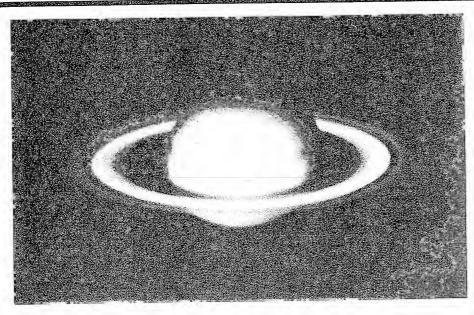
We still face several arganizational challenges: a need far paid staff; a need to find creative ways af invalving people wha can devate majar time in a caardinating capacity as well as of finding valunteers who can take on projects, work or cammittees without getting burnt aut fram tao many meetings: a need ta sharpen aur gaals and tighten our organizational structure and af course a need ta develop a more salid appraach ta fund raising.

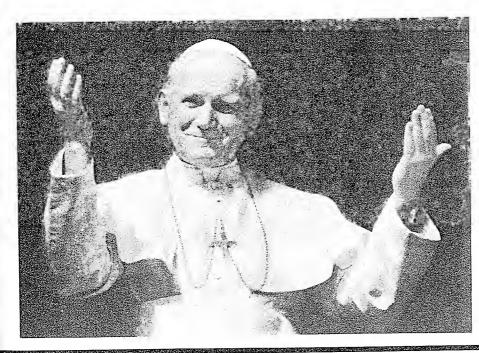
In evaluating aur work aver the past three years we can say that the expressian "A picture is worth a thousand wards"—if we understand "picture" to mean the arts in general—has been reaffirmed a thousand times over. In each cammunity we have worked with, in each gallery and cammunity center, we have been reassured of the pawer of art to explain, educate and engage the viewer and the listener in the experience af others. We have met with people young and ald who did nat know what apartheid is and who go away changed by the knawledge. We have met with many who, knowing much or little about the situotian in Southern Africa, have wonted to help to make a chonge, to contribute their time, their energies, their creative obilities, whether they could give one hour or several hundred hours

Art Against Aportheid demonstrates the cammitment an the part of U.S. artists to work in an educational capacity as cultural workers. As we move towards our fourth year we seek your suggestions and involvement in working for a free South Africo and Namibia. Please send comments and contributions to Art Against Aportheid, 280 Broadway-412, NYC 10007 or coll (212) 222-5567.

<sup>1</sup>This valume is available at \$7.50 plus .75 pastage from Art Against Apartheid, 280 Braadway, Suite 412, NYC 10007.

SUSAN ORTEGA is a visual artist wha facuses an murals. She is ca-directar af Art Against Apartheid and vice-president of the Faundatian far the Cammunity af Artists.





Look. Thot's "Susonna and the Elders." She's noked in the garden.

She's very beoutiful?

Yes. They lusted after her. They woited, day ofter day, for the time when they could take her.

The sun is overhead. Susonno had gone into the gorden?

Yes. She wanted to bathe because it was hot. She sent her servants to close the garden gates.

She was alone?

No. The elders, they were hiding. They were watching and waiting.

They rose and ron towards her. They overpowered her?

Yes. They said, "We ore alone and desire you. Lie with us. If you refuse, we will plot against you."

She sighed?

Yes. "I om hemmed in on every side. If I lie with you, I will die. If I don't, I will not escape your hands. I choose not to do it."

She cried out?

Yes. But the elders shouted ogainst her. They roused the people who gathered to judge her.

The elders ordered her unveiled?

Yes. They wanted to feed upon her beouty. They put their honds on her head.

They testified against her folsely?

Yes. Susonno cried out, "These men have borne folse witness agoinst me. And now I'm to die. Yet I am innocent."

But the people believed the elders?

Yes. Becouse they were the elders. And so the people condemned her.

Ellen Rumm, NATURAL HAZARDS (from Susanna and the Elders), 1981, photo collage and text,  $40^{\circ} \times 60^{\circ}$ 

ELLEN RUMM is an artist living in NYC. Her sculpture and installations explare the pastoral tradition fram a feminist perspective.

## GUERRILLA GIRLS CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD

### WHAT DOTHESE ARTISTS HAVE IN COMMON?

Jean-Michel Basquiat Bryan Hunt
James Casebere Patrick Ireland John Chamberlain Sandro Chia Francesco Clemente Chuck Close Tony Cragg Enzo Cucchi Eric Fischl Joel Fisher Dan Flavin Futura 2000 Ron Gorchov

Keith Haring **Neil Jenney** Bill Jensen Donald Judd Alex Katz Anselm Kiefer Jaseph Kosuth Robert Morris Bruce Nauman **Richard Nonas** 

Claes Oldenburg Philip Pearlstein Rabert Ryman David Salle Lucas Samaras Peter Saul Kenny Scharf Julian Schnabel Richard Serra Roy Lichtenstein Mark di Suvero Walter De Maria Mark Tansey Gearge Tooker David True Peter Voulkos

THEY ALLOW THEIR WORK TO BE SHOWN IN GALLERIES THAT SHOW NO MORE THAN 10% WOMEN ARTISTS OR NONE AT ALL

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM GUERRILLA GIRLS

### THESE GALLERIES SHOW NO MORE THAN 10% WOMEN ARTISTS OR MONE AT ALL

**Blum Kelman** Mary Boone **Grace Borgenicht** Diane Brown Leo Castelli Charles Cowles Marisa Del Re **Dia Art Foundation** Executive Allan Frumkin

Marian Goodman Pat Hearn Marlborough Oil & Steel Pace **Tony Shafrazi** Sperone Westwater Edward Thorp Washburn

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM GUERRILLA GIRLS



WOMEN IN AMERICA EARN ONLY 2/3 OF WHAT MEN DO. WOMEN ARTISTS EARN ONLY 1/3 OF WHAT MEN ARTISTS DO.

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE FROM GUERRILLA GIRLS CONSCIENCE OF THE ART WORLD

Guerilla Girls was formed in 1985 to combat sexism in the art world. We decided to use tactics and strategies appropriate to the 80's and to remain anonymous so as to draw attention to issues, rather than personalities. Beginning last spring, we plastered New York City's Soho and East Village with a series of posters that bluntly state the facts about sexual discrimination in galleries, museums and art writing.

We would like to encourage people in other cities to begin Guerrilla Girls cells. Each branch takes its own name and initiates its own events. We would like to remain in dialogue with all the groups and encourage you to send us examples of what you're doing. We will continue to do the same. If you would like advice about particular problems, we are happy to share our experiences.

### THESE CRITICS DON'T WRITE ENOUGH ABOUT **WOMEN ARTISTS:**

John Ashbery **Dore Ashton** Kenneth Baker Yves-Alain Bois \*Edit de Ak Hilton Kramer Donald Kuspit Gary Indiana

\*Thomas Lawson \*Kim Levin 'Ida Panicelli

Robert Pincus-Witten **Peter Plagens Annelie Pohlen** \*Carter Ratcliff **Vivien Raynor** John Russell Peter Schieldahl Roberta Smith

Valentine Tatransky **Calvin Tomkins** John Yau

reen 1979 & 1985, less than 20% of the feature articles & reviews of one-person shows by these critics were about art made by women. Those asterisked wrote about art by women less than 10% of the time or never

SOUP E API FURE BEACHS GURE APPROPRIE AFTER AMERICA APPRILATE VICE FOR ELECTRIC TOPS TORS

### HOW MANY WOMEN HAD **ONE-PERSON EXHIBITIONS AT NYC MUSEUMS LAST YEAR?**

Guggenheim Metropolitan 0 Modern 1

# When have you been most effective?

When the odds against me aren't too great. I did good work in the Peace Corps, but it was destroyed in the end by my own government and, by being destroyed, did more harm than good. My work in East Harlem during the Poverty Program was very successful. We had money, access to legislators and a president, and ways of infiltrating bureaucracies. When I worked for New York City under John Lindsay, if I were tricky enough, I had access to money and power that I could use in defense of the programs I supported, e.g., the Panthers. We did some amazing work that way. At WBAI we had the power of the media at our disposal and a populace that was open to hearing what we had to say. We had great influence on the course of things. Sometimes too great I now think, but that's another issue.

Marnie Mueller

Probably during actions. Preparations for action make us forget the very little influence we have.

Vrouwen Tegen Kernwapens, The Netherlands

I have been most effective in times of collective participation. When individual combat fused with the community's. When there is no separation of the "I" and the "we", the experience of communal action takes on a sacred quality.

Silvia Malagrino

Working in small groups with a pressing deadline—when you just push to get something done real fast.

Joyce Kozloff

When I talk, write or teach; I'm not much of a marcher-zapper.

Linda Nochlin

I have been most effective when presenting the work of other Latino artists in their community because these artists were able to see the quality of work they were capable of doing. While appearing on panels with other third world women artists, I have brought white women to see the unusual experiences of being bicultural in this society.

Sophie Rivera

When I have no emotional investment in being opposed. Women who had been illegally denied unemployment insurance (EDD/Boren—California) had an unfairly short deadline to apply for benefits they should have received in the first place. While the decision affected millions of women, they had only the summer months of 1985 (May through August) to apply. No one in local media was covering it, so I called TV assignment editors and told them. It took me three hours one day and two the next on the phone. The story was on the 3 local news stations (ABC, NBC, CBS) with Belva Davis of KRON (NBC) going into advocacy journalism with her anchor woman.

KDF Reynolds

When I have been arrested or jailed, have been most effective in getting other people's attention and getting them to move. It's like I'm moving over and making a space for another to fill.

Macy Morse

## When the issue has been one involving how my life will be lived. Maureen Lahey

I have been involved in food/hunger issues for 20 years. Effectiveness has come from sticking to an issue and becoming very knowledgeable about it—knowing more than the enemy. Whenever we have been able to involve people who are affected by the particular issue or problem, added our expertise and together caused change.

Kathy Goldman

In meetings and public speaking, and always when I am most honest... when I lay myself on the line... when I am filled with feeling as well as idea... when I talk not only about my political analysis of a choice of action but about why it will change my life in this moment.

Susan McCarn

When my artworks have reached people, making them feel something they didn't know, they could feel, making them see something they couldn't see otherwise.

Bonnie Donahue

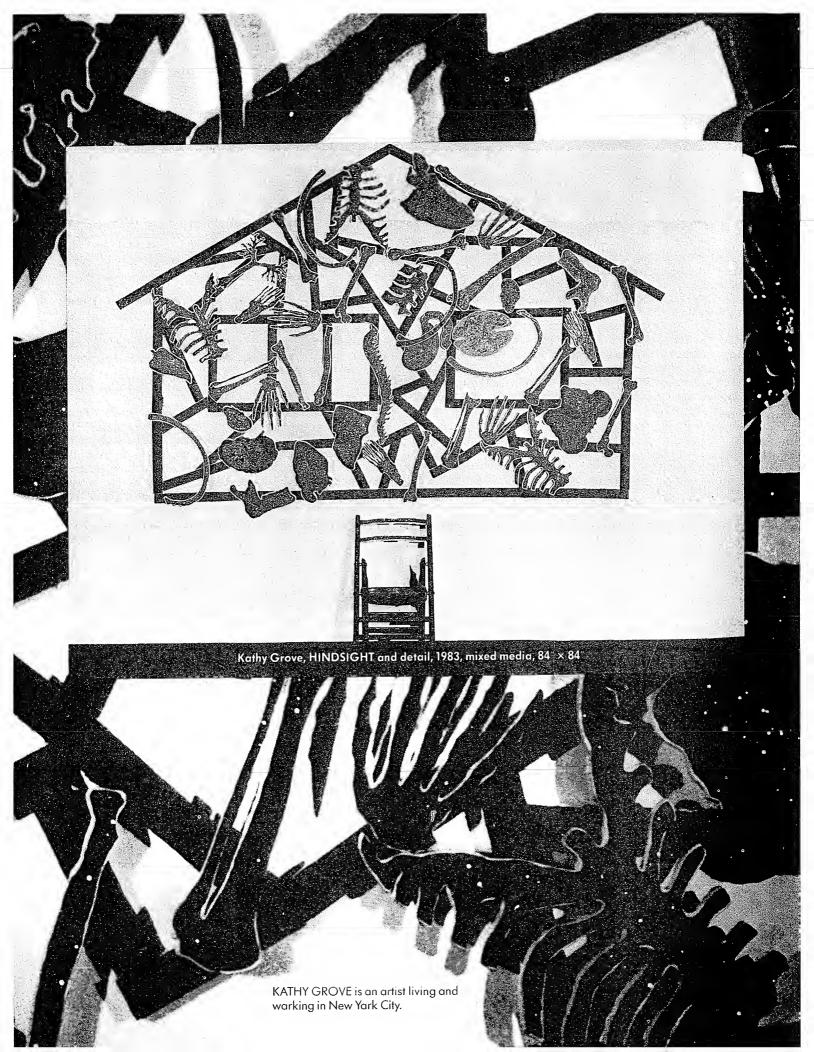
Avoiding didacticism, being funny.

Martha Wilson

Who knows? I believe in every little bit making a difference. When I remember my awakening activism and even the impetus to continue to be active, I recall all the different comments, posters, phrases that set me off. I feel most effective when I am totally convinced about what I am doing and have at least some support from others.

Janet Burdick

## QUESTIONNAIRE





Donahue/Wada

In 1969, I hadn't a political clue in my head—not a thought of politics. The thing was, the troubles started in 1969, and I got married in 1969. There is no way in the North that you can divide your personal life and your political life. Even people who aren't involved, they see soldiers standing on the street. If their husbands are politically active, they're being raided. If their husbands are locked up, they are affected. Their private life is a reflection of the political situation.

Every time Ronnie was arrested, it was on a 7-day order. People used to say, well, you must be used to him being arrested by now. But, you never get used to it, because each time he is lifted, he might end up charged and away for a lot of years. There's no way to know. If it's a 7-day order, you have to wait, and some wives go through mental agony, because there's so many times when they're beaten up in there. One time in 1971, Ronnie was put on the floor and they hooded him. He doesn't know what they used, but he had "UVF" hacked into his arm. It happened at Castlereagh, during interrogation. So when he came out, he made an official complaint about it. Then he was charged and convicted of making malicious allegations against the police. He was fined £200, but then he went to High Court, and the judge said that there was no way the wounds were self-inflicted. The charges against Ronnie were dropped, but the judge stopped short of saying that the RUC did it.

went to High Court, and the judge said that there was no way the wounds were self-inflicted. The charges against Ronnie were dropped, but the judge stopped short of saying that the RUC did it.

He was constantly being threatened by the RUC; because of his Protestant background, they just couldn't believe he would be a Republican. A couple of the Specialbranchmen at Castlereagh went to school with Ronnie, and they'd say: "If anything happens to my family, I'm going to hold you personally responsible."

belfast
control
z o n e

AN INTERVIEW WITH SUZANNE BUNTING

By Bonnie Donahue and Werner Wada

Believe it or not, that was the first time he'd ever been arrested—the time he was tortured. But after that, he was continually arrested. They arrested him three times in two weeks once. In fact, that was a couple of months before he was killed, in August. He was arrested on a Friday and held for three days, then he was arrested on the following Friday, and on the following Friday again. A lot of it was just harrassment, but sometimes they'd just want him off the street, like on August the 9th, the Anniversary of Internment. They would lift him on a 3-day order so he couldn't participate in demonstrations, then they'd release him.

Ronnie was surely killed by Loyalist paramilitaries, but they could only have done it with information given to them by

Ronnie was surely killed by Loyalist paramilitaries, but they could only have done it with information given to them by the Army or the RUC Specialbranch—but it was most likely the Special branch, because they knew the house inside-out. They bashed the door in with a sledge-

They bashed the door in with a sledge-hammer, and they were up the stairs instantly. If your life depended on it, and you had to jump to bolt the door, how long would it take you? About a second. But they were so quick... they were up my stairs. There were seven doors at the top of the stairs, and unless you knew where our bedroom was, it would be the last door you'd see. Ronnie and I were pushing the door, trying to close it. They were so quick, they had gotten there before we could get the bolt on. There were two of them on the other side—I had seen them just as we reached the door. They were all dressed in khaki—khaki ski masks, with just the eyes cut, they had Khaki pullovers, army-style, with suede shoulderpads and suede elbows, ribbed. They had khaki trousers, tucked in their boots—it was almost like an army uniform. So, we were trying to shut the door—apparently I was screaming. I

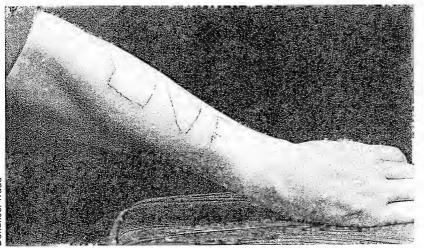
WERNER WADA is a photo and video installation artist from New York City. He teaches at Ramapo College of New Jersey.

BONNIE DONAHUE is a video artist based in Cambridge, Mass. She is currently working on a documentary on South Africa.

must have been thinking if I scream loud enough, somebody would hear it—maybe somebody would get help or phone, or something.

Then I heard a couple of shots. I thought they were shooting through the door, and I jumped back. I hadn't realized I had been hit on the hand. He'd got his gun blindly around the door, and my hand got it. You know, it was nerves—you don't realize—I didn't know I'd been shot. I fell back then. I knew then that Ronnie had no chance. There were two of them, and they both were armed, and I couldn't do anything to help him,

to have a go at me, but he couldn't break loose. The other one was at the top of the stairs—they were so professional—because with me struggling with his friend, he was shooting at me and got me twice more. He hit me once through the collarbone and the other went through my right armpit. Well, then I was hit three times, and I had to fall back. I couldn't hold him. He climbed over me then, ond he went down the stairs, much the way the Brits would—one went down forwards, and the other went down, you know, covering, looking backwards. I was at the top of the stairs, against the



you see? In my mind, I thought: "I don't want to see him being shot". I knew he was going to die. I didn't wont to have that picture in my mind ... for the rest of your life, you'll see your husband actuolly gunned down. So I fell back on the bed and just turned oway. I wasn't looking then. I expected to hear maybe two shots—because that's all it would take to kill him. But, they kept ... bang, bang, bana... shot after shot, and I couldn't understand whot was happening, and I looked up. Well there must have been a bit of o struggle, because Ronnie was no longer in the doorway, he was lying ocross the landing. I could see the bottom holf of his body, and this bastard is standing over him, pumping him with bullets... continuolly firing into his body ... and it was obvious that he wos olready dead, but my mind just really blew then ... I just lost control ... the only thought in my mind then was: "Just leave him alone". So I jumped up...I don't know how I managed to grob him with my hand all shot up, but I grabbed his jersey and got a good hold of him, and I was shouting at him: "Leave him alone! Leave him alone!" I was trying to pull. him, trying to get him away from Ronnie's body. He was trying to get 'round

wall. I looked down, and I could see Ronnie was dead, because his body was completely white, and his eyes were open, staring, so I knew he was dead then, and they were on their way out...ond the one I had been struggling with, he just lifted his gun then, and shot me in the mouth. So, I thought then, I was dying. When you are hit in the mouth, you don't usually survive, and all I could think obout was the children, you know? So, when I was shot in the mouth, then, the blood started to go into my lungs. I was drowning, I couldn't breathe, because of the blood, and I had to get down and around to get the blood up. So I turned 'round and got down, and the blood was coming up, and what I thought was bones ... I kept spitting things out...was my teeth. I lost all my teeth then, and when I was bent down, I was then facing into the baby's room, and there was a single bed ond the boby's cot, and the baby was standing in his cot, having hysterics. He'd seen the whole thing. He's 15 months old, and he saw everything. And he was hysterical. I could hear this funny strange noise ... gasping ... ond I remember seeing then ... it was Noel's feet. They'd gotten Noel too. I'd forgotten in all the panic that Noel

was there. He died afterwards, because his lung had been perforated, and he bled to death. The two other children ... the two girls came out of the back room. Fianna was seven and Dierdre was three, and Dierdre was screaming, and Fionna...I don't know how she did it, she was anly a wee seven ... she was squealing and crying ... but she was still a bit sensible. I had my back to them, you see, and Fionna kept saying: Mommie, what will I do? What will I do? I tried to tell her. I tried to say: "Get out and get help", but with the bleeding, she couldn't understand me, and I had to say it three times. She stood there and waited 'til I had said it three times and when she understoad what I had said, she had to climb over her daddy's body...he was across the top of the stairs, and she had to climb over him, and go down the stairs. So she went over next door, then all the neighbors come running in, and they were horrified, you know, to walk in and see. two dead men and me. I told them to get the children ... I wanted them away.

I never lost consciousness. I didn't want to be touched or moved, because I knew how bad my injuries were. The nurses were holdin' me up and moving me at different angles, because before I could be operated on they had to know what sort of injuries I had. So, it seemed ages, and they put me in a small room, and I kept asking to be put out, and they kept saying: "Not yet". I was shot at half-past three, and they gave me anesthetic of

auarter past five.

He said the reason he couldn't was because I was six and a half hours in the theater, and he said it was very dangerous to have someone under an anes thetic for such a long time. He said if I'd been a smoker, I'd have been dead, that my lungs had to have been strong in order to hold up to six and a half hours of onesthetic, and that if they had given me anesthetic eorlier, I'd have been out too soon, and may not have survived. There were three different teams that worked on me. One of the teams worked on my mouth. They spent three hours working on my mouth, and my tongue They had to stitch all my gums, stitching my mouth up, and then I had to have a tracheotomy, and fixing my hand, and all, they stitched it there. It took six and a half hours.

They didn't know for the first fortyeight hours if I was going to live or not. It was touch ond go, but after the first fortyeight hours or so, the doctor said I started to show some improvement, and I was out of danger then. But, I was in the

intensive care for ten days, and after that was in for four weeks all together. The doctors were amazed that I managed to recover so quickly. I had to learn to start swallowing again, because I was fed through a tube with all my throat damage. I can't eat without something to drink, because it sticks there, you know? And a lot of times if I am irritated, with a tickle in my throat, I cough and you think I'm gonna choke—you're gaspin'— it doesn't happen too often, but it frightens people sometimes. But, by and large, all things considered, by the injuries I had, I came out of it sort of pretty reasonable. At the time, I'd have thought that I'd be left with, you know, really horrible injuries.

My spine is still damaged—I have to see the specialist to consult him again in a couple of months. My own doctor says he doesn't think there is anything that con be done about the spine. It's just too painful, you know, if I overdo it. If I work too hard, I have to have a rest. There are

pieces of it missing.

The consulting doctor has said that the bullet had gone into my mouth, had knocked my teeth out and part of my tongue, and my whole mouth was badly domaged. The bullet had hit my spinal column and richocheted across and rested beside the main artery. He said if it had hit the main spinal column dead on, it would have travelled to the brain and I'd be dead. You also could be paralyzed from the neck down. There have been a number of people in Belfast shot who are paralyzed from the neck down. So, he said it was lucky it was touching the main artery. It was actually leaning against it. It could have punctured it if it moved just a fraction more. But, I recovered pretty quickly, you know: four weeks.

When I came out of hospital, I got the children back and I went back to the some house because I had all my friends and neighbors that I knew were there. I didn't want to go to a strange environment, you know, where you know nobody. And I had to have friends stay with me for about a month, and I had to have friends stay with me at night, in case I needed help during the night. Because when I lay down, I was wearing the neck brace, and when I lay down—I wore one of those high surgical collars for about two and a half months afterwards even had to wear one when I was sleeping, so it meant that if I woke up in the middle of the night, I couldn't get up. So I went to the same house, but the children were very upset for a while. The boby was fifteen months, and I thought

he would be alright, but when I tried to put him in the same room again, he took convulsions—he was screaming, he went purple in the face, he was chokin' you know? He just panicked when I put him in his crib in that room. He'd play in that room during the day, but when you'd put him in the cot in that room, he just went completely hysterical—just stiff, rigid. And I took him out, I thought it ws my imagination, and I'd put him back a couple of hours later, and he'd just do the same thing again, he just took hysterics. You see, he'd seen his father killed and he'd seen Noel killed. Noel was lying beside him on the floor, and he'd seen me shot, you know, and it must have registered. So, I had to move his cot into another room. He's in with the girls now. He won't sleep in that room. I never tried him back there again. I didn't want to upset him.

Dierdre is three and she cried for her Daddy for three weeks. She kept saying, you know, she wanted her Daddy back. Both her grandparents told her that her Daddy was in heaven, and that he wouldn't be back. So she said she wanted to go to heaven to see her Daddy. And I says, you can't you know—it's only dead people that can go there. She was only

that she doesn't want me to die. And I say, "I won't die, I'm young." I say, "I won't die 'til you're grown up." So she says, then: "I don't want to grow up then, Mommy, I don't want you to die." I went out once and left her with a neighbor. I told her I was going to the Post Office. I was gone about an hour, and when I came back she was sitting on the doorstep screeching her head off. Normally, she's a very stable child but she was screeching. She thought something had happened to me because I was gone for so long. She is just completely obsessed with the idea that something else is going to happen to me. It left her insecure. So, that's the three children.

People do one of two things here: they end up on Valium or they become stronger. Becoming a feminist and getting involved in women's politics helped me tremendously, because it gave me an interest outside of Ronnie's activity. Becoming aware of myself as a woman and as a feminist, gave me an awareness of my own situation. Before, I always considered myself just in terms of Ronnie and the family. Now I mainly think more of myself, and it gave me much more strength because when Ronnie died, I was able to stand on my own two feet



three, and she couldn't understand, you know, that he couldn't come back, and that she couldn't go to heaven. So she cried off and on for about three weeks. There's nothing you can tell a three year old to comfort her. But after a while, she just sort of accepted it. But, the oldest one is seven, and she knows what happened. She knew that we'd all been shot, you know? So, this is ten months now, and she's still getting upset. She gets very upset about me. She seems to be very possessive. Not possessive that she'll follow me everywhere, but when I go out, she worries that I'm not coming back. She's worried about me dying—she says

with my children. I knew it would be hard, but the prospect didn't terrify me as much as it might a woman who wasn't a feminist. After I was released from hospital, I wasn't physically well for about 6 months. I got invitations for holidays, so I went to Germany for a month, and to New Orleans for two months. When I came back, I became more politically active myself. I could accept Ronnie's death, but I could never accept him dying for nothing. One way to insure that was to help the struggle to continue—to help keep it going. So now I go to England and to the United States, on speaking

ram my first glance at June Beer's apartment, it cauld have been in Greenwich Village instead af in the remate trapical jungle tawn af Bluefields an Nicaragua's Atlantic Caast. In the main raam where June eats, paints and entertains, the white walls are cavered with an international callection af paintings and drawings. Beside her easel and a table cantaining ail paints and brushes is a graup af canvases awaiting her impressians. An eclectic callection af baaks, bath Spanish and English, ranging fram paetry ta palitics and history, are neatly arranged an shelves throughout her apartment.

After faur years af annual travel ta Nicaragua, between 1981 and 1984, ta interview artists about the relationship between their art wark and their revalutionary experiences, I was still missing an impartant link. I had never visited Nicaragua's Atlantic Caast, nar met the well-knawn and respected artist June Beer. In 1985, I was determined to meet her and was nat disappainted. June Beer's life and paintings reflect five decades of Nicaragua's history fram a unique Black and feminist

perspective.

June is an attractive wamen wha fills a wide racking chair ta capacity. Far five intensive days we talked tagether an the balcany of her apartment overlaaking a bustling market, her sta-

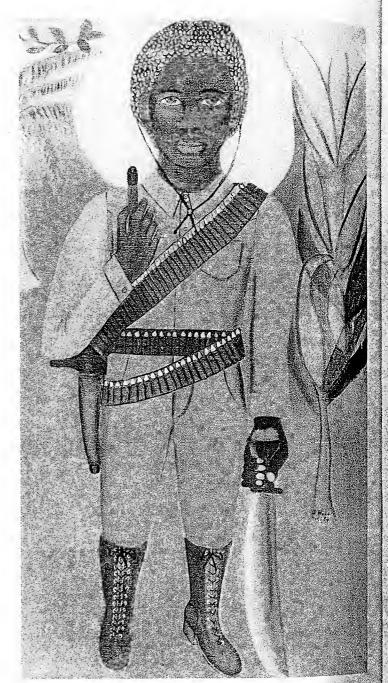
ries punctuated by her wanderful warm laughter.

As yet, June Beer is the anly painter wha has emerged fram Bluefields, a tawn af 40,000 peaple, ta receive national and international recagnition. Self-taught, she has farged her awn artistic pathway, emulating neither the abstract tendencies af mast Nicaraguan prafessianal artists nar the detailed landscape style af the papular "primitive", self-taught Salentiname artists.

Barn in 1933, June has dedicated herself since 1956 ta dacumenting her Black heritage in the daily life af her peaple. They were first brought as slaves fram Africa ta Jamaica and Haiti, and then ta Nicaragua's Atlantic caast region in the 1600's. Nicaragua's Black, English-speaking papulatian is centered mastly in the part tawn af Bluefields. The Rama, Suma and Miskita Indians, each speaking their awn dialect, are another campanent af the papulatian af the Atlantic Caast, which stretches from the Handuran barder ta Casta Rica.

In cantrast, Nicaragua's daminant Pacific regian cansists af people wha are Spanish-speaking and Mestiza af Spanish and Indian heritage. Their calanial history, custams and traditions are distinct from those of the Atlantic caast peoples. Of the total national population of approximately three million, only 10% are lacated an the isolated Atlantic Caast.

One can travel the distance from Bluefields, located at the mauth of the Escandida River, ta Rama anly by baat, a five ar six haur jaurney. On the semi-enclased deck, twa wamen set up a little faad stall, selling meat and salad an palm leaves ar fruit drinks in knatted plastic bags ta the passengers. Alang bath sides of the river there is dense, impenetrable trapical jungle with an



BLACK SANDINO, 1983, oil on canvas

# JUNE BEE

## By Betty LaDuke & Common By Betty LaDuke

occasional house of bamboo and thatch. At Rama, a small rambling town, there are old buses that take passengers to Managua on another slow and exhausting five-hour journey.

June recalls that "politicians made jokes about the U.S. -financed highway from Managua to Rama", saying that "if the Somoza government hadn't embezzled all the money that came from the highway construction, they could have paved it with gold."

During the Somoza era before the 1979 revolution, Bluefields, accarding to June, "was a region that was forgotten and ignored. No one was encouraged to dream, to think of the future, or of art, but only to make a little money for subsistence." The message that schools gave people was "not to make a better society for everyone, but only to work for self-improvement."

During those years of economic struggling to maintain her children, she resorted to her childhood work experience of collecting empty whiskey bottles and plastic containers, which she would sell in Managua. There she used the money to buy fresh vegetables to resell in Bluefields.

"I used to paint pictures of people coming from the marketplace, carrying baskets on their heads; men working on the docks or planting in the fields; women grinding corn, washing clothes or cooking. Sometimes I just painted pictures of flowers." At this time June gave away most of her work. "I never dreamed," she said, "that I could make a living from my painting."

The encouragement to pursue her coreer came in 1968 from another painter, a Dutch ship captain. "I told him ... "When my children are out of school, I will dedicate myself full time to painting." He said to me, "Why wait? Why not paint now?"

"So in 1969," June relates, "I went to Managua to make myself a name. Fortunately, in Managua I was constantly making paintings and selling them, and then there were orders for more."

At the end of the year, June returned to Bluefields. Occasionally art collectors came to buy her work. However, she laments, "I was not well organized. I was subjected to many people who were like alligators and they often took a big bite out of me. They were so greedy.

"I used to paint on the porch of my house (in the Beholden district), where anyone could see my work as they passed by. I'd make a whole batch of paintings and then take them to Managua. I couldn't stay away very long, I had my kids in Bluefields, so I practically gave my paintings away. ... Bluefields residents wauld never buy my work. They would rather buy a plastic ornament for their walls."

She returned to Managua for two more years, 1971 and 1972, integrating with the professional artists—Roger Perez de la Rocha, Orlando Sobalvarro, Leonsio Saenz, Leonel Vanegas and others. But she didn't exhibit with them at the Praxis Cooperative Gallery in Managua. She was often criticized because her paintings weren't like the detailed primitive paintings from Solentiname. She told them that "my reality and the Solentiname reality are two different things. In Bluefields we have space and my paintings reflect this."

I asked June about her political development. She told me that she had read books about Sandino and the poetry of Pablo Neruda. June said, "That did help, because in Bluefields we only used to hear about Sandino being a bandido or bandit. Later I could transmit different ideas to my children. So when the FSLN or the Sandinista Liberation Movement came to Bluefields, about 1978, my children were ready for it."

Many Nicaraguan artists had been jailed during Somoza's epoch for their revolutionary activities. I asked June if she had been in jail and she quickly told me, "Twice." In 1971, she recalled, five or six of the professional artists were working together in one of their studios, making the final arrangements for Sobalvarro's exhibit at the Praxis Gallery. That evening, the Somoza Guardia broke into the studio, "tearing the place apart, on the pretext that they were looking for drugs." But, June said, "they really suspected us artists of anti-Somoza political activities... Sure enough, no drugs were found, but the artists were all token to joil."

June was released the next day. The others were kept in jail for three days, with hoods over their heads. Protests were held by university students to demand the artists' release.

June still has nightmares about an earlier incident with the Somoza Guardia of Bluefields, an incident that did not go away so easily. When I asked June why she had been in jail, she didn't want to describe the exact details and summarized this event with the phrase "for standing up for my rights." Her feisty attitude had provoked the authorities to dehumanizing acts.

She drew me sharply into her present Bluefields reality with the comment: "Don't come knocking on my door too early tomorrow...every Friday night I have guard duty from 11 P.M. until 2 A.M. at our neighborhood CDS or Sandinista Defense Committee. All the neighborhood residents have their particular

BETTY LADUKE is a painter, printmaker, and a professor at Southern Oregon State College. Her book Compañeras: Women's Art and Sacial Change in Latin America was published by City Lights.



hours for the 24 haur *vigiloncia* or vigil that we keep in arder to warn everyone if there are any strange or caunter-revolutionary activities." (I saon realized the importance of the CDS when Bluefields was attacked by the Contras within three days after I left. In the exchange of gunfire seven residents were waunded and 24 Contras were killed.)

I asked her about Somoza and the situotion in Bluefields right



June Beer at Exhibition Cuatro Mujeres, 1983

before the "triumph", which would bring me up to her present situation.

June said, "Since I'm outspaken, everybody in Bluefields knew that I was against Somaza." She described the Guardio os "old thieves that scrope aut the lost drop of blood from the country befare they leave. The only thing they con't take oway from us is our revolutionary fervor!"

At the beginning af the eventful year 1979, June's son Comilio, then obout 16 years old, frequently wrote ond read popers at the student ossemblies telling of vorious supportive FSLN activities that the students cauld olso jain, such os a protest or a strike.

Eventually the Samozo Guardio come to June's hause. "To pick up my san," she said, "but they let him go. The comondante talked to me: 'Senoro, I heard ... you worked hard to mointoin your children, your husband never helped you with them. We just want to know who gives your son the papers he reads ot the ossemblies'." She told him, "My son just comes to school and finds o poper already on his desk, and then he just reads it."

The comondante didn't seem to believe her, so June recolls, "I laoked him straight in the eye ond soid, 'I hove four children, ond Comilio is the most truthful one. Please talk to him becouse he con get inta trouble'."

She compared the Guordio to a "bush that hos tigers and snokes, onimals that con eat yau. These onimals that are in town ore more dangerous, so whenever the opportunity comes, you leave."

Soon ofter, Comilio went to the mountoins where he joined the Sondinisto guerillas and fought against Somozo. June proudly says, "My san was politically convinced and knew it was right, it was the right thing to do. I encouraged him in his political development."

Shortly before the "triumph", her youngest doughter, then 15, olso wonted to join the guerrillos. June pocked o smoll bog for her ond told her, "...to look out for...male opportunists who, instead of leading you to the guerrillos, toke girls into the bush

and take advontage of them. Check ... ta smell if your guide hos been drinking."

Sure enough, her daughter returned without letting the guide lead her ta the guerrillas. She soid, "he not only smelled of liquor...but also af cologne."

Soon after, she ond June left for Costo Rica. Shortly before the revolution, June soid, "The Guordia were walking the streets of Bluefields with their guns oimed of the people. The people were told by them that 'Somaza has some nice condies (bullets) for you."

Eoch doy one ta two boatloads of people were leaving Bluefields for Costa Rica. During the two weeks June remoined there, she ossisted in coordinating facilities for receiving the influx of Nicaroguon refugees. Immediately ofter the July 19th triumph, she returned to Monogua.

June ventured forth to the newly formed Culturol Ministry, where a new career opened up for her. They needed someone to moke on inventory of books on the Atlantic coost, and June offered to do it. She cansidered it o good opportunity to learn more about her own Miskito Indian heritage.

One of her mare surprising discoveries during this period of



FRUIT VENDORS, 1984, oil on canvas

trovel along the Atlantic coost was the diversity among the various Miskito tribes. She was moved by the grove sites and said, "I saw the groves, each one with a little tin roof over it. The Miskitos thought it was their duty to protect their loved ones from the roin, and, for the first time, I understood that very well."

June condidly described the contents of the Bluefields library, established during the Samozo period, as being "full of shit." The main callection of boaks consisted of "old romance novels from the 1800's, which couldn't help these peaple solve their problems. Before the Samozo Guardia pulled out, they looted

all the good books, expecially those of the history of the Atlantic Coost." June also told me that "during the Somoza period only townspeople whose names appeared on a select list could borrow books. Others had to rent them by paying the price of the book."

June was asked to help establish two new Atlantic Coast librories, at Pearl Lagoon and at Cukra Hill. At the end of 1980, she was appointed by the Cultural Ministry as head librarian of the Bluefields library and, with her two assistants, went to Managuo for training. Upon her return, she "took the responsibility of throwing away a large part of the library's old romance novels." She had to fight with the town's administration to support the library. She said, "I even invented laws that they didn't know were not on the books, because they couldn't read. I did this in order to get their support."

When I visited the Bluefields Library, a large square building along the main street, I found the environment pleasant. Anyone could now come to do research or sit and read. Anyone from town could now borrow books, free. A librarian offered to help me, but I had only come to photograph June's 1978 portrait of Sandino, displayed on the library's back wall.

General Sandino, the heroic symbol of the Nicaraguan Revolution, is compared to an eagle. A series of blood-red feathers drift downward along one side of Sandino, above the head of a wounded eagle.

June painted the portrait clandestinely. In order to maintain inspiration, she would play a cassette of revolutionary songs, or of poems read by Ernesto Cardenal. She recalled how "my blood pressure sank down to my ankles while I was painting Sandino, and an official of the Guardia stepped out of his car, came to my house and said, 'I have a telegram for you.' It was from the Italian Embassy confirming an exhibit of my paintings."

From several reviews of her work, I also became interested in a particular painting from a series she did in the late '70s titled "The Funeral of Machismo", or "The Funeral of Male Domination."

While the form of a proud, beautiful rooster dominates the canvos, painted above it is a horizon line upon which four women are standing. They are a child, a young woman, a pregnant woman and a grandmother, all shaking their fists at the tooster. June comments about the common plight of most women, "Even if you're a doctor, lawyer or teacher, when you come home from your job, you work at home while your husband sits down. He sits and watches you work."

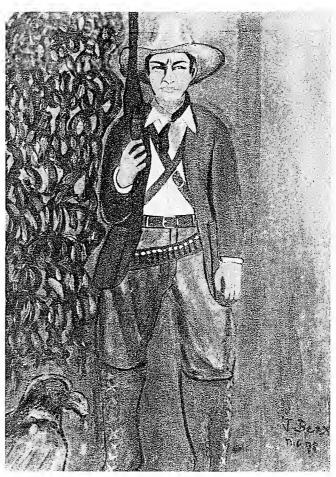
Since the Revolution, apart from her library work, June has been integrated into the Artists' Union and the ASTC, the Sandinista Associotion of Cultural Workers. These organizations arrange for national and international exhibits, the purchase of an supplies, and a general interchange among the artists.

In 1981, June traveled with others, at government expense, to the Festival of the Caribbean in Barbados. Eight of her paintings were on display there, and she described the colors she used at that time to depict skin tone as being "pure brown, like the color of instant coffee."

June relates that, during the Festival, another artist "looked at "by pointing of Bluefields" people and said, 'This is what you call Block? This is not Black. These are hybrids. Black skin has a linge of blue."

June continued, "So I came home and experimented until I go my own black skin color, and that was the turning point in Ty Painting."

Since the Revolution there have been many changes in Nicafaguo and in June's life. When she looks back upon her 52 years,



SANDINO AND THE WOUNDED EAGLE, 1978, oil on canvas

she says, "I never expected some of the good things that hove happened ... the achievement of painting something, when I have the idea to do it, ... and to be free to paint what I want."

Besides selling her work with ease through ASTC, June has received special awards in the annual July 19th exhibits of Nicaragua's artists. In 1983, she won the first prize for the portroit, "Black Sandino". I found this painting and others at the Gron Hotel Performance and Exhibition Center in Monagua. Among them was the "Fruit Vendors" The two women seem to converse ond laugh together as if they are enjoying a good joke or some gossip. One woman holds a bosket of mongos, the other avocados. But it is their focial expressions, their open mouths revealing carefully painted white teeth in contrast to their dark-black skin, that seem to be the focus of this painting.

June concluded her story with these thoughts: "The goal that I set for myself is also for my people. I would like to leave a heritage for coming generations, a museum of pointings, here in Bluefields.

"I want this museum to include the work of all the different artists of Nicaragua. Whot I'm doing now is exchanging one of mine for one of theirs, in order to make that collection of pointings. I have a long way to go, but I'll make it."

#### IN MEMORIAM

At the stroke of midnight on March 14, 1986, June Beer suffered a heart attack and died at her home in Bluefields. At her children's request, there was a service for her at the Moravian Church in Bluefields. Padre Emesto Cardenal, Nicaragua's Minister of culture, attended and read some of her poetry.

# What are your greatest pleasures in activism? What is your criteria for success?

VICTORY.

Sandi Cooper

To be taken seriously. The moment government actually considers hearing both parties: NATO and the Peacemovement . In a democracy, people have the right to be heard.

Vrouwen Tegen Kernwapens, The Netherlands

I love the feeling of being obsessed, of putting all my time and energy into one activist art project, and saying "no" to everything else in my life. I find that kind of intensity very energizing, at least for the short time. Unfortunately, being obsessed to that extent puts great strains on personal relationships at home. In addition, I experience incredible "post-project depression" when the event is over.

Donna Grund Slepack

There are inner joys of getting under the skin of one's own people and sharing their pain and struggle. Sometimes there are tangible results to gauge some measure of success. For instance, the first big campaign against sex tourism resulted in a drastic reduction by 25-35% of male tourists from Japan, the closure of two flights daily from Tokyo to Manila, changes in ads, etc.

Sister Soledad Perpinan, Philippines

My greatest pleasure is the same as my criteria for success; namely, to see women develop their own power.

Miriam Schapiro

I don't think "success" is a very appropriate term to me. You can be in the midst of struggle or not in the midst. The pleasure of being in the midst of struggle is that there are often others there with you.

Pat Mann

My greatest pleasure is reaching out beyond myself. One of the most seductive traps of our dominant ideology is the myth of individualism, both fanning our egos and isolating us. Art History of the 20th Century, as it is written, is like an ode to this myth. It is no accident artists are particularly plagued with it. Success is empowerment. Success is active, moving from being spoken for and done to, to speaking and doing.

Robin Michals

Seeing effort bring a kind of result: Seabrooke is not on yet; Viet Nam did end; abortion is still available; Reagan is not quite in Nicaragua but he is busting his butt.

E. Turchinetz

## In a way, the interaction with other women is the greatest pleasure, but I guess I'd measure success by how much trouble you stir up and how uncomfortable you make people. Joyce Kozloff

Sensing and seeing the empowerment of activists ourselves. Acting, doing something together, gives us energy, hope, even joy. My criteria for "success" have changed considerably during the last decade: I now believe that acting on behalf of justice is a moral end in itself. At the same time we need to be politically clever, astute and well informed in order to increase our chances of impacting social structure.

Carter Heyward

I love when I can wheat paste graffiti art for life, hope, peace, growth, choice...in a public space and on the street so people are confronted unexpectedly with some information that can reach a gut level.

Carolyn Mecklosky

Helping to maintain a feminist business that pays "30+" parttime employees per month.

KDF Reynolds

The mental stimulation and excitement of serious theoretical collaboration... achieving (and being able to recognize) success ... winning concrete gains when there is a worthwhile cost/benefit ratio.

Judith Brown

Seeing my ideas implemented ... with fundraising my criteria is 25% profit ... with people it's getting a warm welcome and a warm farewell and seeing my quotes and influences in books.

Margo St. James, Coyote

## QUESTIONNAIRE

## an excerpt from the performance—

1/How to realize the substance of your own life while retaining some perspective on the flow of, well, history.

A decade spent on the question whether we can change ourselves and the way things are by willing it. (What role does consciousness play?) A mistoke wos to get stuck in remoking the cultural, slighting its bases. It is true that people decided to change things. It is true that now it seems like everything we achieved, inadequate and distorted as some of it was, is to be revoked by the radically reactionary regime. Hard to understand that the scale of change exceeds the scale of a person's life. She realizes she is, they are, a decode older and in some ways still the persons they decided not to be any more. It is true olso that he (and he, and he) has learned a lot about How to Think About Women. The truth is, it's hard to make changes stick. Yet things change. (Nuns sue their bishop.) All things change. ('Pessimism of the intellect, optimism of the will' becomes a consoling slogan.)

Times change, people move. There is the question of ego. 'Mobility.' The development of self. The self, learning to cut itself off from others, looks for its best setting, like a jewel.

2/ She had moved to California a decade earlier to find a breathing space, away from city struggle, pollution, high rents—ond found reol estate, urbanization, pollution, high rents. People moved in together, in groups. (Later the two of them, now 'a couple,' move in alone.) You make a household, opportion tasks, make things rational ... But the self is not rotional (as women leorn). Easy to console yourself with certain notions of human nature, some of them bad, oppressive, when you get scared, bored, angry. When change is demanded by your friends, when accommodation is necessary. Or—let's come to the point—when change was demanded by his lover, he faund it easiest ta repress. The point is that men and women are still men. and. women. She worries. He represses. It is worthwhile, she thinks, to rummage through their unspaken deal.

3/ They each question the nature ond possibility of unity. Was political unity, to pick a safer, worldly example, a fiction smoothing the way for a most extreme individual privacy, defined by the notion of 'choice?' Or, conversely, did unity meon a total loss of choice? Or was it a struggle within and without, inside the group, against it as well as for it, for o perhaps only utopian callaborativeness-in-general, to occasion individual freedom? Eosy for him: he misunderstood the struggle against domination to be a struggle for raw freedom. It was not. It was an abstract struggle for the right to freedom, and thus implicitly demanded o commitment to a long collective effort. The freedom to give oneself freely to something without bondage. But he could not even consult with her about doing the laundry. Often their solidarity was enacted on the level of fantasy.

4/ He uses words that interest her: truth, weakness. Curiously old-fashioned for o 'reformed' man. But his old self longed for the conservative stability of family and class. He could not effect a synthesis. He is stubborn in protection of his private self. They try to talk. He is angry to be seen as angry. The truth is, you could tell her anything about herself, and she'd believe it. (Easy to criticize the 'counterculture's' commune life; but why dismiss the effort to create a self freer in the give and take?) Years of struggle have shown her she struggles with the same dependencies as ever—yet it is human to need support. Paradoxically, she has come to believe more and more in the possibility of change.

As a child he hod token a vow of silence. By being silent he was free to make any judgment whatsoever... The breathtaking

## OPTIMISM/PESSIMISM CONSTRUCTING A LIFE

advance in freedom meant a certain loss of potency in the world. Still, he would endure. It was their custom.

5/She imagines that by moving on, she will make a better, changed self. She is adventurous and cowardly, a rotten combination. She moves East while the balance of profits moves West. She discovers what it means that bankers and reol-estate operators have captured New York, her hometown. No longer a hometown, now it is a monstrous machine for speculation and the gratification af the rich. A machine of success and failure in the public world. One tries to advance while keeping one's commitments, confronting the usual issue of selfinterest versus decency. The difficulty of erecting a life in the debased context of high finance and planned urbon collapse. Whom do you displace by moving to Brooklyn, Astoria, the Lower East Side? Horder and harder to have the freedom to do your work, with-

## -Martha Rosler-

out someone's fortune to support you, without some grove compromise. The city uses ortists as wedge against the paor, creating new real estate that will displace them too, the swelling army of dispossessed. (Policy advisers say we suffer from too much democracy. Could we become a police state? That would suit some people just fine.) He won't face his fears af New York City. He suspects her of feeling exhilirated on the subway. She moves to Brooklyn, after oll. He comes to look, and flies home shaking his head. He decides not to come. She flies West. She cries that he is as impermeable as a rock in on ocean tide. Determined, he endures. But unlike the rock she sees him as, he feels, heors, sees. Wracked by unvented emotion, he chokes and shokes. Calmer, he says, 'Behind every no there is o yes.'

6/The problem is how people can maintain commitment to change and to each other. She returns East to start constructing a life: We enter the new bleaker decade in which the matter of freedom is reshaped. The wrong people try to patent the word 'freedom.' The new regime seeks renewed control and profits and plays vicious world games with old words ('terrorism,' 'outhoritarianism,' 'totalitarianism'). More people than ever in the world know the words mean life-or-death. The problem is how to seek freedom while acknowledging that the unbridled self is not free (or even the real issue). Through the decade the foshion for cooperation faded. For him and maybe for her, without external support, cooperation was not a reflex but a matter of persuosion, choosing one's own private interest undisturbed by o wider vision. Each of them felt the strain. It seemed almost a relief to part.

Back in Brooklyn where she started—what happened to the decade? Well, she's, we've, learned a lot. The problem is how to do one's work and wark with others, not to fall away in private defeat—or success. How ta recognize thot answers oren't given in advance, that freedom must be fought for, that change takes longer than o lifetime. The problem is how to live your life while recognizing the scale of history. The problem is how to fight to keep some things while learning how to keep others. The problem.

MARTHA ROSLER is a visual, video, and performance artist living and working in New York City.

PEACE by PIECE:



The Creative Politics of Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp

Artists are the traditional interpreters of dreams and nightmares, and this is no time to turn our backs on aur chosen responsibilities, which is what we would be daing if we refused to share in the deep anxieties, terrors, and hopes of human beings everywhere. What is the choice before us? It is not merely a question of preventing evil, but of strengthening a vision of a good which may defeat the evil.—Doris Lessing<sup>1</sup>

The creation of the Women's Peace Camp at Greenham Common NATO Air Force Base in southern England, although not your ordinary museum piece, is a work of art—one which is a product of the heights of human creativity. The very name "Greenham Common" has become synonymous with the peace camp rather than the military base.

In searching for the artist, or creator, of Greenham, one might consider Anne Pettit, who organized a protest march against Cruise missiles<sup>2</sup> from Cardiff in Wales to the Greenham Common military base, located 50 miles west of London, in the late summer of 1981. But very quickly one would alsa discover that Greenham was also created by the 36 women and four men who made up the march. They, like Anne Pettit, were "worried, anxious, and isolated" (words familiar to all artists) about the threat of nuclear missiles and wanted to express their feelings in a visible, public way. When they arrived at the end of their tenday march, four of the women decided to chain themselves to the fence surrounding the base and swore to stay there until the British Minister of Defense would discuss the Cruise issue an live television with them.<sup>3</sup>

Regardless of who was "first," the creation of Greenham is, by no means, finished. It is still being created today. An open, evalving work in a perpetual state of flux, Greenham is a leaderless entity of women (men visit but do not live there or take part in the actions). It ranges from small handfuls of camperactivist-creators to tens of thousands who come to take part in the large, organized political events occurring there year-round. If you pulled up the international peace movement of the '80s by its roots—firmly planted in the soil of human collectivity Lyau'd find Greenham Common. The first of 102 peace camps in Great Britain, it has served as paradigm and inspiration to activists throughout the world.

In September 1981, when the first camp was spontaneously set up at the main gate to support the four women chained to the fence, the base commander strode out to utter the fateful underestimation: "As far as I'm concerned, you can stay as long as you like."4 Since that time, thousands and thousands have stayed, sometimes a day, sometimes for months, at one or several of the nine campsites at each of the gates around the base. If you go there, you will find at least a small band of "the people who never give up" gathered at each of the color-identified gates (named for the colors of the rainbow by Greenham women).5 Soon it will occur to you that you are not just an observer. By being there, by seeking it out, you have already taken a stand at some level and become a part of the flow that is Greenham.

The lifestyle in the camps is, both of necessity and by idealogy, extremely spartan. Ideologically, dependency on the modem "necessities" of life is seen as a predatory attitude, cultivating greed and competition. But the campsites are also kept portable for another reason: eviction. There is a consistent effort by local and national governments to silence or disperse the wamen. Bulldozers are brought in, cars are impounded, camps demalished, women arrested. But Greenham continues—it refused to go away.

As a newcomer, you'll be attracted by the camp's welcoming spirit. Drawn to the campfire, where hot water for tea and mealsin-a-pot are made in charred-black pans, you'll begin to take in the scene. Plastic is thrown over branches (carefully so as to avaid damage to trees)—and these "benders" are home. There are no toilets. Only a few lawnchairs. But banners strung in the air or on the fence nearby convey messages of peace and poetry. As you loak about, or sit on the ground with your cup of tea, the assaults on your mind are from the explosions of conventianal myths:

It's too barren here/where are their "things"? Who is the leader/they don't have one. Where do they sleep/there aren't enaugh tents. What do they eat?/where is the food?/does it just appear?/No one is worried/am 1?

What is the magnet that draws new people to the peace camp every day? It is something that, in the mainstream of daily life, cauld be called an endangered species: imagination. Again and again, when one reads about or talks with people who have been there, there is reference to Greenham's ability to "capture" the imagination. For Greenham is a studio of imaginative ideas for actions. Like politically conscious artists, these women are driven not just because they have fears (they do), but because they are not afraid to imagine.

With direct action as the medium and nonviolence as the content, their civil disobedience defies categorization (some actions seem to be activist art, others more like artistic politics, still others theatrical performances). The Greenham women invade terfitaries of art and politics with equal irreverence, and their joyful smashing of decorum has become the banner of a new form.

## by Carol Jacobsen

Whatever their title, Greenham's designs are contributions toward structural change. They have a directness and a communicative accessibility that stem from a desire to bring both art and politics out of their class and out of their "high art" and "international politics" towers.

The ideas for actions may be anyone's, even yours, although no one is expected to participate unless they want to. The ideas are discussed, sometimes altered, often sent around to the other gates (to avoid "gatism"—the hoarding of plans or information). There are frequent evening gatherings, with discussions



held in a circle to allow all voices to be heard and to encourage listening and equal participation. The intention is to share knowledge and to teach each other in a supportive, nonhierarchical way. There are almost no solitary actions, but there are many with only a few people, and some with large numbers. All are pieces in the expanding collage of world-wide nonviolent confrontations that have brought disarmament to life.

As you walk from gate to gate along the nine miles of fence surrounding the base, you can see evidence of these actions. Some bunkers and buildings have huge whitewashed signs that read "For Rent"; others are covered with peace and woman symbols. The fence itself is pinned with pictures and messages of peace, and it has become a literal patchwork, woven together by the soldiers who must constantly repair the damage done by Greenham women. Rejecting this barrier that separates inside from outside, the women cut through, crawl under, or climb over the nine-foot-high chain-link enclosure topped and reinforced by rolls of barbed wire. In their almost nightly forays, they have occupied watchtowers and sentry boxes for hours at a time, even sending out signals undetected. They move about on base, raiding kitchens, planting flower gardens, staging sit-ins, and holding performances. In one action ashes were scattered everywhere by women dressed in black; in another, a "Teddy Bears' Picnic" was held with women dressed in animal

CAROL JACOBSEN is an artist and activist for women's rights and a feminist point of view on international issues.

costumes and children in attendance.

There are also persistent efforts to sabotage machinery and supplies on base in daring attempts to point out the kinds of violence taken for granted by soldiers and usually kept invisible to the public. In July 1983, following a NATO exhibition and sale of air arms on the base, eight women threw red paint and scrawled "LIFE" and woman symbols on the spyplane "Blackbird." For their vandalism they were thrown in jail, but the charges were quickly dropped in a coverup by both the American and British Air Force, neither of whom was willing to accept responsibility for this embarrassing exposure of their guarded myth of "security."<sup>8</sup>

ome actions are spontaneous. There are, for example, "flying blockades," in which campers hurl themselves into the path of arriving equipment or officials. Or they may block the passage of trucks loaded with Cruise missiles in supposedly secret deployment rehearsals. In one incident, a convoy got itself stuck in a narrow lane for hours, giving its own "demonstration" of the fallibility of careful, expert military planning.

Other ideas take advance planning, as when the women sealed the entire base with heavy-duty locks. After unsuccessfully attempting to cut the locks, and realizing that there were no open routes in or out of the base, the soldiers themselves broke down the fence to get out, and then later had to repair their own domage.

All acts are kept as unpredictable as possible so that authorities cannot plan ahead or formulate rigid responses. They also change in style, scale, and form with the shifts in populations of the camps and because of individual input. Effectiveness is measured in terms of the amount of disruption caused to military discipline; the success in presenting moral choices to soldiers and workers on base (such as whether they should carry out orders that would injure the protestors); and the public visibility produced by the action.

Reactions of military men have sometimes been violent (women have been beaten), sometimes poignant (a group once presented some campers with a hand-carved wooden stump engraved with a peace symbol and mesages of hope), and sometimes supportive (base workers have testified on behalf of the women in the ongoing series of trials). The encounters have olso forced a reaction from the Air Force itself, which has had to keep soldiers at Greenham on frequent rotation, has issued orders against violence to the women, and has even awarded ochievement medals to some American soldiers for their engagements in the peace "skirmishes."

In addition to this "barrage" of small-scale actions, there are large events at Greenham, which bring an opportunity for creotivity on a grand scale and are often scheduled to mark holidays or political occasions, including Greenham birthdays. The first of several massive actions was held in December 1982. Hoping for enough people to reach all the way around the base, the Greenham network transformed itself into 30,000 women who encircled the nine-mile fence and linked hands in an "embrace of the base." Then, at a festival in 1983, called "The Rainbow Dragon," 2,000 women gathered to put together a fivemile-long serpent with patches sent from all over the world. It was woven in and out of the base and later became a traveling artwork to symbolize their demand for peace. Later, in December 1983, over 50,000 women gathered, each one holding a mirror toward the base in a statement of self-reflection that was both symbolic in its message and astounding in its scale.

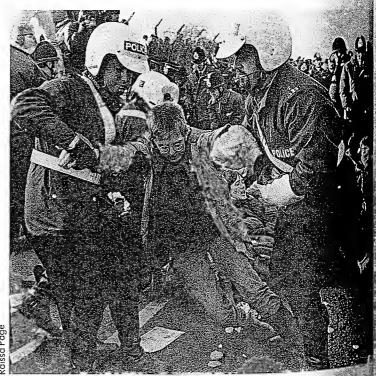
One of the most celebrated actions—probably because of the wildly controversial image it produced—took place on New

Year's Day in 1983, when 44 women climbed over the fence at dawn and danced on the missile silos. The image, appearing in commercial media throughout Europe, reverberated between two usually opposing poles: life/celebration/female/art (the phatograph looks like Matisse's Joy of Life) and death/burial mound/male/politics (as in "step aside, leave it to us, this is men's work"). <sup>10</sup> A year later, in January 1984, the women created another image by floating a huge web over the base with helium-filled balloons.

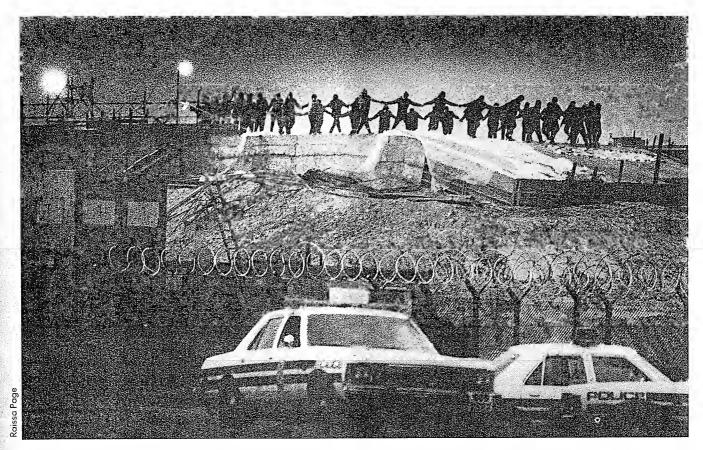
From almost the beginning, Greenham women have carried their message beyond the fence at the base. They have organized blockades on the streets of London (to protest the Falkland War and to demonstrate against Ronald Reagan's visit, for example). They have also traveled in small groups and lectured throughout Europe, Asia, and the U.S. At times they have faund themselves on stage with military generals, who gave slide shows and video-accompanied programs to pump the arms race, and they have been asked to present the "other" side. 11 Many have formed alliances with peace groups throughout Europe for the purpose of organizing international actions. And Greenham-atlarge has initiated a lawsuit against Ronald Reagan and the United States in U.S. Federal Courts for threatening peace and illegally deploying Cruise missiles on British soil. 12

The work of Greenham has had a price for many of the women. Some have lost jobs, left families, broken with friends; over 3,000 have been jailed. Usually the charges are, ironically, "breaching the peace." But the trials themselves become farums and theaters for peace, as well as opportunities far discourse on the ills of England. The scene at these trials brings ta mind Virginia Woolf's literary confrontation between "educated men," the public fathers brought to power by the sacrifices af their sisters and mothers, and the all-woman "Outsiders' Saciety," whose creed is: "As a woman, I have no country. As a woman, I want no country. As a woman, I want no country. As a woman, I want no country.

Both the courts and the prisons have served their purpose. The publicity they generate does double-duty. Greenham and



c



its peaceful activism get coverage, while the injustice of archaic laws and prisons becomes more visible as well. After one of the early evictions from the camp in 1982, 400 women appeared in court with affidavits declaring Greenham their home and demanded their right to vote there. They were awarded residency. In a different instance, at Holloway Prison, six Greenham women climbed out onto the roof and protested treatment of the inmates there. They were again arrested and tried, this time for inciting a riot, but they were found not guilty. They then held their own mock trial on the courthouse lawn, where they made public the coverup of a death at the prison. 15

Greenham is not without its detractors, however, even among feminists. A critical anthology has been published by radical British feminists criticizing "The Greenham Syndrome," which it sees as usurping women's energies for their own struggles into the "greater cause" of peace. In the past "greater causes" have repeatedly swept women and their specific oppression under the tide of human or global issues. This analysis fears a divisive factor moving women away from themselves. 16

Other criticisms are based on Greenham's motherhood/caretaker image, which was largely constructed by the media in its "biology-is-destiny" logic, or the later lesbian image, also a media creation, which arose out of homophobic attitudes. Both of these distortions gloss over the real diversity of Greenham women in an attempt to rush in with inadequate language to fill the gap that inevitably occurs between habitual thinking and initiative. 17

There is a strong, overriding concern shared by almost all the women at Greenham, which serves as a motivating force: fear. Their fears and the nightmares are the same ones that haunt millions of us: the threat of total and irrevocable annihilation of our species and our planet, either by design or by accident. We

have all been exposed to statistics and warnings of crisis: there would be a 90% death rate within 30 days of the onset of nuclear war; 49% of the British people think a nuclear war is likely in their lifetime, and 87% believe that they would not survive if it occurs, the Fentagon operates on the assumption that a nuclear war will occur in the next 10 years; the world is spending a million dollars a minute on arms—with over 50,000 (known) nuclear warheads—enough to destroy the planet and have 49,000 left over. 18

Il of us are victimized by tactics meant to support the pretense that the arms race is a safeguard for peace. But the fact is that the increasing buildup of nuclear arms and energy is matched by an increasing danger of radiation exposure for humans and the environment. There is a growing problem of radioactive waste disposal and an everincreasing chance of planetary destruction by an irreversible poisoning of our ecosystem. 19

The entire support structure for the perpetuation of war—kept intact by bureaucrats and politicians who see nations as empires—is drilled in the tautology and pathology of violence and power. Words like "honor," "victory," "patriotism" are the prescriptions for emotional release, which might otherwise erupt in questioning or examining or even raging against an obedience to masochistic destruction. The scale and pervasiveness of legalized power claimed by this mentality, and the threat and abuse it represents, both against itself and the "other," are all enough to justify fears in the ability of humans to have a future. But it is precisely a new vision of the future that Greenham women and others like them are now actively creating. They do not see the future in terms of massive institutions and nations of profit built on space-age technologies, which are only worldexploiting strategies. Nor do they see global markets and eco-

nomic charts as gauges of "progress" or as values-in-themselves, when in reality the northern hemisphere is cannibalizing and enslaving the southern hemisphere.<sup>21</sup> What they do see is the need for radical revisions in lifestyles and in thinking; the urgency of confronting—with nonviolence and with empathy -those they refuse to call "enemy"; and the potential of change and creative solutions within every individual.

Virginia Woolf wrote: "We can best help you to prevent war not by repeating your words and following your methods but by finding new words and creating new methods."<sup>22</sup> This sentence, printed on one of Greenham's most popular posters, is emblematic of the commitment of these creative activists to molding nonviolence into a force for change.

<sup>1</sup>Doris Lessing, A Small Persanal Voice (New York: Vintoge Books, 1975)

<sup>2</sup>Cruise missiles have fins and wings, fly close to the ground in order to avoid detection by rador, and ore propelled by a rocket or jet motor. There ore several types: air lounched (ALCM), sea lounched (SLCM) and ground launched (GLCM). The 96 Cruise missiles now installed in the silos at Greenhom Common Air Force Base ore the ground-launched type ond have a ronge of 1,500 miles, a target probability circle of 1,000 yords, and contain nuclear warheads of 200 kilotans. American contractor is General Dynamics Corporation.

3 Greenhom Wamen, The Greenhom Factor (Landon: Greenhom Print Shop, 1983) p. 1; Borbara Harford ond Sarah Hopkins, eds., Greenham Camman: Wamen at the Wire (Landon: The Women's Press, 1984) pp. 1–8.

4Harford and Hopkins, p. 17

5"The People Who Never Give Up," Newsweek, Aug. 20, 1984, pp. 6-7. <sup>6</sup>Greenhom Women, "Greenhom Common", Women's Encampment Resources Handbook, Women's Encompment at Seneco, eds. (Seneco: The Handboak Committee, 1983) p. 27. Far specific examples of brutolity to Greenhom women by palice ar soldiers, see for example, Ann Snitow, "Holding the Line at Greenham" Mother Jones, Vol. X, Na. 11, Feb./Mor. 1985, p. 47; Harford and Hopkins, pp. 146, 162

7 Lynchecambe, At Leost Cruise is Cleon (London: Niccolo Press, 1984) pp. 20-40. Petra Kelly, Fighting for Hope, London: The Hogarth Press, 1984)

p. 35. BHarford and Hopkins, p. 156.

9For a doteline and list of octions, see Horford and Hopkins, introduction. 10 Lucy Lippard, Issue: Social Strotegies by Women Artists (London: Institute of Contemporary Art, 1980) p. 13.

11 The group that toured in the U.S. was followed, intimidated and terrorized by U.S. Government ogents throughout their trip. See Horfard and Hop-

kins, pp. 126-131

12The suit was filed in U.S. Federal District Court on November 9, 1983, on behalf af Greenham Women, by the Center for Constitutional Rights and

two U.S. Congresspersons.

<sup>13</sup>For an analysis of structure and methodologies of Greenham's style of networking, see Lynne Jones, ed., Keeping the Peoce (London: The Women's Press, 1983) pp. 131–152. For a relevant analysis of the innate order arising out of choatic innovation, see Ilyo Prigogine and Isobelle Stengers, Order Out of Choos (Taronto: Bontam Books, 1984).

14Virginia Woalf, Three Guineas (London: The Hogarth Press, 1938) pp. 122-126. Far a cantemparary dacumentation of the poverty in England, especially among the working class, see Beatrix Compbell, Wigan Pier Revisited Poverty and Politics in the 80's (Landon: Virago Press, Ltd., 1984). 15 Horford and Hapkins, pp. 109–112

16Brendo Whisker, Jocky Bishop, Lilion Mohin, Trish Longdon, Breoching the

Peoce (Landon: Onlywomen Press, Ltd., 1983)

17 Alice Coak and Gwyn Kirk, Greenham Women Everywhere (Londan: Pluto Press, Ltd., 1983) pp. 91-107, Ruth Wallgrove, "Press Coverage" Spore Rib, No. 142, May 1984, p. 21 Gail Chester, et al, Piecing it Together: Feminism and Nanviolence (London: The Feminist and Nonviolence Study Group and Wor Resisters International, 1983) pp. 46-49. Snitow, pp. 32, 46. For an onalysis af the "biology is destiny" logic, see Simone de Beovoir, The Second Sex (New Yark: Vintage Books, 1974) pp. 3–68.

18 Jonothan Schell, The Fate af the Eorth (New York: Avon Boaks, 1982) pp. 56-59. Dr. Helen Caldicott, lecture given at The University of Michigon, March 11, 1985. Penny Strange, It'll Make o Mon af You (Nottingham: Mushroom Books, 1983) pp. 5-8, 24. Cook and Kirk, pp. 11-25

19The Pentogon ocknowledges mare than 35 nucleor occidents and over 100 incidents involving nucleor weopons over the post 30 years.

<sup>20</sup>See, for example, Rick Atkinsan, "Scientists, in Pentagon's Sleaziest Job, Rehearse Warld Wor III to Test Effects," The International Herald Tribune June 13, 1984, p. 7, and Ion Mather, "Pigs Shot in Wor Games," The Ob server, March 17, 1984.

<sup>21</sup> Michael Redclift, Development and the Environmental Crisis (Landan: Methuen Co., Ltd., 1984) pp. 20–59. Krystino Stimokovits and The Confederation of Africon Women, "Arms and Food" Spare Rib Na. 142, May 1984, pp. 52-55.

<sup>22</sup>Woolf, p. 164.

<sup>23</sup>Greenham Wamen, "The Greenham Foctor" paster. (London: Greenham Print Shap, 1983)

<sup>24</sup>Hannoh Arendt, On Revolution (Middlesex: Penguin Boaks, Ltd., 1962)

pp. 118, 33–35.
<sup>25</sup>These include the Shibakuso women of Japon, the Dutch Women for Peace, Petra Kelly af the Green Porty in West Germony, Dr. Helen Caldicott of Australia, the Seneca Women's Encompment, and the Wamen's Pentagon Action in the U.S. Far o more complete list, see Janes, and The Cambridge Wamen's Peoce Collective, My Country is the Whole World (London: Pondoro Press, Ltd., 1984). Jones, pp. 1-6.

<sup>26</sup>Mohondos Ghandi, quoted in Greenhom women, The Greenham Factor.



### **Addresses for Women's Peace** Camps in the U.S. (some former peace camps

are now working as affinity groups).

Ann Arbor Women's Peace Encampment, 1416 Hill St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

Big Mountain Support Camp, c/o Kee Shay, Box 203, Oraibi, AZ 86039.

Blue Ridge Peace Valley, c/o Box K, Bluemont, VA 22012. Tel.: (703) 554-8707 or (202) 234-2000.

Minnesota Women's Camp for Peace and Justice, c/o Women Against Military Madness, 3255 Hennepin Ave., S. Minneapolis, MN 55408. Tel.: (612) 827-5362.

Puget Sound Women's Peace Camp, PO Box 22756, Seattle, WA

Seneca Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice, #5540, Route 96, Romulus, NY 14541. Tel.: (607) 869-5825.

Silence One Silo, PO Box 9203, Missoula, MT 59807, or c/o Species Life House, 401 E. Spruce St., Missoula, MT 59807.

Silicon Valley Peace Encampment, c/o Mary Kline, 160 Lincoln St., Palo Alto, CA 94301.

Tucson Peace Encampment, c/o Casa Maria, 410 East 26th St., Tucson, AZ 85713.

Women's Peace Camp, Alameda Naval Air Station, c/o de Rita, 1835 Clay St. #302, San Francisco, CA 94109. Tel.: (415) 441-6238.

Women's Peace Encampment, Savannah River Plant, c/o Athens WILPF, Georgia University Station, Box 2358, Athens, GA 30601.

Women's Peace Presence to Stop Project ELF, c/o Madison Peace Office, 731 State St., Madison, WI 53703. Tel.: (608) 257-7562

#### **Books**

Catherine Alport, We Are the Web. New York: Seneca Photographs, 1984.

Alice Cook & Gwyn Kirk, Greenham Women Everywhere. Boston: South End Press, 1983.

Barbara Harford & Sarah Hopkins (eds.), Greenham Common: Women at the Wire. London: Women's Press, 1984.

Lynne Jones (ed.), Keeping the Peace, London: Women's Press, 1983.

Pom McAllister (ed.), Reweaving the Web of Life, Philadelphia: New Society Publishers, 1982.

lane Meyerding (ed.), We Are All Part of One Another: A Barbara Deming Reader. Philodelphia: New Society Publishers, 1984.

Participants of Puget Sound Women's Peace Camp, We Are Ordinory Women, Seattle: Seal Press, 1985.

Ann Snitow, "Holding the Line at Greenham," in Mother Jones, February/March 1985.

#### Visual Media

Americo: From Hitler to MX, by Joan Harvey (16mm). Distributed by Porallel Films, 314 W. 91 St. NY, NY 10024. Tel.: (212) 580-3888/ 877-1573.

Carry Greenham Home, by Beeban Kidron & Amanda Richardson (16mm & video, 66 mins.). Distributed by Women Make Movies, 19 W. 21 St., New York, NY 10010. Tel.: (212) 929-6477.

Commonsense: Greenham/Actions/1982, by Gwyn Kirk (video, 40 mins). Contact: Greenham Women Against Cruise Missiles, c/o Women's Pentagon Action, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.

For Life's Sake, Let's Fight (filmed at Greenham, 1982) by Margareto Wasterstom (16mm & video, 60 mins.). Distributed by Women

Look to the Women for Courage (stones from the Seneca Encampment for Peace and Justice), by Joan E. Biren (tape/slide show). Contact: Woshington Peace Center, 2111 Florida Ave. N.W., Washington D.C. 20008.

Louder Than Our Words (women and civil disobedience), by Lydia Pitcher & Harriet Hirshorn (video, 36 mins.). Distributed by Women

Moke Movies.

Mushrooming at Greenham Common, by Morgaret Gosden (o series of monotypes inspired by the women at Greenham). Available for exhibition from the artist, 33 Ocean Ave., Massopequo, NY 11758. Tel.: (516) 798-4401.

Stronger Thon Before (Seneca, Summer 1983), by Boston Women's Video Collective (video, 27 mins.) Distributed by Women Make Movies.

#### VICTORIA GARTON has been writing poetry for eleven years. Her work has appeared in over forty literary magazines, including Heresies #13, Feminism and Ecology.

## Skulls in Neat Rows

Perhaps they would seem different in color on the family room T.V. Rows of skulls in black and white hold an order not unlike tumblers in the cabinet. Behind these skulls. bones, which once defined the stride of humans, are stacked like knives and forks waiting in drawers.

I have a son of fifteen whose voice reaches for its pitch in the same way the Cambodian boy's voice reaches for a steady tone. I hear instead that sound beyond pain as he tells the film crew how this just uncovered find, this order of skulls holds father, grandmother, and mother.

When he was nine death came daily. I put plates and dishes on the table just like I do every day. Not blinking he tells, "We were children without play. Watching death was our recess, war our education." He speaks of children whose eyes went blank as the eye sockets of skulls.

I remember being an American woman in the sixties. Every evening I cooked while American boys came out of a jungle. I remember pouring out gravy while one recoiled and fell among the trees. A boy from my high school died that day in Vietnam.

In my American kitchen in the eighties, I have no answer for that Cambodian boy whose voice is far past accusation. I long to turn off the deaths in Lebanon and eat with my family in air free of horror. Over the decades, so many, too many have died in black and white.

## Victoria Garton

## BYJENNY DIXON

In his recent book, Street Art<sup>1</sup>, Allan Schwartzman reminds us of the ancient relationship between art and politics. Under the leadership of Pericles, the central building of the Acropolis, the Parthenon, was built by misappropriating the Greek states' international defense fund. Though he built the Parthenon as a monument to democracy, Pericles had behoved autocraticolly.

Two thousand years later, government remoins active in the public art process through potronoge and the issuance of permits. Who the public is and their role in the process often becomes misappropriated by government representatives ond arts professionals in the selecting, funding and granting of permits in the public arts process. Panels who are moking decisions on behalf of the "public" often attempt to represent common concerns and tostes. Because the public is intongible and virtually undefinable in terms of hoving one point of view, often "eosy" ort like Muzok prevails. For these reasons, compromise is aften expected of ortists working in a true public -"democratic"—situation.

The notion of beouty os stonding for o truth higher thon ourselves, and art os beauty, is no longer totally volid os the sole purpose of the artist. Artists wishing to moke o public statement, be it o sculpture in o plazo, the facade of a building, functional omenities, groffiti, ephemerol installations or o porody of Modison Avenue propagando, have a great deal to contend with. A plurolity of intentions and concerns exists amongst ortists choosing to work in the public environment, vorying from pure aesthetics to on intent to heighten public oworeness.

In the lote 1970's, o political ort storted to emerge in New York City. Artists, both formally and informally troined, took to the streets. Their clandestine efforts were seen on subwoys cors and in neighborhoods throughout the city in the form of

graffiti, stencils, posters and xerox images. Fashion Moda was a nurturing ground for this unauthorized, no permits sought, type of public art. Collaborative Projects, born at the same time, was made up of artists who choose to work expeditiously in an uncompromising public manner. In a short time, the cammerical system embraced and perhaps co-opted this new, often raw energy. However, the official "purveyors" of public toste shied oway, offering only minimal exposure.

Jone Dickson, on ortist active in Colob, opproached the Public Art Fund (PAF) in 1981 to develop an outlet far much of this work on the Spectocalor screen, a computer-generoted billboard in Times Squore. Permission to use the sign at reduced rates was granted by the owner of Spectacolor, George Stombly, and NEA funding was secured. An ortist-messoge ran for 1 minute, every 20 minutes, for 2 weeks. Despite controversy about messoges, which brought up the issue of censarship, the project continues.

Perhaps the notion of censorship is endemic to this type of public art. The PAF had mode o controct with George Stombly, o sponsor ond owner of the Spectocolor screen (o commercial venue), specifying his right to review and reject ony material prior to its being run. Artists were made aware of this limitation.

Barbaro Kruger was the first to be censored. Her message equated the size of a mon's penis with the size of a country's weapon orsenol. The copy which accompanied the images stoted that the hottest show in town was the 5:00 news. Apporently Stambly did not review Kruger's message prior to its being run. A few days after the message had begun running, Kruger realized that her image was no longer being seen on the sign.

George Stombly soid he had pulled the message os a lot of people ond clients, though he couldn't nome o specific one, had comploined. However, people ot PAF replied that, according to their ogreement, it was his right to pull or osk for changes in a message before it ron. But it was quite another thing to pull the artwork once it had begun. Press coverage, coupled with the PAF's efforts, caused Stambly to back off and the piece was returned to the screen to run in its unabridged form. Stombly then began to carefully monitor the computer images, in storybaard form, before the computer graphics part of the project had begun.

The issue of censorship was handled differently by those involved in "Critical Messages: The Use of Public Media for Political Art by Women", organized by Chicago's Artemesia Gallery for the spring of 1984. Eighteen women artists were invited by Artemesia curators to design subway car ad posters. After setting out very general guidelines, the Chicago Transit Authority (CTA) rejected 10 out of the 18 pieces. Asked for reasons of rejection, the CTA replied:

"The CTA's primary function is to move lorge numbers of coptive riders quickly and inexpensively in on environment that will not disturb them and that respects the foct that they are o captive audience while riding the CTA."

Unlike Kruger's successful resolution, Artemesio took their cose to the ACLU. In this instance, the situation is not a matter of tangible fear regarding loss in profits, but rather government acting as o purveyor of public toste. Normally, citizens do not have o choice regarding the ads they are exposed to, but the CTA had decided to act on the public's behalf in this cose.

Regordless of the artist's intent, people involved in the public art process need to be simultoneously shrewd and diplomotic in seeking public approvals. The title of the Artemesio project may have coused undue paranoio omongst the "purveyors of public toste". Seeking and identifying o modern day Pericles within the government, who is enlightened regording the mass appeal of such ort and its power ond intent to open minds, is necessory though not olwoys possible. Public ort of oll sorts seems to thrive in cities where there is o commitment at the highest levels of local government.

Normon Steisel, former Commissioner of the New York City Department of Sanitotion, sonctioned and supported Mierle Ledermon Ukeles' "Touch Sonitotion" project in his department. He saw the benefit of promoting a project that honored the sanitotion workers and edu-

JENNY DIXON is the farmer directar of the Lawer Manhattan Cultural Cauncil

cated the public about their cruciol role in the life of the city. The Department of Sanitatian alsa asked Keith Haring to da a series of buttons an the theme of "Don't Be A Litter Pig", in spite af Haring's reputatian as a groffiti artist. The buttons, and Horing's affiliatian with the campaign, were well covered by the medio, benefiting the department and its program abjectives.

The ward censarship is imbued with

aggression and anger in the accuser and with suspicion ond guilt in the receiver. The legal system affers same recaurse far retribution, be it perceived censarship or malpractice. However, in a situation such os the one involving the Artemesia Gallery, ane needs ta ask wha is really gaining in the propased law suit? If Artemesio wins its case, the CTA will more likely be reluctant to allow future artists ta exhibit. They moy, in fact, change

their whale public service advertising policies and guidelines far their subways cars. Isn't the process of castly, time-cansuming litigation antithetical to the ariginal intent of the art and artist? Although recourse is impartant—o renegade artform deserves to thrive with the non-legitimatized energy that created it.

<sup>1</sup> Street Art, Allan Schwartzman, 1985, Dial, Doubleday, Garden City, New York.



Jan Ballard, WHITE STANDARD, mixed media photo mural, 41" × 52"

The artist, who lives and works in Chicago, has been influenced by Schwitters. H

The artist, who lives ond works in Chicago, has been influenced by Schwitters, Hoocke, Beuys, and Breder.

## What particular frustrations have you experienced in your political activities and how

In the beginning people did not know what I was talking about. I had to be on my toes all my waking hours, explaining, explaining. Burnout is natural. After burnout activities become more personal, more meditative. One acts in a less public, less visible way. One does one's work and presents "development" and power through one's own work.

Miriam Schapiro

The biggest and stubbornest frustration in all movements I have seen over the years has been the tendency to pull into groups that end up fighting each other. This is how the disempowered people of the world stay disempowered. To say this is to state the obvious. The question remains: What must we learn in order to treasure each other's differences and distinctions? How must we retrain ourselves so as not to abandon the field when the field is discouraging and we are bloodied? How might we stand with each other in the service of transformation?

Burnout happens to people who work very hard and don't step back enough and/or it happens to people who lose faith in the struggle. My biggest mistake when I burned out was to step back too far for too long. A rest is important. A permanant vacation leads to cynicism and depression. Getting over-tired can take you two ways: You can make a mess and get hurt, or you might go through barriers and come out of it with something extraordinary and creative that you never could have planned. We need to watch out for each other, to pay attention to each other. Co-workers need to care about one another and for one another.

A. Anti-leadership attitudes and behavior in the Women's Liberation Movement. B. Disunity and mistrust among those who are in essential agreement. C. An inability on my own part to sufficiently and quickly recognize the errors I am making. D. Opportunism in the movement.

Judith Brown

I have often felt frustrated when trying to understand the fears and passivity of some Latino women artists. Often the emotional load they carry from social prejudice is so great that they feel activism is one more burden. By joining in and being active they are lightening their burdens and giving to the community.

Sophie Rivera

The frustrations I have experienced pertain specifically to my age. I have, in the past, found it rather trying to work with older people who are often jaded or bitter from their own experiences, as they seem to resent what they perceive to be my naivete, in other words, enthusiasm. I keep coming back because feminism takes on increasing relevance, importance and meaning in my world view.

Carrie Moyer

I feel at heart that the role of the US government has become more reactionary, and that both internally and externally we face hard times ahead. Many of the gains we made 20 years ago are disappearing under current federal pressure; and since I was heavily involved in those issues, I feel it as a real blow. But I am aware that whatever affects me, the people who live in poverty and hunger are the ones really affected by the viciousness of this so-called democratic system where you are free to starve. I have often felt I wanted to stop, but somehow it seems unconscionable to not do whatever is possible at a given time. I believe we do make a difference.

Kathy Goldman

Frustrations and burnout seem to come with the territory. The first of these usually passes. Burnout, on the other hand, often signals the end to my active involvement with a particular issue. It's one of the prices you pay for single- issue focus.

Arlene Carmen

Concerning the economic struggle to be politically active, I found a temporary solution. I sold my home so that I would have an income and not have to work for a few years. Now I can go to trials, do civil disobedience, write, make and pass out leaflets, etc.; all which I did while raising six children, but it is easier now as I am not so constantly exhausted. In exchange I have the problem of a tiny income and a poverty level that prohibits cultural and educational stimulation, which I really miss.

Marie Bernard

Don't waste time with frustrations—that takes energy—I'd rather write a letter or make a call, go to a meeting or demonstration.

Lillian Wexler

In order for any political movement to work, it must be brought to a simplification of its purpose. I could not deal with the simplistic attitude necessary.

Pat Steir

The greatest frustrations have been dealing with systems such as welfare or housing, when I've seen someone's options seriously reduced; i.e., no opening in a shelter for a battered woman who finally got up the courage to leave her husband.

Sarita Hazen

Burnout ... in the peace movement the bottom line is death and dying. Working with this subject on a daily basis causes me to become numbed to the reality. I sometimes deny the possibility of the extermination of all life, other times I become angry with others for not doing more.

Macy Morse

## have you dealt with them? Have you experienced burnout? What brought you back?

fdid burn out in the mid-Seventies, in my last years at WBAI when I was the Program Director. It was the combination of the memendous pressure of the job and what I began to see as the hypocracy of the left. Too many people were mouthing political pieties for their own self-aggrandisement. More and more time was spent in obsessing over political correctness than in getting anything accomplished. I realized I didn't want any part of it and that I had no enthusiasm for political work anymore, nor did I have much hope. That was the worst, I think, losing hope. And becoming cynical 1 retreated and would . I did fine as long as I was putting a mailing together or organizing publicity, but when had to sit in meetings and listen to people under the guise of a collective and in the name of political correctness not get any work done, I found I still had no patience. It wasn't until I accidentally came upon the Cortazar group in 1983 that I knew I'd found a group to work with again.

Marnie Mueller

Thate to attend meetings as the only woman, both in the church and in the gay/lesbian community (both very male dominated). I got tired of hostility from the church for being a lesbian and hostility from women for being in the church. Antidote for burnout Spiritual discipline; friends.

Rev. Karen Ziegler

en

nd an to us, we he ul-

Iwould have to say the general backlash against women's liberation (often confused with sexual liberation) which has been fostered by the media. Also, the regretably blase attitude among the young that they already have it all (we who fought for these benefits didn't get them) and that if a woman isn't successful, it's her own fault.

Miriam Greenwald

Unrealistic expectations (e.g., that the church will actually become non-sexist; that people can simply unlearn racism, sexism, classism, etc.; that Reagan is educable, etc.). Yes, I've experienced burnout. Good friends and a relentlessly determined faith in the power of justice-making have brought me back.

Carter Heyward

We don't practice what we preach. Agendas get pre-set. We don't spend time on process; and when we do, it isn't as honest as it could be. I get particularly frustrated with the California Syndrome that clusters around Judy Chicago ... one woman's project presented under the guise of sharing that (instead) exploits other women's time and talent. It's a terrible example that we all pay dearly for.

Mary Beth Edelson

Asense of humor is very important...usually it's a kind of gallows humor.

Holly Metz Having been ignored and misread. One resists burnout by reiterating one's stance with new content.

Nancy Spero

The major frustration I have experienced is lack of class awareness in white middle class feminism and a corresponding lack of feminist analysis on the part of leftists. The worst is when male leftists think they have the authority to tell me about feminism as when I was criticized for showing women doing "traditional" labor, rather than driving a truck, for International Women's Day. I deal with burnout by being project-oriented, having a beginning and an end and a short-term goal. The choice of the next project is usually an attempt to deal with the failures of the last, always attempting to increase the ratio of success to energy expenditure.

Yes, I get frustrated. Then I eat a lot and read a lot of novels until I get indignant about, or involved in, something else (or other people drag me back). I also belong to an ongoing, varied seminar of activists of one kind or another—that helps, group therapy, support, friendship (central).

Linda Nochlin

It is crazy that no organization wants 5 or 10 hours a week work from people—it's always 50 or 60 or nothing. I am most distressed by the sick work habits and lifestyles of the left—no sleep, no breaks, no personal support, no money. I spent four months of last year begging for money that was owed me; angry, tearful, hating people I adore. How can we struggle against a fragmenting and dehumanizing society if our lives are all fragmented and dehumanized. Maybe an important quality in an organizer is the ability to say "No, I can't do it."

Susan McCarn

I've been more frustrated by commentators who think Ms. Magazine speaks for all feminists than just about anything else. Unlike religion, feminism does not have any orthodoxies. I guess I've dealt with my frustration by arguing that Betty Friedan no more represents all feminists than Meir Kahane represents all Jews. (That's a rather odious analogy, but I'll let it stand. I don't mean, however, to imply that Friedan is a fundamentalist wacko.) I've also been demoralized by single-issue feminists who were against spending time canvassing for the E.R.A. through they supported it in spirit.

\*\*Carrie Rickey\*\*

Yes, I've burned out several times in the last I5 years. I come back because I miss the excitement and pleasure of working with other women and because I feel guilty after awhile just to be pursuing my own life when things are so bad out there.

Joyce Kozloff

A

R

lyce Kozioli

## Interviews: Susan Woolhandler

## STEPHANIE WOOLHANDLER

During the Sixties I drapped out of college to organize soldiers at Fort Hood, Texos. We hoped to convince them of the immorality of invading Third World countries. The soldiers, most af whom had recently returned from Vietnam, were deeply disillusioned about U.S. foreign policy. Hundreds of them joined in our anti-war demonstrations. Unfortunately, the local redneck population was less receptive, and tried to drive us out of town by refusing to rent to us and firing bullets through our windows. Taday I am a doctor with a Masters in public health. I have published several articles, some in the New England Journal of Medicine, on the injustices of the American health system. I am active in the movement for a national health care system and recently delivered a paper on its feasibility at the Socialist caucus of the American Public Health Association.

I grew up in the deep south, the third daughter of a Jewish doctor. My mother ran one of the city orphanages as a volunteer. We always had Black maids and handymen about the house; they were part of the family to me. Knowing these people personally, I could never believe that they were inferior to me or deserved the lower standard of living they were forced to accept. I saw the vast inequalities of life between black and white and knew that it was only because of unfairness that they existed. In the deep south, this inequality is aften elevated to a religious principle—that God intends life to be unjust. I could never accept this humon callousness. Deep in my heart, I believe that people con make a better world.

The inequities of racism are institutionalized in the horrors of our privatized-profit-by-any-method medical system. The U.S. ond South Africa are the only Western industrial nations with such barbaric health care systems. Recently I saw a young, working Black mother of three diagnosed with rheumatoid heart disease. Like many people, she was desperately afraid of having the surgery that

could save her life. We warked to overcome her fears about being in the hospital, away from her children and her job. When a prominent heart specialist arrived ta evaluate her, he saw that she did not have medical insurance and flat-out refused to proceed with the patient. The woman left the hospital sick, confused, and upset, as you might expect. In order to qualify far Medicaid, she wauld have to quit her job. To add insult to injury, the medical staff called a meeting to discuss what to all too many of them was a big mystery: Why did this woman leave so angry and hostile?

I have worked with many cammunity graups to stap the cuts in Medicaid and Medicare. Hawever, Medicaid and Medicare were never great progroms. At best Medicaid covered only one third of poor people's bills, Medicare covered half the bills of the elderly. It's time to go for the big one: a comprehensive health care system like those af Canada, Sweden, England—in short, every other country to which we compare ourselves. We need a system that would be completely free at the time of use and available to everyone. The amount of money our society spends on health care is more than enough to pravide great health care for all and fund prevention work in cammunities and plenty of medical research.

I am obviously not the typical doctor. When I hang around "typical doctors," I feel strange because I am not worrying about how much maney I make and spend. I prefer to spend my time with activists and other people who share my values. Believe me, I have heard every rationalization in the book for why we have to spend 12% of our GNP (more than any other country in the world) on an unjust medical scheme that leaves 35 million people without coverage. Personally I think health care is a good way to spend society's money, better than chemical warfare, Pentagon overruns, or more commissions to study commissions. But the core of the matter is this: Profits cannot come before people's health.

## FLO KENNEDY

Of course I like myself, but I get bored with people thinking I am greater than I am. Social activism is nat a question af courage or bravery for me. There's no cheaper way to have fun, is there? I don't like to see activism placed on some pedestal sa that people think it is difficult and baring, and I don't like to see activists give themselves airs about haw wanderful they are. It is as natural ta work for the things I believe in as it is to brush my teeth in the marning. Part of the psychology of appression is to mystify these activities so ardinary peaple think they can't participate.

People ask haw I go an, but how daes any woman go on? Many wamen have sex on impulse and end up changing shitty diapers far three years. I go on like everyane else, taking charge of the responsibilities in front of me.

The Ladies Aid Crusade is attacking the issue of doy-care in the city. We ore asking employers and large building complexes to help supply day-care to their employees and the general community. We are going to Donald Trump to ask for day-care facilities in the latest fantasy city to be erected on the Times Square wharfs. Donald Trump is the best of the big developers; he has been very generous with grassroots organizations. He is our best hope. Helmsley, on the other hand, is mean and arrogant.

I want to see women and men use their economic power as consumers. We are going to business and advertising because these elements are more vulnerable than the government in general. Reagan and his pals have a hundred strategies for manipulating, stalking and co-opting citizen pressure, but they are sensitive to business pressure. We hape to get a War of the Roses going between business and the government in the interest of providing day-care. Every other first-world country has better day-care than we do, even those countries less sympathetic to feminism than America.

SUSAN WOOLHANDLER is a New York City-based writer. Her The Good Book Coakbook will be published in the fall of 1986.

# Ravenna

Marithelma Costa translated by.
Adelaida Lopez

That afternoon Jay down over my father's motionless body over my mother's funeral stone llay down over my brother's open tomb

ligrew darker

the parade of greedy suns was nowhere the choir of fallen angels inaudible it grew darker Idanced over the men's altars barebreasted

ran naked toward the palace of the temples and the poets were not sleeping they had hung their dreams on the scaffolds and left them

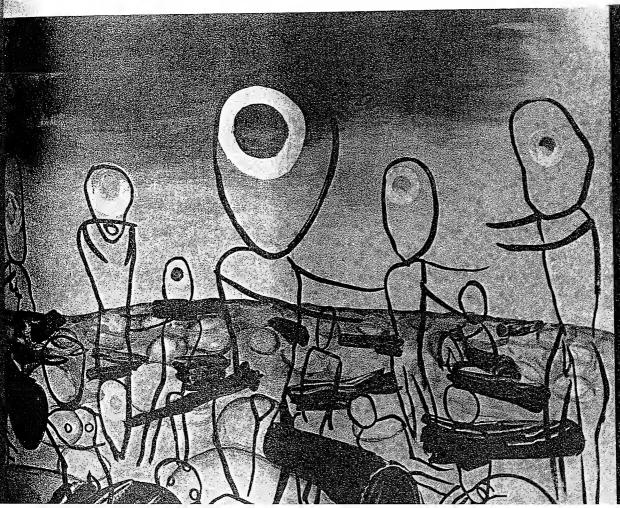
That afternoon Ispilled the nuclei of words that were left sensed suspended voices in the ground that afternoon buried the sword in an earth that had stopped moving

## Juatemala

Our people disappearing by the twenties towns ripped apart by tens of hundreds

Stripped down naked in the plazas it may be the bloody heat someone runs and takes advantage of more currency in marketplaces they unhinge our thorax from our bodies they are helping us indeed we will sit in common graves and toss around our heads

MARITHELMA COSTA, born in Puerto Rico, has published poetry in various Spanish- and English-language anthologies, magazines, and newspapers. She teaches at Lehman College of the City University of New York.



# An interview with Kathy Goldman by Blanche Wiesen Cook

Excerpted from two interviews aired on WBAI in December, 1984 and February, 1986

# In the Wildst Of Digital Of Digital Of Digital



Sophie Rivera, BAG WOMAN/SUBWAY, b/w photo, 8" × 10"

The artist has wan the Partfalia Phatagraphy Magazine Campetitian and has taught in cammunity autreach programs.

B.C.-Kathy Goldman, the founder and director of Community Food Resaurce Network, is one of those wonderful people in this culture wha for a very long time have been providing food for the hungry and have shown serious concern for the homeless. The number of paar people in America has increased by about 10 million since 1978. In a world where we are spending 800 billion dollars a year far military programs, one adult in three cannot read and one adult in faur is hungry. By way of introduction, Kathy, I want you to talk about the Community Food Resource Center.

K.G.-The Center, a non-profit organization, was founded in January 1980 to address the issue of hunger in New York City. Our real concern is the people who, because of lack of income, because of unemployment, because of the incredibly split society that we live in, cannot buy enough food to provide a decent, nutritious meal for themselves and their families. And in New York City in 1986, we're talking about over 1,700,000 people, mostly with families. A majority of that figure are children, wamen and elderly people. We try to force the government into providing better support for poor people who live in the kind of paverty that cannot assure them reasonable nutrition on any regular basis.

But I want to talk about the issue of child nutrition programs, sa that you can understand how government support works. It really does connect to the military. In 1946, the United States started school lunch programs but not because anybody really cared two hoots in hell about whether kids were eating well. They were concerned because, during World War II, they found they could not draft a lot of young people who physically did nat meet the army's requirements for getting killed somewhere. That's the history of the school lunch program in the United States the reason for it. The cannon fodder would be better fed be-

fare it aot to be cannon fodder. Similarly, none of the so-called social programs, without which there literally would be tremendous starvation in this country, would be passed if they were perceived as welfare programs. They pass if they support the milk lobby by buying up all that damn milk which is overproduced, instead of letting it go on the market and lower the price. The government guarantees to buy the milk and turns it into miserable, oversalted, overpreserved cheese that people have to stand on line to get. It's a welfare

system for the agriculture business in this country.

For instance, you now find (if you know anything about the surplus food program) we're suddenly getting raisins up the kazao. Why raisins and prunes all of a sudden? It's really an interesting story. When Carter was President, the surplus was peanuts. You couldn't use enough peanuts, peanut oil, peanut butter, peanut granules, and dried peanuts. And that's because peanuts come from the area he represented. Along comes our Califarnia person and all of a sudden we've got prunes and raisins that we don't know what to do with. I got a call from a soup kitchen, and they said, "You know, we used to get some chickens; naw all of a sudden we're getting prunes." It's been said that it's an attempt to regulate the poor.

It's clearly a support and welfare system on a very large scale tar the old agriculture lobbies. The system has been turned around, and everyone who happens to be poor has been made ta feel guilty about getting any of the benefits of these programs.

Stie. The

B.C.—I want to ask you to talk about the food program that has, with the aid of computers, figured out that to survive a family needs \$57, \$58 a week for meals. Is that it?

K.G.-That's the food stamp program. So you don't think that

they just arrive at some amount of money for food stamps off the top of their heads—nutritionists in Maryland figure out the least amount of food that a person needs to survive. They call that the Thrifty Food Plan. I love the kind of words that these people come up with. They plan a menu for a family of two, three, four, whatever it is, and produce this little booklet called "Make Your Food Dollars Count." It is then available to anyone who wants it and contains menus. Theoretically these people in Maryland go out and shop for this stuff and whatever it costs then determines the amount of the food stamp allocation. In the case of a family of four, this plan ended up costing \$58 a week. We went out and bought the same menu—and it's pretty lousy. It cost \$79.71 to buy the same thing in New York City, but there's no adjustment for that. So a family of four who lives on food stamps and public assistance falls behind \$21.73 every week. Now, you figure it out for yourself; if every week you fell behind that much, you'd be in a lot of trouble, and that's exactly the story. These families are in trouble. That's why they come to soup kitchens and emergency food pantries by the third week of the month. They've only gotten \$58 of assistance, and they can't make it anymore.

B.C.-One of the figures you cite in your Community Food News breaks down to 47 cents a meal. What kind of meal, you rightfully ask? This is so mean-spirited. Let's look at what a Trident costs or one of those little planes that are boom-booming over Managua right now.

K.G.-Let me read you a couple of things from the Thrifty Food Plan. This menu has one can of grapefruit sections, three scrambled eggs, and cinnamon toast. That's breakfast for a family of four. Peanut butter and banana sandwich for lunch. Again, you're supposed to cut a banana in three parts for three kids. This is not the way people should live. You can sit in a lab and play around and figure out exactly the amount of calories but you try surviving on that amount. And that's the way a lot of people are living. It's very hard for people who are fortunate enough not to have to live that way to conceive of what it's like to have nothing to fall back on every damn day; if you do turn to someone, it's to a neighbor or a cousin or an aunt who doesn't have a lot more than you do. You're dealing with an enormous population out there that's not working. This society is not working well.

According to the numbers given out by the City of New York, 25% of the city's population is considered to be living in poverty. That means a family of four is living on \$10,600 or less. Currently that is the poverty line. If you're living on public assistance, you get about 83% of that. How can a family of four living on \$8,300 a year pay rent, get on the subway, buy clothing or a pair of sneakers? Kids grow out of their shoes. Do you know what Pampers or a diaper service costs? How do you

afford that? It's impossible.

Many people have a hard time believing the extent of hunger and deprivation in this city, where you can walk around on Fifth Avenue and see the most incredible kinds of wealth and then go just a few blocks away and find people living in the kind of poverty where the statistics translate into real life. I am not talking here about the 30 or 40 or 50 thousand homeless people who are special cases. I'm talking mostly about people with families. The people in the shelter system in this city actually number some 4,000 families, including 17,000 children.

I'm really glad to be doing this interview on a women's program because, to a large degree, the families we're talking about are female-headed households that no longer have a home. That's essentially it—a woman with two or three children. In fact, the system is absolutely unprepared if there is a man present. There are so few men present that they don't have any place for them. The welfare hotel system is strictly for women and children. To a great extent, the hotels don't allow men on the premises, and even very good programs like the Red Cross and a group called Women in Need in Manhattan just don't hove the facilities. It rarely happens that men are around, so they don't knock themselves out to have the facilities.

Single-room occupancy housing has pretty much disappeared in the last few years because the Koch administration has been giving away a lot of tax breaks to developers, who are converting these places into condominiums. And no low income housing is being built at all because the federal government absolutely has stopped supporting it. But it's more that a lack of federal money. The fact is that they have allowed housing that's really quite good to disappear or be made into condominiums, if it's in a great location, or be abandoned in places like Brooklyn and the Bronx. So you have the situation on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, which has really good housing, built in 1920, 1930, quite new in comparison to the Lower East Side—and all they do is put fake windows in, with flower pots painted on them.

#### B.C.-And they spent thousands of dollars on that.

**K.G.**—Hundreds of thousands of dollars to make it look like someone lives there. Now we have a network of welfare hotels and mass shelters. The shelters are in armories and places like that, and some of them are quite terrible. The families are allowed to stay during the day, but the men have to go out even if it's zero degrees outside.

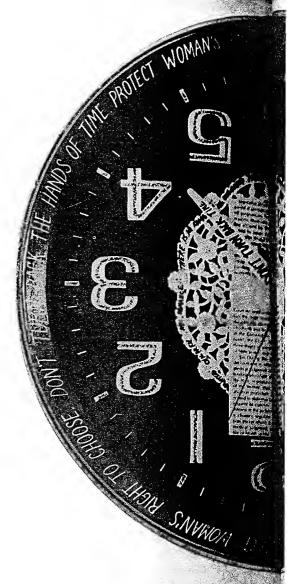
**B.C.**—And they don't have lockers. In fact, this is true for some women's shelters as well. That's why people walk around with all their possessions all day long and go back as late as possible into those unpleasant shelters. They're nothing more than a cot and a toilet.

**K.G.**—People don't even want to go there. The reason people go to Grand Central is that they're afraid of these places. A lot of the people in the shelters are part of the group that has been deinstitutionalized from mental institutions over the last few years. Many of the people are afraid of each other and rightfully so. It's a horrible system.

But I really want to talk more about the families. In New York, whatever the reason, housing has disappeared. What happens? People start doubling and tripling up. Now the city admits that, in public housing, 19% of the families are doubled up. This is unheord of. It's not even allowed. Whey they let something happen that's actually against the rules, something big is going on.

These people are afraid to move because where would they go? You've got this situation where families, mostly women and children, suddenly find themselves without any place to live. You can live with your mother for a while or ask your neighbor to take you in. Then, after a while, that becomes intolerable, and you have to move out and go to one of the city's emergency shelters. There is no place for the city to place you. The upshot is that we've got this system of welfare hotels that are so horrible it's hard to imagine them if you've never been in one.

**B.C.**—And, as you've pointed out to me and others, this is something the women's movement seems not to have responded to yet. It's not part of our agenda. One of the reasons I've been so eager to talk to you is that it has to become part of our agenda. We really



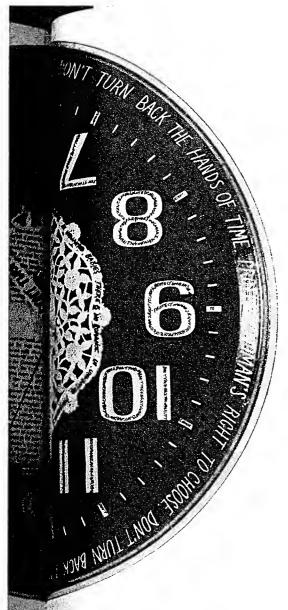
Mimi Smith, DON'T TURN BACK, 1985, The artist lives

have to become involved. It's unconscionable to live in a society as rich and varied as ours is and to have homeless people, as if this were Calcutta at the end of the empire.

I'd like to tell one story about how Kathy Goldman transformed the way that I personally see homeless women. One night we left a very nice restaurant and right outside the door was a freezing young woman, maybe 25. She said, "You know, can I have some money?" and my instinct is always to give young or old women who are in need some money. But Kathy didn't do that. Kathy said to her, very vigorously, "Where are you going to spend the night?" This woman was immediately transformed from somebody who didn't have a particular face to somebody we had to connect and relate to. She told Kathy where she might spend the night if she could get in. And it dawned on me that, although there are some shelters, there are so many homeless women that not everybody can get in. If this young woman couldn't get in there, she'd have no place to go. Kathy gave her a card and said, "If you can't get in, call this number."

I was impressed with the fact that each of us individually, if we have more knowledge and greater awareness, can do more. So Kathy, what specific things can we do?

**K.G.**—I think that we have to take individual responsibility as we walk around and lead our lives. You can't just keep passing



CK 1985 media, 14" diameter, 21/2" deep rtist lives y York City.

these individuals by. If you see someone on the streets in the doytime, there is a Human Resources Administration office in every borough, which will take care of people. If it's ofter five oʻclock—os a result of the work of a lot of people—there ore now four emergency assistance units in Queens, Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Monhottan, run by the Human Resources Administrotion. Believe me, they're not terrific but at least there fomilies con get formula for a baby and can stoy warm while the city tries to place them somewhere.

Try to find the phone number in your borough, so you'll have it with you when you see somebody as you're wolking around. At least you con give them a taken and tell them this is where to go or can call up o ploce that can help. During the doy, the Food and Hunger Hotline, a wonderful organization, helps connect people with the nearest soup kitchen or food pontry where they can get food. Their number is 406-2300. You con, in a pinch, call the Community Food Resource Center of 349-8155.

B.C.-You mentioned, at one point, that there's a shelter on Church

K.G.-Thot's one of the Emergency Assistance Units. If necessory, people can stay there oll night long. It's really a very stronge situation. For the most port, you don't see fomilies with children in the street. Though I will say, we run o community kitchen up on 114th Street and two nights in a row a family—a pregnant mother in her ninth month, ready to give birth, a 14-month-old baby, and the fother—showed up. Around Thonksgiving they had lost the place where they had been living, and it was now neorly Christmos. They had been wondering oround ever since. Up to the point when they come in to our place for some food, they had been living on the A train at night.

I said to the woman, "Where are you going to have the baby?" and she said, "I don't know, it depends...." In other words, it would depend on where the troin hoppens to be when she goes into lobor which hospital she would go to. It's absolutely unbelievoble that this goes on. You mentioned something the other doy obout someone on their way to the 65th Street Armory who hod been released from a hospitol.

B.C.-The very next night after Kathy and I left that restaurant, I began to see with new eyes the reality of helping an individual person. We saw a very old woman, very fragile, staggering on Park Avenue. She had evidently just gotten out of a car or taxi. We went over and asked, "Can we help you?"

She was looking for the big shelter on Park Avenue. We walked her over there, she could hardly walk. She had just been released from a hospital after having surgery and looked like she was still coming out of anaesthesia. When we got her to the shelter, there was some discussion about whether she was old enough to be admitted.

I said to the young man asking her these ridiculous questions—on this freezing night as she was really about to fall over—"Aren't you going to take this woman in, no matter what her age is?" He said, "Maybe, maybe not." It turned out she had been there before, and so he took her in and was very nice to her. But this is the story -each one of these individual tragedies is a history to tell and to write and to be outraged by. Every one of us does have a real responsibility to look at what's going on with much more perceptive and caring eyes.

K.G.-Whot you raised before is really the crucial thing. We know that the women's movement has always been a middle-class movement and hos alwoys been criticized becouse of that. But it seems to me that, at this point, the women's movement hos to get its act together and begin to poy some attention as a group to what's happening to other women. We con't ollow 4,000 women to live in these terrible, rot-infested, rooch-ridden hotels, where to get a roll of toilet poper they hove to give 'sexual fovors,' as they're called, to the mointenance people. It's absolutely the most degrading thing in the whole world. Where is the women's movement? If NOW can be interested in equal poy-and I agree that that is on important issue—they also have to pay attention to whot is hoppening to their sisters, whether they like it or not. Their sisters really need help. Where is the outrage? Where are the women who con do something about this systemically?

B.C.-We need organized protest and organized vision. We need to write articles about this so we can deal with our representatives who, it appears, aren't doing anything. Where are our public women who can speak? There's a whole movement that has to happen, and it is as important as the Peace Movement. In fact, it's the other side of it, the result of some of our current failures and military obsessions. The budget of the US Air Force is larger than the total educational budget for the 1.2 billion children of Africa, Latin America and Asia, and this is all coming home. It's not an accident that this is happening in New York City and every city across the US.

**K.G.**—Where are our women who have good loud mouths and are able to talk back when Mayor Koch says that the reason so many people are turning up at shelters is because they think the city is going to get them an apartment and they want better places to live? What is he talking about? They had no place to live in the first place, these people who have been burned out or who haven't been able to pay their rent or who are forced out because the building was turned into a condo. And he accuses these people of trying to get something out of the city. What are they trying to get? They are trying to get what they should have in the first place—a decent place to live.

**B.C.**—This reminds me of the great squatters movement all over Europe where the gentrification movements of the '60s and '70s made a lot of people homeless. This is ongoing. What we need is a squatters movement here. But it can't be organized by people who are as completely down and out as the homeless ore in this city. We need a lot of vision as we work our woy toward it. Do you have some immediate thoughts as to how we could begin?

**K.G.**—One group that did something was Acorn out in Brooklyn where there are smaller abandoned buildings, two and three family houses. They did have the help of a state senator, though,

I think. They actually opened up the houses, began renovating them, and let people move in. Of course, the Mayor had them arrested. It seems to me that what Acorn did is something we can do elsewhere.

The other thing is that the cost to the city, state, and federal governments of these welfare hotels is astronomical. They pay thousands of dollars a month for one room in one of these fleabitten hotels. Why don't they take over one of these big buildings they just finished, take a few hundred apartments? We can afford it. It's the same money. It's probably less expensive to live in a three-bedroom apartment on the west side than it is to live in one of those rat-infested hotels.

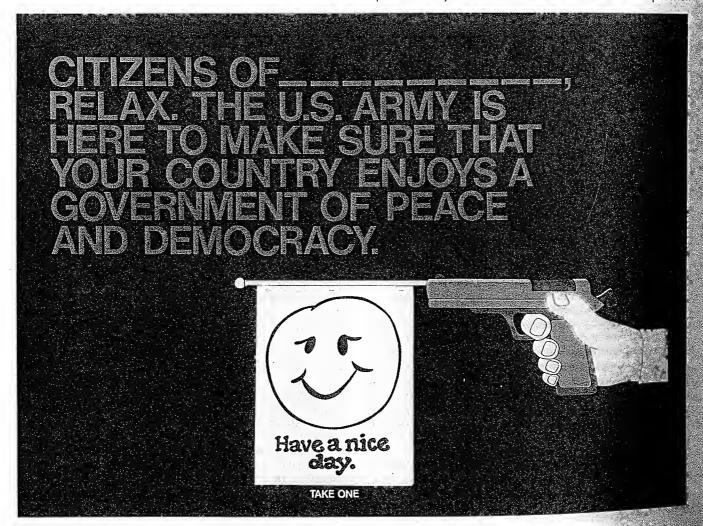
B.C.-What we're really dealing with is a colossal rip-off.

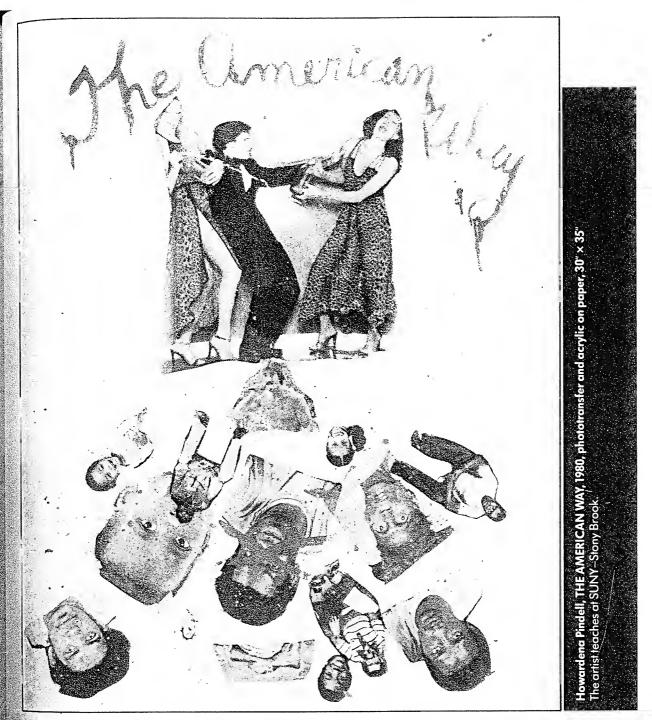
**K.G.**—It amazes me that Koch and his administration are considered very clean, no corruption. It's so corrupt you don't know how bad a name to call it. They're giving away the city to these developers and nobody calls it onything. It's been exposed that Koch gets 7 million dollars for his campaign from the developers, not from me or you. It's the essence of corruption.

I would like to talk about a couple of good things that have happened—fights that we have been able to win, small but im-

Erika Rothenberg, CITIZENS RELAX, 1986, acrylic on canvas, 36" × 48"

The artist lives and works in both New York and California. Her work explares the way the media influences and conditions our politics.





portant ones, in the last couple of years.

We have been instrumental in helping to build some coalitions in New York City. There is the I vew York City Coalition Against Hunger, which is made up of about 100 emergency food providers—soup kitchens and pantries. Also there are borough coolitions united by the Food and Hunger Hotline. These may seem small, but they change what happens to real people. If you get burned out and come to the end of your resources in New York after 5 o'clock or on weekends and there's no place to go, the government has four emergency resource units. The most basic necessities were not available before and now there is food in these places, there is formula, there are diapers and cribs. There's not enough, it's not well handled. We had a terrible incident recently. Somebody was feeding a kid water out of a bottle, and one of our people said, "Why don't you give the kid formula?" One of the social workers said, "We're only alowed to give out one bottle of formula per shift." A child's hunger has nothing to do with a seven-hour shift. It wasn't the

workers' fault. They were following orders from above. Still the emergency units have formula now, and we can fight to have it giver out more often. And it's only through the efforts of a large coalition of people that we're able to get these things for the homeless and poor.

#### Contact:

NYC Coolition Agoinst Hunger 17 Murroy Street New York, New York 10007

(for volunteers)
Community Food Resource Center
17 Murroy Street
New York, New York 10007
212 349-8155

e want to know everything that others know, we want to learn the details of all aspects of political life and to take part actively in every single political event. In order that we may do this, the intellectuals must talk to us less of what we already know and tell us more about what we do not yet know and what we can never learn from our factory and "economic" experience, namely, political knowledge. You intellectuals can acquire this knowledge, and it is your duty to bring it to us in a hundred- and a thousand-fold greater measure than you have done up to now; and you must bring it to us, not only in the form of discussions, pamphlets, and articles (which very often -pardon our frankness—are rather dull), but precisely in the form of vivid exposures of what our government and governing classes are doing at this very moment in all spheres of life. Devote more zeal to carrying out this duty and talk less about "raising the activity of the working masses". We are far more active than you think ... It is not for you to "raise" our activity because activity is precisely the thing you yourselves lack.

– V.I. Lenin, What Is To Be Done?

The abject of radical intellectual practice is, in the final analysis, transformation of society and all social relations. Otherwise the abject remains exclusively changes in consciousness rather than in reality when it is reality itself which must be restructured and squarely set an its feet. Far radical intellectuals the test is

an the ascendancy, as in the 1930s and 1960s, it is difficult to prave whether a significant number af intellectuals actually adopt radical consciausness ar mere radical pasturing. Radical cansciausness begins by taking respansibility for farms af exploitation which allow intellectuals as the members of the educated and educating classes to live their lives an the privileged (mental as apposed to manual) side of the social division of labor. It is not a question of maral subleties, nar a matter of whether I feel guilty... To the extent that I am exempt from a type of explaitation, I benefit from it... principally because when others do certain work, I do not do it."

There is also a limit to the degree intellectuals can break with their class determinations and merge with the appressed. For even if they transfarm their class positions, radicalize their thinking and enter into cancrete relationships with the working class, there is no guarantee that intellectuals will gain the trust of the workers. Distrust of autsiders reflects, accarding to Antonia Gramsci, the fear that students and other intellectuals who gravitate to revalutionary movements are in fact acting out "an unconsciaus desire to realize the hegemany of their own class of peaple." This distrust is graunded not anly in historically determined class antaganisms. It is also based on the acute contradictions generated when alliances intellectuals farm with the appressed unfald between fixed palarities of theory and practice, discourse and action. These uneasy, attenuated relationships

# INTELLECTUALS AND

whether ar not they really want change; change that will sweep away their privileges along with all other privileges that constitute the canditions and by-products of explaitation under late capitalism.

The first task far intellectuals is to overturn their own class posi-

can never span the abyss separating thase who have access to knawledge and thase who are excluded, thase who teach and thase who are taught, those who lead and thase who are led.

The alliances white activists farmed with black civil rights workers in the early 1960s are an example af how destructive relation-

tions, pasitians determined and elabarated by the rales they play in bourgeais sacial farmations. "To become 'idealogists af the working class' (Lenin), 'organic intellectuals' of the proletariat (Gramsci), intellectuals have to carry out a radical revolutian in their ideas: a long painful and difficult re-education. An endless external and internal struggle." Only after this permanent struggle is well underway will it be possible for intellectuals to transcend their class interests, revolutionize their political practice and abandon once and for all their self-serving pessimism, their self-fulfilling prophecies of a future without change, without hope.

There is a limit to the number of intellectuals, however, who are willing or able to wage war on their own consciousness. Even, for example, during periods when radicalism seems to be

ships can be between intellectual autsiders and members of an oppressed group. Many of these alliances were based on the denial that the relationship between oppressar and appressed would have repercussians on the internal politics of the movement. The consequences of this denial are well knawn: whites assumed dominant positions within the movement itself, reproducing conditions of their own hegemony and setting the limits of black struggle according to white definitions of black oppression. As writer Christine Delphy paints out, whether the objective is the emancipation of the proletariat or the liberation of women and blacks, members of dominant groups cannot play an unmediated role in emerging struggles far liberation. "To suggest that the nonoppressed (or rather the oppressor) can participate equally with the appressed in exploring the nature of the oppressed's suffering is absurd."<sup>5</sup>

CARA GENDEL RYAN is a writer wha lives in New Yark City.

### IBy Cara Gendel Ryanl

How then do intellectuals form productive alliances with the working class and other oppressed groups? Such alliances, if they are to endure at all, must arise from the reciprocity not the polarities of theory/practice, discourse/action, knowledge/exrience. According to Lenin, members of a vanguard party must "go out among all classes of the population as theoreticians, as propagandists, agitators and organizers," not to teach the oppressed what they already know from their own oppression, but rather to give the workers, the unemployed, the dispossessed, access to political knowledge from which they have always been excluded and can never learn from experience alone.

Intellectuals, on the other hand, must expand the scope of their theoretical work by going out into the world to study what they can never learn from theory alone: the concrete conditions of oppression: the specific forms of suffering and exploitation under capitalism— as Marx wrote, "the educator must himself be educated."

Intellectuals must realize, however, that although they produce knowledge essential for revolutionary practice, the language in which this knowledge is often reproduced creates conditions of domination and exclusion. This contradiction will remain the site of bitter class struggle unless intellectuals resolve the opposition between the language they speak and the language of the masses. "It is true," says Frantz Fanon, "that if care is taken to use only a language that is understood by grad-

oppressing and crushing the worker at every step of his life ... Working-class consciousness cannot be genuine political consciousness unless the workers are trained to respond to all cases of tyranny, oppression, violence and abuse, no matter what class is affected." Without this critical understanding, and without the alliances that such an understanding forges between all oppressed groups, there is no hope for the emancipation of society from capitalism.

For many Marxists the concept of a vanguard party is an anathema; the result of hegemonic struggle within the revolutionary movement itself, a struggle which insures that knowledge and theoretical practice remain the privileged domain of intellectuals. Many critics, however, who claim to have revealed this elitist tendency within Lenin's revolutionary theory, are in fact revealing their own inability to grasp the dialectical relotionship between intellectuals and workers within a revolutionary movement. Contained in Lenin's statement, "Without revolutionary theory there can be no revolutionary movement," is a two-pronged strotegy which counters both the short-term, trade-unionist mentality of the workers and the tendency of intellectuals to remain aloof from revolutionary practice. On the one hand, Lenin's strategy calls for intellectuals to provide the necessary theoretical weapons, "materialist estimation" and "materialist analysis," so that the revolutionary movement can mobilize on all fronts of the class struggle, not only the economic,

# POLICALACION

uates in law and economics, you can easily prove that the masses have to be managed from above. But if you speak the language of everyday, if you are not obsessed by the perverse desire to spread confusion and to rid yourself of the people, then you will realize that the mosses are quick to seize every

but the political and ideological as well. On the other hand, the strategy insures that the political activity of the vanguard party does not lag behind the workers movement by forcing the party to escolate its ogitational and organizing activity in response to the increasing ability of the workers to react to "every manifes-

### DANCE ON DOWN TO THE GOVERNMENT AND TELL THEM YOU'RE EMGER TO RULE BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT'S COOD FOR YOU

shade of meaning and to learn all the tricks of the trade... Everything can be explained to the people on the single condition that you really want them to understand." Lenin sow no contradiction, given the "actuality of the revolution," between an elite vanguard imparting political consciousness to the proletariat and the Marxist project of proletarian self-emancipation. "Political consciousness," writes Lenin, "can be brought to the worker only from without, that is only from outside the economic struggle, from outside the sphere of relations between workers and employers. Lenin knew that if the workers' political vision remained focused on the low horizon of economic struggle, they would never recognize that the struggles of other oppressed groups were also working-class struggles, that "the students and religious sects, the peasants and the authors, are being abused and outraged by those same dark forces that are

Jenny Holzer, from THE SURVIVAL SERIES, 1983, UNEX signs, each 301/2" × 1131/2" × 12"
The artist lives and works in New York City.

tation of tyranny and oppression." In the process of politicizing proletarian consciousness, the political practice of the intellectuals is revolutionized. For Lenin, the dialectical unity of theory and practice is actualized through alliances forged between intellectuals and workers from the material results of their reciprocal activities. It is only through the formation of these dialectical relationships that all distinctions between intellectuals and non-intellectuals will eventually disappear.

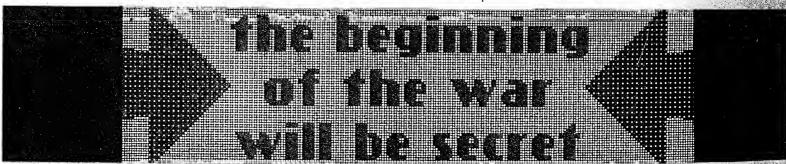
Like Lenin, Gramsci also realized that radical social transformotion is only possible when revolutionary theory merges with revolutionary practice. "The problem of the identity of theory and practice is raised especially in the so-called transitional

moments of history ... For it is then that the practical forces unleashed really demand justification in order to become more efficient and expansive; and the theoretical programmes multiply in number, and demand in their turn to be realistically justified." For Gramsci, however, the identity of theory and practice can only be achieved through the formation of an intellectual stratum within the working class itself. Gramsci's revolutionary intellectuals, as opposed to the intellectuals of Lenin's vanguard party, are not class refugees from the bourgeoisie intelligentsia. Rather these new intellectuals are members of the proletariat who remain politically connected and "are conscious of being organically tied to the national popular mass." Working-class intellectuals, however, are not the only category of organic intellectuals. Every social class called into existence by its function in the economic mode of production "creates together with itself, organically, one or more strata of intellectuals which give it homogeneity and on owareness of its function not only in the economic but also in the social and political fields." This concept of the organic intellectual stands in apposition to the received notion that intellectuals constitute an autonomous. "crystallized" social group independent of class determinations ond outside of closs struggle. All intellectuals, says Gramsci, have closs membership. This membership is derived from the objective places that individual intellectuals occupy in the social division of labor, as well as the class positions they adopt in relation to their own class ideology and the ideologies of other classes. The role intellectuals play in ony given social formation is not, therefore, determined by their independent octivities, but rother by the specific sociol and political functions they perform in elaborating, reproducing and disseminating class ideology and closs culture.7

The concept of the organic, working-class intellectual is an integral part of Gromsci's formidable attempts to adopt revolutionary theory and revolutionary practice to the "current situation" in the advonced capitolist countries, "where 'civil society' has become a very complex structure and one which is resistant to the catastrophic 'incursions' of the immediate economic eleWestern bourgeoisie," writes Fanon, "has prepared enough fences and railings to have no real fear ... of those whom it exploits and holds in contempt."8

If the proletariat is to conquer state power, it must first wrest control of civil society from the bourgeoisie. Since the bourgeoisie maintain their domination over civil society by ideological hegemony, the proletariat must wage a relentless counterhegemonic assault on all bourgeois "institutions"—political, cultural, legal, etc.—all apparatuses which function as conduits for dominant ideology; a battle for which the bourgeoisie is magnificently prepared and the proletariat not all. But "the truth of the matter is that one cannot choose the form of war one wants, unless from the start one has a crushing superiority."

Before the proletariat engages in hegemonic struggle, it must develop critical consciousness in order to identify the many guises and forms the enemy is capable of ossuming. "Critical selfconsciousness means, historically and politically, the creotion of an elite of intellectuals. A human mass does not distinguish itself, does not become independent in its own right without, in the widest sense, organizing itself; and there is no organization without intellectuals, that is, without organizers and leaders." The new, working-class intellectual, os octive participant in practical life, os "constructor, organizer, 'permanent persuader,'" is both the product and driving force of the struggle for proletarian self-emancipotion. Because orgonic intellectuols maintain this double relationship with the workers, they are better suited thon Lenin's vanguard elite to carry out the functions of revolutionary intellectuals. The new intellectuals help the proletariat attoin political consciousness, not by importing it from outside class lines, but by developing whot is already in "embryonic" form in the workers' often mystified conception of the world. But perhops what is more important, the new intellectual is best suited, psychologically and ideologically, to help the workers actualize their own intellectual potential for "the proletariat, olongside" the problem of the conquest of political power and economic power, must also pose for itself the problem of the conquest of intellectual power."9



ment (crises, depressions)."

In these countries, as opposed to Russia "where the State was everything," revolution, occording to Gramsci, con only toke the form of a long, protracted war of position woged on the complex terrain of civil society. It is here among the "powerful systems of fortresses and earthworks" that the proletoriot must concentrate most of its efforts. For in the odvanced countries, the ruling closses maintoin power not only through the state ond its repressive opporatus, but through the medium of civil society, which the ruling closses consider their private domain. Ideologicol opporatuses, such as the education system, the church, the media, the legal system, cultural institutions, mold and manipulote general consciousness, creating consensus and giving the copitolist closses the security and luxury of ruling primarily by persuosion and consent rather than by force and coercion. "The

Unless otherwise noted, all stotements by Gramsci and Lenin are quoted from: Antonio Gromsci, Selectians from the Prison Notebooks, New York, International Publishers, 1971, and V.I. Lenin, What Is To Be Dane? New York, International Publishers, 1969.

Tork, International Polishers, 1767.

Louis Althusser, Lenin and Philosophy and Other Essays, trons. Ben Brewster, New York & London, Monthly Review Press, 1971, p. 12.

See Tom Bottomore, Sociology and Sociolism, New York, St. Mortin's Press, 1882.

1984, pp. 152-4

<sup>3</sup>Christine Delphy, Close ta Home: A Moterialist Analysis of Women's Oppression, Amherst, The University of Mossochusets Press, 1984, pp. 114-5.

4As cited by Jerome Korobel, "Revolutionory Controdictions: Antonio Gromsci and the Problem of Intellectuals," Politics and Society, Vol. 6, No. 2, 1976, p.151

See Christine Delphy, pp. 110–3.
Frontz Fonon, The Wretched of the Earth, trons. Constance Forrington, New York, Grove Press, 1968, pp. 188-9.

<sup>7</sup>See Nicos Poulontzos, Closses in Contemporory Copitolism, trons. David Fernboch, London, Verso, 1978, pp. 251–7.

<sup>8</sup>Frontz Fonon, p. 163.

<sup>9</sup>Cited by Jerome Karabel, p. 157.

#### FIGHTING GENTRIFICATION

#### Melanie O'Harra

I would be hard pressed to say whether I would have stayed and fought as I did if I had had an easier alternative. It's a trick of human nature that people will pay 3,000 times more attention to 3,000 people than to one person stating the same position. But it does feel different to be one of the 3,000 rather than the lonely one, hopelessly out of synch with a large, silent machine labeled "the status quo." My first political demonstration (for reproductive rights) afforded me this insight. It was empowering and even a little thrilling to stand up and be counted with a lot of other people committed to the same cause.

I happened to participate in the demonstration only by virtue of hearing about it from a friend who planned to go and suggested that I come, too. Perhaps for other people a poster, leaflet, or flyer is enough, but for me it was interaction with a friend that prompted me to attend-Jennifer Brown (now president of the New York City chapter of NOW) informed me and extended an invitation to join her.

My first long-term political commitment came a few years later through an external influence: the recognition of the progressive deterioration of the apartment building I have called home for seven years. Gentrification of my neighborhood, the Lower East Side, had not yet taken root, but its seeds were sown four years ago when fully half of the almost entirely low-income Hisponic tenants fled our dilapidated building after pleas for repairs went unonswered and rats ran free. The empty opartments were warehoused (kept off the market and empty by the landlord), and the junkies started moving in rent free, endangering

My concern brought me to seek advice ond assistance from o non-profit community preservation organization called Good Old Lower East Side (GOLES). As a pearl forms from an irritant, our first rent-strike and my foremost political cause, tenants rights, was born. With the guidance of GOLES and the active participation of fellow tenants, we fought and eventually recaptured our homes but not without cost.

Passive scare tactics on the part of the landlord became active scare tactics when a fellow rent-striker's home not-somysteriously burned to the ground while we were in Housing Court negotiating with the landlord's attorney for our rights. An elderly woman barely escaped her

burning apartment when workers renovating the empty apartments for new, more well-heeled tenants heard her screams and rescued her. The smoke was so thick by the time she awakened that, although she made it to the door, she could not find the lock to let herself out.

I would be hord-pressed to say whether I would have stayed on and fought politically as I did, if I had had an easier alternative. But I knew that if I, as an educated, lower-middle class, working, single, white woman, had nowhere to go, then certainly my fellow tenants, economically disenfranchised, generally uneducated, Hispanic, often single-mother families, had even fewer options. The recognition made me dig my heels in harder.

Those who departed the building when repairs were not made left a core group of people, myself included, with nowhere else to go and vested interests in remaining. We had fewer options and, when pushed into a corner, fought for improvements rather than slinking oway to uncontested territory.

An agreement was reached, repairs made, and our homes secured. This, of course, over months of time, not in a specific memorable moment, zenith, or point of completion. But the end result represented a clear success nonetheless, one by which I gained not just the end but discovered the means: the power to change through collective action.

Most political actions (as in my actions against intervention in Central Americo) do not have such uncomplicated, verifiable end goals as indicators of success. The handle (government policy in this case) is bigger ond harder to grasp than issues closer to home. Again, frankly, most people don't even care enough to think to try. I'm not even sure I have entirely reached this point of altruism. My largest efforts, in housing, were first and foremost motivated by survival, and economic necessity.

I think to be politically active you have to have felt a wrong personally and seen the necessity to right it, for yourself and, hopefully, others. I suppose there are some that have been politically active for so long, ogainst such odds, that they are impatient with, or perhops even hostile towards, those who are not octive. I connot be so impatient because I know my political roots were slow in forming and my octivism recent enough that I can remember the simple fact that all activists begin as non-activists.

MELANIE O'HARRA is an artist living and working in New York City.

# What misunderstandings or your group due to racial, sexual,

I think the major cross-purpose I experience because of racism is that women of color are serious about eradicating racism and most white women aren't. This is of course not an issue in the groups I work in regularly. Homophobia in Third World contexts is the other major roadblock to organizing for me as a Lesbian of color. People of color aren't necessarily more homophobic, but any attack or rejection from within the group is all the more devastating.

Barbara Smith

As a member of the Heresies Collective, I couldn't help noticing that in 1978 we were all white, middle-class women who lived below Houston Street. That changed—somewhat—due to the activism of some of the Collective members. As a result of the meetings held to address this problem and to solve it, I became increasingly aware of the trickle-down theory held by many white, middle-class feminists. Now that we had gotten ours, we were smug and thought our newly-won advantages would benefit other women.

Carrie Rickey

In my experience, age-difference has caused the most misunderstanding. I have found that older women are often ambivalent about women of my generation—for good reason as many of my peers accept the world as it is, take feminism for granted and show no interest in its history or its future. In fact I know many women my age who are loathe to call themselves feminists, while they continue to reap the knowledge, power and responsibility from women like myself, who are feminists...

Carrie Moyer

After working for the feminist newspaper "Majority Report," I felt there weren't enough Hispanic feminists in the women's movement. Although the focus of many articles and much energy is on third world women, such women are not involved in the feminist decision-making process. The women's movement, after many years, is still too often composed of white middle-class women. Women of color should be encouraged to develop leadership qualities so they can participate in the decision-making process.

Sophie Rivera

My group is white, middle class, nurtured women. They are often overly guilty about the rights of others. As though they could do anything. The others have to be self-expressive and that includes hostile expression that my group doesn't like. The "others" will develop power in their way. My group cannot punish itself for being who they are and not others.

Miriam Schapiro

I must refer you to a collective book which I edited—The Mud Flower Collective's God's Fierce Whimsy (Pilgrim Press), written by black, Hispanic and white women, in which our own class, race and heterosexual dynamics nearly destroyed the writing project. We are, afterall, all of us, "daughters of the white propertied male patriarchy" even if we're black, brown, poor, whatever. Therefore, we, like white propertied men, are quite able to destroy one another (and ourselves) via competitiveness, fear of "otherness", individualist assumptions about "success," projecting our weaknesses and faults onto others, horizontal violence, etc.

Carter Heyward

None so far. I may answer differently after we have spent two weeks together in Nicaraqua.

Anne Barstow

The group has remained cohesive because the tragedies cross all lines. The problems are burnout, how long is it healthy to re-live your trauma with each new victim, and most people involved hold full-time jobs, so volunteer time is limited.

Deborah Davidson, MADD, Mothers Against Drunk Driving

Q U E S T I O

# cross-purposes have arisen in class, religious, or age differences?

Some socialist groups have great difficulty taking sexual or racial politics seriously, as more than inter-group psychological issues.

We have little exposure to race problems and find it much easier and more comfortable to work in an all-woman group. We are able to be more honest and intimate. Degree of activism seems to be another barrier. Those of us who are arrested or protest in the streets inhibit many who are cautious about working with us. This may be an excuse. In a community which relies on military contracts for full employment such as ours, the two active peace groups (other than the Women's group) avoid participation in vigils or actions at defense (military) contractors. Also, at 65 any personal discrimination comes mainly from the male population. Some of us older women are invisible to some of the men.

Macy Morse

Little ageism, except I have a tendency to act differently when I am (often) the youngest person in a group. Racial misunderstandings: In anti-apartheid activism, I must deal with anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism from black activists. Class: I must deal with the fact that my working-class lover is not familiar with or interested in many of the academic and political distinctions I focus on. Sexual: Straight folks are still freaked out by dykes, hostile about men in the movement...

Bonnie Morris

In my theatre group misunderstandings do sometimes arise out of sexual differences. When women in the group bond, work together, or express themselves in ways that men can't understand, there is a tension which occurs. And because these are men who are really trying to make an effort to embrace the feminine within themselves, there is a great deal of denial about the fact that they maybe behaving in a sexist way. We are in constant dialogue about these issues -sometimes mumbled, sometimes shouted—but we work on it. Our collective process allows this, but it often slows things down and creates problems not present when there is a woman-only group which has a "shared language." However, the men in the group might view the above as my reverse sexism, which is indeed possible.

This is endless, it seems. Bottom line problem: Self esteem. Rev. Karen Ziegler

In Ventana, the Central American solidarity group, the "unspoken" source of some tension is red-baiting because the participation of Socialist Party members is viewed suspiciously by some, and the whisperers pass along their doubts without bringing it out in the open. In the clear light of day, I'm proud of the Socialist Workers Party's participation. Like other Ventana activists, we have thrown ourselves into the work at hand. There's a lot to do and this particular "sectarian" misunderstanding serves no purpose.

Claudia Hommel

#### Political correctness and political unity are dangerous concepts. We come together on some points, not on others. Freedom is a May Stevens process, not a goal.

Not my group, other than ordinary mutiny, but with other groups taking up the issue and employing divisive tactics. And the ideologues, like McKinnan and Dworkin insisting on the victim analysis instead of empowerment for whores.

Margo St. James, Coyote, Prostitutes' Rights

The spiritual nature of activism is often misunders tood, dismissed or co-opted: that is, one must adopt a politically-correct approach towards spirituality in accordance with a group decision or deny that (often amorphous) part of ourselves because the group is reacting against organized religion or the over-bearing image of the Bibletoting distortions of the New Right.

Holly Metz

Some feminist meetings are scheduled on important Jewish holidays. This has always made me very angry. I am also concerned that publications like Ms. Magazine and Lilith tend to exclude midwestern women from their columns. Reading these journals, one gets the impression that feminism exists only in the eastern states of the USA. This is a big distortion of the truth.

Janet Ruth Heller

I am white and active in political and cultural spheres often dominated by blacks. Since returning to this country, I have known on occasion the cold fear that comes from being a conspicuous target in a racially tense situation in a violent society.

Victoria Scott

Anonymous witness, Christian activist. Currently serving an 8 year sentence (reduced from 18 years) for "destruction of government property, trespassing and conspiracy", the jamming of a missile silo cover with hammers. This 'dialogue' began while she was serving a shorter sentence in a D.C. jail, for a separate, earlier action.

Why do you wish to remain anonymous?

I'm a bit leery of any attention paid to individuals in resistance, having seen tao much of the cult of personality that develops when the focus is an the person and not on the truth of the witness. I think this is particularly important in Christian resistance. Who we are is totally unimportant. If in our witness we somehow illuminate the truth of Christ's peace, that is more than enough...

(As for) the "cult of personality," I think history has shown the danger of "leaders". I wos reminded of this by a statement that the anti-nuclear movement needs to bring forth a Gandhi or o Martin Luther King. Both these giant men were catapulted into positions of leadership due to the charisma of their personalities, and people became attached to them rather than ta the truth of the morality, spirituality, nonviolence which they preached. As saan as they were gone (prisan and death) the "movement" they led died, and the people returned to the norm of conflict and violence. Gandhi once said his followers had caused him more anxiety and trouble than his British adversaries, and he died considering himself a failure because he had imparted to others only himself and not the lave and nonvialence which could sustain them.

How does one encourage thought, prayer, action in athers without becoming a "public figure"?

Do what you da and then duck—quickly. If the witness can't stand on its own statement of truth—exposing of nuclear idola-

with the prosecution, accepting af fines, restitution, probation, keeping the case in the caurts on endless appeal (for the purpose of availing punishment rather than continuing the statement of truth) would not sit well an my conscience.

(2) As Thoreau said, when the true criminals (in aur case, the Reagans, Weinbergers and joint chiefs) are running around free, the only hanorable place far a decent human being is in the prisons;

(3) As a continuation of the witness;

(4) As an embrace of the humility and vulnerability of Christ;

(5) A living-out of the fact that unearned suffering is always redemptive;

(6) As a further expasing of the Beast:

(7) In the mystical sense that great spiritual pawer is released by the mere presence of good in a place of evil, love amidst hatred;

(8) The deliberate placing of one's life among the first victims of the Bamb, society's poor and outcast;

(9) As a form of prayer, the modern desert monasticism.

Are you a member of a particular church? Why or why not?

I'm Roman Catholic and love the Church with all my heart. As a friend once said, "She may be a whare, but she's our mother." Which is not, of course, to say that her sons and daughters need be bastards. The why is simple—Word, liturgy, sacrament, truth, life. Who can refuse such a gift?

Why did you choose a particular farm af resistance (e.g. blaod spilling, especially in certain places?

For mast religious resisters, the particular form of a witness is determined by the symbols which speak to us mast clearly af the heart of existence—life, death, resurrection. Bloodpouring expresses at ance the horror of the death work of nuclear sites, the blaod of Christ shed in redemption, our own willingness to

# AN INTERVIEW AN OUS

try and the call to conscientious action in light of the Gospel—if it needs the charisma of a "public figure" ar any other gimmick to carry it, it isn't worth much. The writing and/or speaking that one does during or after can be handled in the same manner, especially if done from prison—numbers and blue unifarms being great equalizers. Resisters are neither great saints nor sinners, ond neither to be emulated for their virtue nor rejected for their shortcomings; sanctity, in any case, being the province of God and none of our concern. If the emphasis is on the truth of the witness, the answer to the question, "Who was that masked woman?" ought to be "Who cares?"

Why go to jail?

(1) Portly just the inevitable outcome of taking responsibility for one's oct. The maneuvers which can keep one out of jail—deals

endure suffering rather than inflict it upon others, our vital connection with all humanity in the beloved community. Other symbols spring from biblical texts—the use of hammers from the injunction to beat swords into plowshares, or from liturgy—the celebration of Eucharist (bringing life into a place of death) or ashes from burned maney in repentance far our misuse of resources. Some are dictated by a particular situation, like the symbolic use of Interdict in response to the bishops' failure to condemn just war and nuclear deterrence.

The site is limited only by imagination since the nuclear monster has its tentacles everywhere, but the chaice will determine the type af witness, for example, it would not be particularly meaningful (thaugh lots of fun) to bash the White House with hammers, though nothing is more appropriate when faced with a Trident sub. Some differentiate between purely symbolic acts (blood pouring) and "disarmament" actions. I tend not to make

this distinction for myself because none of us has ever confronted a live nuclear weapon and I'm not sure what we could safely do with it if we were, other than label it symbolically. One form seems to lend itself more readily when the focus is on the human element, the second when the matter to be dealt with is the physical property itself. Both are essential. For most of us, the choice is made after much prayer, and if acting in community, through much reflection. Also essential is the element of celebration, play and pure fun. Resistance is serious but seldom grim.

The trick is not to take yourself too seriously. When you get people conspiring together in celebration, you're going to have fun. I wouldn't act in situations where this element is missing.

Part of the ability to celebrate and have fun comes in the ability to renounce the fruits of one's action. Quite the opposite of the military where the fruits are the only thing that count (number of enemy killed, territory conquered). We know that life has already overcome death, love overcome hatred. Our individual acts will not end the arms race, but our love and fidelity and obedience will. So we can relax and enjoy. The fact that we do so mystifies and sometimes angers others. I was once told by a Secret Service agent, "Stop grinning! You're in serious trouble." I'd never had so much fun in my life. It feels good to do good. Even when handcuffed to a wall for 4 hours. So much of what we do stifles the human spirit. Most Americans hate their work (therefore ulcers, tranquilizers, early heart attack), hate their families (divorce, refusal to have children, child neglect and abuse). So many don't know why they live as they live except that everyone lives that way and it's hard to stop. Resistance begins with a kind of liberation from that spiritual death, and the feeling after acting is one of enormous freedom and joy.

Should acts of witness become "useful"? (that is, "political" via exposure to the press, or os teaching devices, or to promote further discussion, and therefore, future actions?)

In the age of media, nothing done publicly (and little that's done

said in the future we would better accommodate him if we did not act at six o'clock on a Sunday morning. He was incredulous when we explained that accommodating him had never entered our minds.)

(And) I don't place much emphasis on the interpreting and explaining of particular actions and witnesses so that they become "comprehensible" to the public. (This as opposed to telling about the bomb and the need for resistance in general which I fully favor.) Let the witness stand alone.

Mory Word, a 16th-century English nun wrote "Women especially ore victims of the long loneliness," o phrose that Dorothy Doy, cofounder of the Cotholic Worker movement, used os the title of her outobiography. What is your opinion of the relationship between octs of resistonce/foith and women as a group?

I'm not the best person to ask about the women's issue because I happened to grow up in a family which assumed that people would do precisely what they wanted to do regardless of sex and which regarded the typically female tasks (nurturing children, houskeeping) and the typically male tasks (work and physical labor) as equally necessary and important. In adulthood I have always done precisely what I wanted and never once felt oppressed, repressed, or any other "essed". Never having experienced the sense of oppression and feeling personally no need for change (or vengeance), I don't look at the feminist thing the way many women today do.

In a sense, I feel that men have been more victimized than women. The requirement to be always strong, competitive, successful, dominant, aggressive and unquestioningly obedient to authority which says "fight, kill, die and don't complain" is a tremendous slovery. I suspect that most men are more creatures of society's expectations that are most women, but it doesn't really matter. What we need is not a reversal of the established order in which women become the visible slaves and men the invisible, but a new order—the liberation of the human spirit.

# BY HOLLY METZ

privately) can escape becoming "political" or "useful". To make use of that exposure, to teach and promote discussion is entirely appropriate, but that's a far cry from planning the witness as a media event (in which case it's not a witness at all.) It doesn't even make sense. The Doy After and Helen Caldicott on the Donahue show reach millions; our seminars, discussion groups and newsletters reach thousands, and you don't have to do 6 months for them. To manipulate the witness into the arena of the political is to deny the power of God's grace to work its mysterious, mystical magic (as in the silent prayer of contemplatives or the suffering love of a slum worker whom no one can name, as in the Chassidic legend of the Just.)

You can bet that those who do the best job of making their witness useful are the ones who have their eye on the Spirit first and the TV cameras a distant second. (Personal note: After one witness, when the press finally caught up with us, the TV guy

Resistance has meaning only if we do away with all the artificially imposed divisions that are, in and of themselves, violent, and create further violence. Rich/poor, black/white, male/female, good/bad, American/Russian—Bomb=death.

For these reasons I don't understand very well the exclusively women's actions. I see exclusion for any reason under any circumstances as an act of violence. If we disarm without building true community at the same time, we will only have a vacuum where the Bomb used to be which will quickly be filled with some other expression of our divisiveness. We conspire together or we die alone. Aren't we tired of dying alone?

"Anonymous Witness" is excerpted from a book about 20th-century war resisters. HOLLY METZ is also co-author, with Sue Coe, of How to Commit Suicide in South Africo, a book on political detention.

When the first atamic bamb exploded aver Hirashima, human beings wha were within 300 meters af graund zera were instantly vaparized by the searing heat af the blast, leaving behind anly their "shadaws." The remnants of these innacent victims pravide the image for the International Shadaw Praject, a salemn memorial with a singular purpase: Ta help peaple understand and imagine the disappearance of all life thraugh nuclear annihilation.

Befare dawn on Hirashima Day praject participants paint silhauettes af human beings engaged in variaus activities an public streets and sidewalks in variaus communities araund the warld. The silent testimony af these ananymous human



### By Donna Grund Slepack

silhouettes dromotizes what would remain ofter nuclear war.

On August 6, 1985, Portland activist ortists joined over 10,000 porticiponts from oround the world in producing the International Shadow Project (ISP). As o result of their action, citizens in over 400 communities in 24 countries woke up in the morning to find a grim, visual reminder of the first nuclear holocaust. A colloge of humon images covered the povements of those communities throughout the world in remembrance of the 40th onniversary of the bombing of Hiroshimo. Although the participants of the ISP spoke different languages, on Hiroshimo Day they shared with the world community a language of form that introduced the human element into the nuclear debate.

The Shodow Project and the ottention given to the 40th onniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima tended to concentrate the mind, body and spirit for a time. As newspoper clippings, photos, ond videos of TV news reports poured in from many of the 400 communities porticipoting in the ISP, one thing became evident: The shodows, though each unique ond individually made, revealed o generic similarity. Shodows from the USA resembled the shodows from Hungory, which in turn resembled the shodows of Australia, England, France, Argentino, Brozil, Canada, Nigeria, etc. The Shodow Project seemed to visually communicate a sense of that which unites oll individuals—our humonity.

The first Shodow Project took place in New York City in 1982 and was followed by a similar one in Portland, Oregon in 1983. Following is an occount of that demonstration.

As o member of the "Duck and Cover Generation" and as a person interested in activist art, I was offrocted to a lecture ot Reed College in October, 1982, entitled "Art in the Nuclear Age." It was there that I first learned about Alon Gussow's Shodow Project. On Hiroshima Doy in 1982, 150 people, mostly ort students, took to the New York City streets in the middle of the night to point mementi mori.

I was deeply impressed with the concept and felt it needed repetition. After the lecture I met with Alon Gussow and, along with Monya Shapiro, Grace Weinstein and Noncy Bloke, began to organize o Shadow Project for Portland. Other members of FeMail Art, a group of Portlond women who produce feminist postcards, decided to become involved. We begon meeting nine months before Hiroshima Day to determine how we could successfully implement the Shodow Project in Portland. We joined forces with PAND, Performers and Artists for Nucleor Disarmament, and organized the Shadow Project under their ouspices.

Knowing that seven porticipants were arrested in the New York project the year before, the first item on our organizational ogenda was to contact the National Lowyers Guild. We met with attorneys and explored the ideo of involving the Lowyers Action for Nuclear Arms Control. That group, however, could not conceive of ony onti-nuclear action off paper. The National Lowvers Guild. on the other hand, agreed to represent us pro bono. Their enthusiasm obout the case helped me oppreciote the Shadow Project in new ways.

To properly plon for this event we needed specific information from the lawyers. We wonted to find out the legal consequences and possible charges that could be brought against us. In New York charges were dropped for some of those cited. Others had to pay small fines, equivalent to o troffic ticket. We couldn't, however, onticipate the reaction of the Portland police.

Our lawyers assumed that the likelihood of arrest was greater in Portland thon in New York since New York police ore used to groffiti ortists on the streets and generally ignore them. We would probably be found guilty of o Closs C misdemeonor in the Third Degree (mischievous misconduct), which carries o moximum penolty of \$250 and one month in joil.

I personally didn't feel that the project was radical enough to merit that fine ond wonted information that would minimize the risk of getting orrested. In April,

Emily Simon, one of our ottorneys, identified the high vice areas of the city, which consequently have a high police density. We marked these oreas on the mop and designated them as prohibited areas.

In addition to reviewing the penolties for the various types of misdemeanors, our lawyers informed us about the serious consequences of domaging federolly owned property. Criminal Mischief I, Class C, corries o maximum penolty of a \$100,000 fine and five years in jail. Such charges could be brought against someone causing more than \$200 worth of property domoge to public transportation facilities and certoin other public property. This meont bus shelters, mail boxes, post offices, railroad depots, os well as private property, were restricted areos.

Besides helping us determine locotions to avoid, Emily olso ossisted in figuring out the best time to paint. In Austrolia there is a billboard oltering campaign entitled "BUGA-UP," which stonds for "Billboards Utilizing Groffiti Artists Agoinst Unhealthy Promotions." There they found that for fewer arrests occurred when the tobacco and olcohol billboord advertisements were oltered during the doy. There were fewer police around and the pointers could easily blend into the working environment by wearing overalls. To maximize the dromo, however, we decided to work during the middle of the night of times when police shifts were about to change.

The length of time we were to paint was a critical matter. In New York painting took place from midnight until 6 om. Fearing an immediate shutdown, though, we limited our pointing to 3-5 om.

By mid-Moy we storted to organize o general information meeting to be held in July. The purpose of this meeting was to recruit members, explain the purpose of the project and demonstrate the procedure for designing ond painting shadow templotes.

DONNA GRUND SLEPACK is an activist artist and co-director of the International Shadow Project. She is on the faculty of Antioch University, Seattle, WA.

We developed o simple flier that did nat disclase the details of the oction. We sent it to all the local peoce groups and requested them to onnounce our project of their meetings and publish it in their newletters. We distributed the fliers to food co-aps, boak stores, ort schools, progressive churches, and of course to radio and TV stotions and newspapers. In oddition, Portland Center for the Visual Arts had held a Public Hanging, inviting all ortists in the city to participate in this exhibit. We had the good fortune to obtain their 400-artist moiling list.

The turnout of this meeting was overwhelming. Since the New York project included 100-150 participants, we onticipated that in Portland we could probably expect a sign-up of 50. To our surprise, 70 people attended the first meeting. Hawever, our lowyers assumed if the project was so widespread, the palice would certainly know about it as well. (We never found out if the palice knew about the project in advance. We don't believe they did since 200 of us were oble to successfully paint 2000 shodows without significant interruption.)

After the informatian meeting, aur two lowyers met with me ond the other organizers to review the material they would be presenting to the training meetings. The training meetings were o very critical part of the event. We wanted to make sure all participants understoad the risks involved with the project and would know how to conduct themselves in the event they were apprehended by a police officer.

A listing of oll the legal information was prepared. Essentially the shadow pointers were told what to carry (e.g., identification, poper and pencil to immediately record the focts if orrested, change to make telephone calls, a \$150 money order for boil if it could be offorded, and o list of locations to avoid). They were also informed about what not to carry. Since participants could be searched, no one was allowed to have any drugs, fireorms or knives in their passession.

If participonts were stopped by the police, they needed to know how to oct in order to prevent the situotion from escaloting. To ovoid being prosecuted for horrossment, they could not stand too close to on officer, extend a hond, or sproy solivo on him/her during the course of o conversation. Furthermore, using obscene longuage could result in o charge of disorderly conduct. Resisting orrest, Escape III, Assoult IV, and eluding on officer were serious violations that porticiponts needed to ovoid. They were

alsa instructed obout what to expect if taken inta custady.

The most difficult concept to which everyone had to agree was not talking ta the police. Many participants thought they could talk their way out of arrest ar convince the palice afficer af the merit af the Shadow Project os well os af the harrors of nucleor wor. The ottorneys did o superb job persuading the porticipants that whot they said would certainly be held ogainst them. Their conversation was to be limited ta "I wont my lowyer." When one shodow painter, stopped by o police officer, quickly responded as instructed the officer loughed and replied, "Far such a silly thing?" (Another officer walked by o pointer and complimented her an her good work.)

The presence of the attorneys during the training was crucial. It gove porticipants occess ta professional caunsel, assured them of free competent legal support, and helped them to take the information seriously. In fact, the one person taken inta custody was the only person who had nat attended the training meeting. He neglected to carry identification. He had been briefed by one of the organizers, which probably didn't have the some impact on him.

each with its own supply heodquarters. Eoch teom of three was given five gallans af white wash, a nan-permanent medium used for temparary signs. Participonts were also supplied with small point rollers and praject posters. In additian, eoch porticipont received three telephone numbers. We established a hat line for shadow painters to coll in the event of orrest. The people onswering the phone would, in turn, coll one of the 25 volunteer attorneys waiting in the wings at home.

Bail money was made ovailable through the Women's International League far Peace and Freedom.

Our caution even led us to consult the Guardion Angels, who ossured us they would not interfere. Their interest was in pratecting people, not property.

During the project, 19 participants were cited ond one taken into custody. He was aut by 10 am the next morning.

Due to the controversial nature af the project, the medio attentian was both positive and negotive. A flurry af letters ta The Oregonian that cantinued until September 5th expressed suppart for our consciausness-roising project as well os vitriolic disapproval of aur vandolism. The moyar proclaimed the project a terrible



After four identical training meetings were held, we had 200 participants involved in the project, for exceeding our expectations and making the event larger than the one in New York. With such a lorge group it become important to decentralize. We divided the city into five zones, each led by a zone leader and

misuse of public property and The Oregonion editors demonded prosecution of the Shodow Painter "Vandols." In controst, Notional Public Radio described the Shodow Project as a unique cammemoration of Hiroshima Day on "All Things Considered." Willamette Week published four orticles following the sequence of events,

the last as late as December 27th. Several school and university newspapers featured comprehensive articles describing the project and Joan Rudd wrote an inspiring article for the Portland Jewish Review cantemplating the discrepancy between the "How cauld they?" response to Warsaw Ghetta phatas and the desire to prosecute painters of nuclear war death images. Correspondence lasted a year.

The dichotomies of people's responses and priorities were amazing and instructive. Some valued the project for its disarmament message, athers objected more to the temporary images an the

applies to us all, the project pravided yet another vehicle ta express opposition to nuclear annihilation and support for disarmament. It enabled participants to experience empawerment and a sense of community in working together for peace. Likewise, it stimulated the viewer ta cansider the cansequences af aggression and clearly excited the human capacity

By graphically depicting the effects of nuclear weapons on civilian populations, activities like the Shadow Praject help galvanize the public support for disarmament. That many Shadow Prajects were able to abtain endorsements and

not be immediately predicted, as the following vignette illustrates. After the 1983 Portland Shadow Project, we videotaped interviews af people an the street. One woman was visibly aghast when she learned about the praspects af nuclear vaporization, an unfamiliar concept ta most people with whom we spoke. To our delight, we discovered that this same woman subsequently became active in the nuclear freeze campaign and painted shadaws in the 1985 Shadaw Project. Another poignant response ta the Shadaw Praject came from a person who initially did nat support it. He told me later that while walking to work one day



The artist, born in Buenos Aires and now living in Chicago, teaches at the Silvia Malagrino, BOMB VICTIM #17, photo collage Latino Youth, af Illinois at Chicago and

streets than to the permanent consequences of nuclear annihilation. Perhaps the most meaningful was the warm and supportive resonse of the Mayor of Hiroshima, via the director of Japan's Hiroshima Peace Memorial Hall.

By August 25 all arraignments had taken place, and no charges were pressed. The removal af the shadows, a task taking one bucket af water, one scrub brush and ane minute per shadow, was the only paint of contention, and that fell away.

The Shadow Project of course did not end the arms race or result in disarmament. Social change is never the result of a single event ar the deeds of one individual. While the Nurnberg obligation

permits from their lacal city councils attests to the credibility of our cause and the maturity of the Peace Mavement. Nuclear vaporization is becaming a household phrase. This was documented by the frant page caverage in numerous newspapers, letters to the editor, descriptive articles accompanied by photographs, editarials, television reports and the Time magazine reference to the shadaw images (August 9, 1985).

At the same time, media coverage is nat the only indicator of success. The images themselves, with or without TV and newspaper attention, allowed the viewers to see themselves as patential nuclear shadows. The sequel ta consciousness-raising of the Shadow Project canafter the event he observed clusters of peaple hovering over the painted images. Approaching them he saw for the first time complete strangers talking to each other about nuclear war. Indeed, it is the gaal of art and activism to motivate people to question, reflect, and act.

The United States of America was the first ta develop and drop the bomb on a civilian population. Similarly, it was the first to accelerate the arms race. With this International Shadow Project, we express the hope that the United States will also be the first to set an example and disarm.

Contact: Donna Grund Slepack, 817 8righton Ave., Oregon City, OR 97045; or Alan Gussow, 121 New York Ave., Congers, NY 10920.

We met on an evening in July in one of the old taverns of this town, two poets, unable to write, newly arrived, hunted and haunted. For me, the escape. For you, the return.

You said you would show me the Olympic Peninsula.

The road was overgrown.

In the headlights of your car I cleared the trees.

The cabin was vandalized, gutted,
the twenty-six oddshaped windows
opening onto the Straits, Canada and all the northern sky
shot out. The sink, the pump, the stoves,
even the doors, stolen.

You wandered around, then out to the deck,
seeming to forget me in the debris.

Victoria, the only human light, shimmered on the foreign shore.

I heard the groan of a fishing boat below the bluff, a strange cry from the woods, like a woman, your ex-wife, the children.

We lay on a narrow mattress in the loft, amidst bullet shells, beer cans, mold and glass, the cold, hard bed of delinquent teenagers.

The moon was a broken boat through the bullet shattered skylight.

We told each other.
First words. I said
one night stand. You said ground zero.
I said I lost my children, my lover.
You said submarine, fucking vandals.
I said kids with no place to go, kids forbidden to love. You said holocaust. Apocalypse.
I pulled you over on me. The volcano erupted.
The world turned to ash. I screamed love cannot be gutted.
The moon, the stars, the giant trees watched through a bullet hole.

# GROUND ZEERO

### Sharon Doubiago

From New England Review and Bread Loaf Quarterly and Empty Bowl.

for Michael Daley March 25, 1982

### 2

You moved in, installed sink, stoves, water pump. Sixty oddshaped windows. You sat here pissed as the eagle that stared from the bluff, the greasepen numbers on the glass around your brooding head like cabala, some secret military code.

When I visited, I felt a vandal.

When I left you cried deserted.

Betrayed.

In November I moved in.
Sheetrock. Yellow paint named Sunlight.
My white dog, Moonlight.
I said I'd stay until the place
became a landscape in my dreams.

SHARON DOUBLAGO is a writer currently living in Oregon.

By moon's light through the bullet hole I began to write. Your words; The Duckabush, The Dosiewallips, The Hamma Hamma.

It snowed in December.
You followed Coyote's tracks to the log where he slept.
A trapper came on the deep path.
He had Coyote. He gave you his card.
He boasted he'd get the rest.
He hinted that for money he could get them for you.

You were not easy to love.
You couldn't speak. Your tongue was cut out.
I left, screaming down the interstate, avoiding the road over the mountains to my old, equally beautiful, home.
You wrote me. One Trident submarine equals two thousand and forty Hiroshimas.

In the cities I was weighted with cedar, an inland sea, like provisions carried on my back
Friends I'd always respected said
they couldn't live without culture
I was weighted with the culture of eagle, coyote, people like weather, like stars, functions of nature, not human will, money, concrete.

3

I came back to study the language of gulls, the stories they scream to each other as they fly off their sanctuary, Protection Island.

You pulled me up the stairs.

Beyond your head I watched the moon through the bullet hole.
You said six layers of mountains from the road, you said rivers without end. You quoted Rilke's Neptune of the blood and his terrible trident. You said Trident submarine. You said zero.

I came back to stare back at Eagle, to cut, carry, and chop our firewood, to piss in the tall fern, to shit in the first little house you ever built.

I came back and broke my habit at last of the electric typewriter.

I came back to our cruel and grinding poverty, never enough kerosene, gasoline, postage, paper or pens. We turned off the propane. It is so cold in our house the little food on our shelves is naturally iced.

I came back to listen to the woods, gull squawk and moandance of cedar, fir and alder, the high scream of wind through the mouth of Haro, Rosario, Deception Pass where the ships disappear on the inward passage. I came back to listen to your breath as you sleep beside me. Poet. Your words. Puma, Ish, Milosz. The children who once lived here.

4

You weighted me with your poems, like provisions. I left, drove home. My children were grown, gone. Your words lulled me back.

We climb the stairs together.
The roof leaks, the cabin is for sale.
I say it is ours for now. Our one night stand, our two hundred nights.

You tell me of this thing that is coming, the deadliest weapon ever made.

Two football fields, four stories high.

Two thousand and forty Hiroshimas.

It can be anywhere in the world, undetected, and hit its target within half a foot.

It can be anywhere in the world and no one, not the President, not the Computer will be able to find it.

One day soon it will enter the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

The most evil thing ever created Will float beneath our cabin, then down the Hood Canal.

You say four hundred and eight cities from a single submarine. You say First Strike Weapon. You say shoot out their silos. You say U.S.S. Ohio.

5

I came upon an old man teaching his granddaughter and grandson how to shoot.

I sat here alone.
The door banged open and four kids
burst in. Perfume, six packs, party clothes.
I think I frightened them
as much as they frightened me.

On clear days the islands rise up.
San Juan. Lopez. Orcas, white skyscrapers
on Vancouver. How many ships, my love,
have come and gone since we came? How many whales,
eagles, coyotes and gulls?
I finished my epic poem here.
You finished *The Straits*.

Every night the human city shimmers and beckons on the Canadian shore. Every night of one whole week the sky wove and unwove the rainbow flags of all the north delicately over us. The Aurora Borealis.

Two seasons of snow, now the season of light again. My one night stand, our four hundred nights.

I saw car lights descend Protection Island to the water.

The leaks in the roof washed away my nightwritten words.

We saw six killer whales rise and fall through the water.

You said my rejected poems. I said your smallminded editors. I said I can almost understand now what the gulls are saying.



Jeanne Silverthorne, TOO, polyester resin,  $51'' \times 22'' \times 13''$ 

JEANNE SILVERTHORNE is an artist living and working in New York and Philadelphia.



My dreams take place on an inland sea, a land soaked in silver shadows and blue.

We are traveling to the heart of the continent.

We are looking for a room to rent. We are having a baby.

We are building a house.

You say unrecognized. Unpublished. I say just wait. You say holocaust. You say apocalypse. I say love.

Once you went with me. Once you came for me.

We climb the loft together. This, you say is your home now. This northwest corner. This last place we can run.

This bed of outlaws, circle of mountains, finger of glacier water, dark sun of winter behind Mt. Olympus.

7

Light shoots through the skylights.

Twenty full moons awake us.

Moonlight sleeps below by the fire, cries from nightmare. The Manx, the Siamese watch us through the bullet hole. We lie in terror,

watch the giant trees arch and blow over us, rain and wind so fierce we wait without words to be crushed. Finally I say maybe we should leave. You say where would we go?

You say death like a storm that might/might not

blow over. You say Puma.

I say Tatoosh means Thunderbird.

Like Phoenix, like rebirth.

You say the last crisis is not death,

but how to be beautiful.

How to die

beautifully.

8

Say the word Hiroshima.
Reflect on its meaning for one second.
Say and understand Hiroshima again.
Say and understand Hiroshima two thousand and forty times.

Assuming you are able to understand Hiroshima in one second, you will be able to understand Trident in thirty four minutes. That's one Trident submarine. To understand the destructive power of the whole Trident fleet, it will take you seventeen hours devoting one second to each Hiroshima.\*



The real estate agents are lost on Old Dump Road.
Coyote yelps. The last hunter shoots.
The kids break through the woods
still looking for the party.
I throw open the window. "Here's your bed!
Come join us! We've kept it warm for you!"
You always pull me back to weep in your arms, where are my teenagers?

10

The volcano erupted. The world turned to ash.

Now the planets line up; six hundred days and nights.
The sun comes north
falls into the mouth of the Straits.

Rhododendron. Honeysuckle. Calypso. Trillium.
The stunted shrub blazes up
like a flaming heart.

And snow circle of mountains! Ring of fire!

Rainer, Mt. Baker, Glacier Peak, St. Helens!

Olympic Home of the Gods: Sappho, Makah, Joyce, Quinault.

Shi Shi, La Push, Ozette, Kalaloch.

How many nights my love, how many poems, my great poet we have awakened to the low moan of a fishing boat, someone's voice, almost, heard in the trees.

It has already left. It is on its way.

It is coming around from the other side of the continent. the date is a secret.

It will enter the mouth of the Straits, then slip down the Hood Canal. It will move beneath your cabin. It will come through your windows.

You will be anywhere in the world and it will find you.

\*From Jim Douglass' Lightning East and West.

# What do you the everyday contra

The better I become at doing nonviolent acts of conscience, the more I become categorized as an enemy of my country.

Marie Bernard

The fact that in some ways the lifestyle of the bourgeois world is probably more human—it may be an alienated, repressive society, but I don't think 60 hours a week work, no social/cultural activities outside of slideshows, 10 minutes a day for relationships are a part of the human emancipatory project. It is ironic that you can work for 5 years for an organization, leave (with no plaque or watch) and not get phone calls from your associates until they want you to do something. This probably happens more often in the movement that it does at Howard Johnsons.

Susan McCarn

What contradictions? Do you mean would I be bothered if one day my granddaughter wanted to turn out?

Margo St. James, Coyote, Prostitutes' Rights

To be good at it and give oneself most wholly, it is necessary to be detached sometimes, to have a life of one's own.

Rev. Karen Ziegler

I often feel I'm the token disabled lesbian on committees or in other groups and that, having got me there, they tend to rest on their laurels and outreach work virtually ceases. It amuses me a bit that I may only be doing all these things because of the lucky chance of being a lesbian with disability. Were I only disabled, or only lesbian, I feel I might not have become any sort of activist.

Elsa Beckett

Here I was involved in a project that had motivated 10,000 people around the world to take action against nuclear proliferation, yet in my own household I have been impotent to get my partner to cook a meal.

Donna Grund Slepack

The more you're active, the less time you have for your own work (which is at least partly what your activism is about). The more I do, the more I produce, the more I envy women who have time to just be, and the more I see the virtures of being. Activism tends to make you simple-minded, to see things in terms of clear-cut oppositions, rather than dialogically (which is what I like) and in their complexity.

Linda Nochlir

...That the very same institutions one wishes to change are the ones one is dependent upon for financial and professional survival. For example, using a university as a non-profit umbrella in order to receive grants to do your work, or needing recognition, and therefore validation, by the art world establishment in order to make a living off your art.

Jacqueline Hayden

The tendency toward totalitarian, authoritarian attitudes on the part of otherwise enlightened liberal thinkers.

Sheila Pinkel

I find it ironic that while each human being is preparing herself for personal power, she is berating herself for the lack of power in others. This makes her dull in the pursuit of her own self. It all comes from being socialized as nurturant women—the one area in which the most self-effacing woman is strong. She applies that —guiltily—to others instead of being natural about the relationship between self-interest and democratization.

Miriam Schapiro

Most of my insights regarding how we raise our men and women from before birth come to me now after my children are grown. The very practices that made the boys independent ... now keep them from sharing their fears and my insights.

Macy Morse

We stress ourselves out working for peace, often forgetting that we may do more for global peace by calming down than by racing around. We spend much time focusing on cultural/political external flaws at the expense of giving attention and healing energy to the fragile inner workings of our smaller communities.

Jan Phillips

Q U E S T I O

# find ironic in dictions of activism?

... How people can see things so clearly on one issue but can't seem to transpose that understanding to other issues.

Martha Eberle

It's difficult to deal with individuals—yet I am passionate about human beings and all life.

Carol Jacobsen

There is nothing particularly ironic in the everyday contradictions of activism. It's a matter of resolving social issues with the greatest possible effectiveness.

Nancy Spero

The potential for divisiveness. Allies who began their work together sometimes find themselves winding up in different camps. A good example of this is the pornography issue which has split the women's movement down the middle, resulting in an alliance between some feminists and the moral majority. If that's not ironic, I don't know what is.

Arlene Carmen

No matter how much we "activists" do, nothing much seems to change (on the grand scale at least), but we all go on doing it anyway and we all believe, in one way or another, that something will change.

Virginia Maksymowicz

# Working for peace amid the daily struggles with a small child. I think activism on a grand scale is easier than showing a peaceful, loving example to one's own child. Janet Burdick

The separation between the line spoken and the life lived privately of many activists I knew.

Pat Steir

To hold certain moral values (to believe, for example, that housing is a right) is frequently threatening to "non-political" co-workers or other persons one may meet in the course of an ordinary day; therefore, one's personal conduct receives unrelenting scrutiny. I call this the bogus-\$50-watch question, or "Why are you wearing a \$50 watch if you're for poor people/on the left/a socialist, etc.?" Everyday contradictions... How easily "non-political" individuals use those who are politically active as their surrogates for action instead of as helpmates or sources of information. The political activist becomes a cardboard saint, an example-to-us-all while the uninvolved wait for the activist to be tempted by a corporate offer, or to manifest those contradictions which make movements energetic, lively and truthful. Holly Metz

... That women are not, after all, all "sisters." Sometimes it is necessary (and most unpleasant) to fight among ourselves, not only for ideologies, but also against the insecurity (or whatever it is) that makes women push each other aside for personal recognition or gain.

Ruth Putter

I don't think it's ironic, but it's not what most folks assume; namely, that activism and contemplation go hand-in-hand and, as such, hold the co-creative power to change the world.

Carter Heyward

...Reagan and Nancy getting a big hype about saving a child who needs a heart operation, while in reality they are responsible for many children dying from overt war, covert aid, poverty, hunger,

Kathy Goldman

I am afraid the choice is that of maintaining an integrity between our means and our ends, remaining marginal and being alternative or fighting fire with fire. We live with hierarchy, alienated labor, we develop our own deceptive ideology but have a crack at the mainstream and the chance to get power in the system as it exists. In feminism this plays itself out as whether to develop a women's culture and in many ways drop out from the system, something women are encouraged to do anyway, or fighting for the right to swim with the big boys, which doesn't address the problem at its roots. Leftists have their own version of this which in the USA is to maintain radicalism and yell at deaf ears or adopt liberalism and bandaids.

Robin Michals

Too often we are preaching to the converted.

Victoria Scott

N A I R E

s d					
47					
		· · · · · ·			
					,
	7				
				•	

JOAN BRADERMAN

